McCLURE'S

S. S. McCLURE, Editor

My Life and Work by Henry Ford
In Collaboration with Samuel Crowther

Miss Baring (probably a daughter of Sir Francis Baring), by Sir Thomas Lawrence, 1769-1830. Metropolitan Museum, N. Y. City

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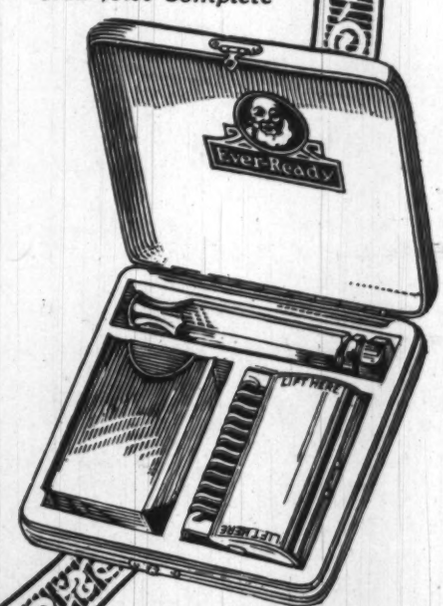

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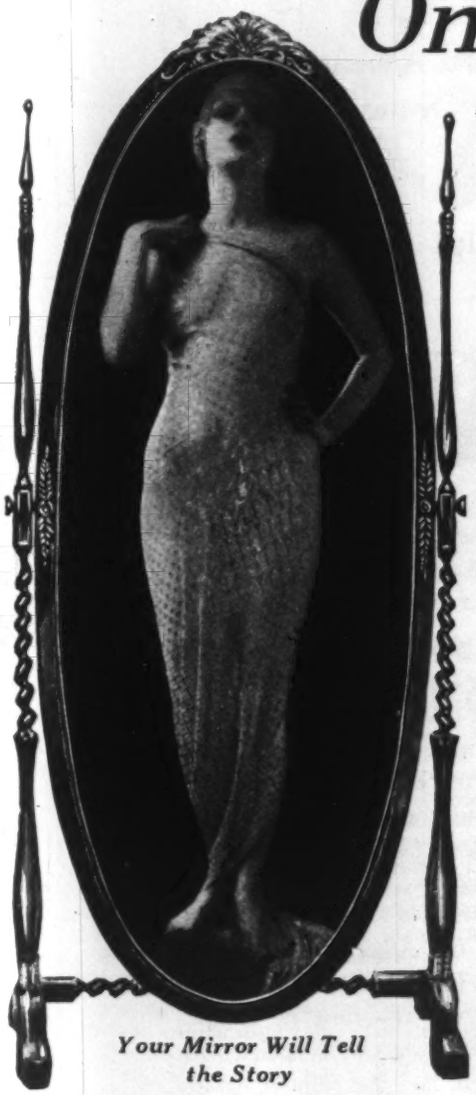

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It requires no appliances, medicines, special baths or massage. There is no distasteful diet to follow; in fact, many say they enjoy their meals more than ever before.

But, in spite of the simplicity of this wonderful new method of reducing, the experience of thousands of stout men and women has shown that a pound a day is not too much to look for at the very start. Many women have taken off 10 pounds a week, and even more.

Lose Flesh Quickly—and Improve Health

And the beauty of this safe, *natural* method of reducing is that it gives you renewed vitality and energy, in addition to restoring your normal youthful figure. Your general health will improve. You obtain a clearer complexion, a brighter eye, a more elastic step and greater zest in life. Your nerves are improved, your sleep is more refreshing. The years seem to drop away as the superfluous fat vanishes, and you may even find, as others have, that wrinkles which seemed permanent have also been effaced.

Hundreds of women have reduced 20, 30, 40, and more pounds in astonishingly short times. And they did all this without being harassed by rigid rules of diet.

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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE *for* JULY

BEGINS A SPLENDID SERIAL

A Whirling Romance of Spain. A Record of Love and Adventure, Fierce Brigands and Bloody Pirates, Fair Women and Dauntless Chivalry

Entitled

Don Cristobal de Zaurigi

By Ernest Goodwin

Author of "The Caravan Man," "The Duchess of Siona"

THE first we know about *Don Cristobal de Zaurigi*, he is solemnly swearing that "From this day forward I will never do a hand's turn for a soul in this world except myself."

At that moment he is in hot water (and prison) because he has been trying to aid a lady who conceived herself misused and knew herself far more discreet than *Don Cristobal* found her. Ah well, he goes to bed supperless, comforting himself that there is always to-morrow.

There is, and always for *Don Cristobal* to-morrow brings more adventures than *Gil Blas* found, while he meets them as must a gentleman who is a modern cousin of *Don Quixote*—and can't help it no matter how hard he resolves upon selfishness. With him you will meet *Roque de Tormes*, the amazing brigand chief, half paralyzed and on crutches yet ruling his fierce and bloodthirsty band with a heart as hard, cold and relentless as Satan himself; *Laura*, the beautiful and spirited daughter of *Don Diego de la Llana*, doomed by the political enemies of her father to a fate of unspeakable horror; *Juanita*, the almost equally beautiful girl of the brigand band, whose blood feud against *Cristobal's* renegade cousin, *Escotillo*, brings disaster after disaster; *Ricote*, the captain of the Algerian pirates; the treacherous *Fra Gomez;* the timid but honest doctor, *Sangrado*. The whirling story of the endless things *Don Cristobal* does and that are done to him from the time he escapes prison till—till the supreme climax of his experiences—is told with gusto, with speed, with topping high spirits that make you feel that Mr. Ernest Goodwin had the time of his life writing it. And you know from the moment you get into that prison with the contradictory *Don* that you are launched on one of those rare tales that take you out of yourself so far that your own clothes seem queer to you when you wake up out of the story far from Seville, from the Moor's Head Inn, from brigand caves and pirate galleons, and, let us trust, from rogues, robbers and prisons.

It is hard luck for the intelligent devotee of adventure by proxy that most "exciting" narratives are produced by people who can't write, while the truly literary devote themselves to problems and triangles and other sad forms of social geometry. But Mr. Goodwin revives the tradition of Stevenson. He knows men and cities and girls and priests, and old women and the ways of the world as well as if he were going to bore you with psychological lectures; and he can write with a deft, light, swift, witty dexterity that is a pleasure in itself if you notice it, and that will add to your happiness whether you notice it or not. Uncommon attractions are married to make this masterly serial, and we rejoice to publish it.

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Overweight? 10 minutes a day of the "Daily Dozen" to music will rid you of dangerous excess flesh.

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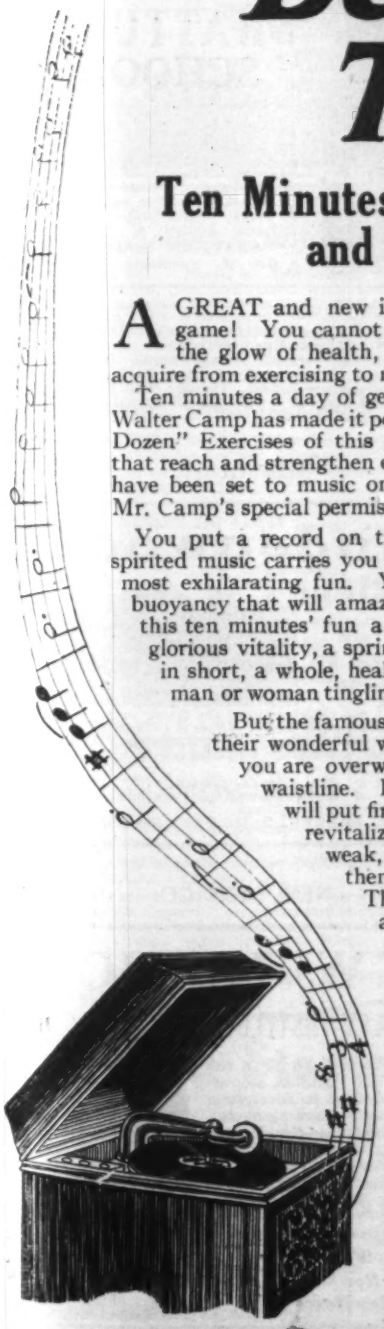
Ten Minutes' Fun a Day Gives You Health, Strength and Vitality—Free Record Proves It.

A GREAT and new idea—and more fun than a game! You cannot appreciate the fascination, the glow of health, the amount of "pep" you acquire from exercising to music until you have tried it!

Ten minutes a day of genuine fun will keep you fit. Walter Camp has made it possible. The famous "Daily Dozen" Exercises of this great Yale coach—exercises that reach and strengthen every muscle in your body—have been set to music on phonograph records, with Mr. Camp's special permission.

You put a record on the machine and the lively, spirited music carries you through ten minutes of the most exhilarating fun. You are swept along with a buoyancy that will amaze you. And the result of this ten minutes' fun a day is a glowing health, a glorious vitality, a springy step, a bright eye—and, in short, a whole, healthy, breat hing and zestful man or woman tingling with the very glow of life.

But the famous "Daily Dozen" do not stop their wonderful work there. Far from it. If you are overweight they will reduce your waistline. If you are underweight they will put firm, sound flesh on you. They revitalize your body. They revive weak, flabby muscles and rebuild them into live, vital tissue. Thousands of men and women and boys and girls are regaining health, strength and vitality through use of the "Daily Dozen" Exercises.



The "Daily Dozen" Build Muscle

Increase your wind, develop your chest, strengthen your powers of endurance and your energy to work. Put on muscular shoulders, acquire strong stomach muscles, get a wonderful and superb physique—and enjoy yourself every minute you are doing it.

The "Daily Dozen" are set to music on large double-disc records, playable on any disc machine. In addition there are charts with 60 actual photographs illustrating every movement with clear and simple directions. On the record itself a clear voice gives you the commands, telling you exactly what to do. All you do is put a record on the machine. Inside of ten minutes you will feel a glow that is priceless in its benefits to your health. You can say good-bye to constipation, headaches, backaches, insomnia, run-down condition, nervousness, emaciation, want of appetite and that tired, exhausted feeling.

A slender and graceful form can only come from a healthy, physical condition.

Record Free

So that you may see for yourself the wonderful benefits to your health that the famous "Daily Dozen" will give you, we will send you, absolutely *free*, a sample record containing two of the "Daily Dozen" Exercises and a chart illustrating the movements. Put it on your phonograph and follow the simple directions of the clear voice on the record. That great sensation of glowing health you feel when you have gone through these new, exhilarating and interesting exercises will amaze you.

There is no obligation. The record is yours to keep. Just enclose a quarter (or 25 cents in stamps) with the coupon, to cover charge of postage, wrapping, etc., to Health Builders, Dept. 706, Oyster Bay, N. Y.

Free Sample Record and Chart

HEALTH BUILDERS, Dept. 706
Oyster Bay, N. Y.

Please send me your free sample Health Builder Record, giving two of Walter Camp's famous "Daily Dozen" Exercises, also a free chart containing actual photographs and simple directions for doing the exercises. I enclose a quarter (or 25 cents in stamps) to cover cost of packing, postage, etc. This does not obligate me in any way whatever and the sample record and the chart are mine to keep.

Name.....
(Please write plainly)

Address.....

THE SCHOOLS OF AMERICA

We are pleased to place before our readers the following directory of the leading private schools of America. Write to the school for full and complete information, which will be gladly furnished to readers of McCLURE'S.—*Editor.*

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Palo Alto Military Academy A Special School Exclusively for Primary and Grammar School Boys. In session 12 months in the year. Bicycle club. Outdoor swimming pool. Supervised rifle practice. Summer term and camp. Col. R. P. KELLY, Supt., Box 306-M, Palo Alto, Cal.

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Electrical Engineering In One Year

men with training are in demand. For more than a quarter of a century, this school has been training men of ambition and limited time, for the electrical industries. Condensed course in Electrical enables graduates to secure good positions and promotions. Theoretical and Practical Electricity. Mathematics, Steam and Gas Engines and Mechanical Drawing. Students construct dynamos, install wiring and test electrical machinery. Course with diploma complete

Over 3000 men trained. Thoroughly equipped fireproof dormitories, dining hall, laboratories, shops.

Free catalog. 30th Year begins Sept. 27, 1922.

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Colonial School for Girls Beautiful location in National Capital. High School, College Preparatory and Collegiate Courses. Complete Domestic Science and Secretarial departments. Music, Art, and Expression. Well ordered home and social life. Athletics. MISS CHARLOTTE CRITTENDEN EVERETT, Principal, 1539 Eighteenth Street, N. W., Washington, D.C.

Chevy Chase School A modern school for girls with country and city advantages. Senior high school, with two years' advanced work beyond. Twelve-acre campus. Outdoor life. Address CHEVY CHASE SCHOOL, Box M. FREDERIC ERNEST FARRINGTON, Ph.D., Headmaster, Washington, D. C.

Gunston Hall A School for Girls—Established 1892. Preparatory and Academic Courses. Two years' Post-Graduate and College work. Music, Art and Expression. MRS. BEVERLEY R. MASON, Principal, 1928 Florida Avenue, Washington, D. C.

ILLINOIS

Saint Mary's School A superior school for girls; under the auspices of the Episcopal Church. Fifty-fourth year. College Preparatory and High School work. A separate department for younger girls. Special advantages in Music, Expression and Domestic Science. Secretarial Course. Athletics. Home Life. The Reverend FRANCIS L. CARRINGTON, LL.D., Rector, Knoxville, Ill.

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Two-year course leading to well paid positions in schools, colleges, universities, community centres, industrial gymnasiums, banks, department stores, etc. Free graduate placing bureau. Strong faculty. Swimming pool, gymnasiums, tennis, dancing auditorium.

Summer Session for teachers begins June 27th

View book, catalog and particulars sent on request. Regular term September 19th.

AMERICAN COLLEGE of PHYSICAL EDUCATION
Accredited *Co-educational*
Address Dept. MC-6 4200 Grand Boulevard, Chicago

Frances Shimer School

For Girls and Young Women. 2 years College, 4 years Academy. Music, Art, Home Economics, and Secretarial. Waiting list the last three years. 9 Buildings, new dormitory this fall. 35 acres. 70th year. Term opens September 13th, 1922. Catalog.

REV. WM. P. McKEE, DEAN
Box 700, Mt. Carroll, Ill.

MARYLAND

Hood College for Young Women Standard A. B. and B. S. Courses. Also Music, Art Expression and Home Economics. Accredited Courses in Pedagogy. Five new buildings on 45-acre suburban site. Our own Garden and Dairy. Terms, $450 to $550. JOSEPH H. APPLE, LL.D., President, Box M, Frederick, Md.

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Mining Engineering Training

Is necessarily the broadest training for the prospective engineer, fitting him to take advantage of the greatest variety of opportunities. This College (established 1886), a state institution not conducted for profit, offers a comprehensive four-year course which can be completed in three calendar years. It is located among the copper mines, and close to the iron mines of the famous Lake Superior region. Through the close relations maintained with operators, and the methods pursued, the neighboring mines, mills, smelters, electrolytic and power plants are constantly used in the regular work of the student. Managers of large operations regularly lecture to classes. Unusual opportunities for geological field work. Vigorous athletics. "M.C.M. Men Make Good." For descriptive book, address at 275 College Avenue, Houghton, Mich.

Michigan College of Mines

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Join the present 3,000 student body in our great classrooms. You'll find everything pertaining to Chiropractic here. Write for particulars concerning the cost to you, course, advantages. It may mean the upward turn of your career.

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We have no branch nor affiliated Schools.

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Todd Seminary for Boys 1000 feet above the sea. 75th year. Exclusively for younger boys (7 to 16). Right thinking developed through comradeship between teachers and boys. Vigilant watchfulness of personal habits. Box M, Woodstock, Ill. (1 hour from Chicago). Summer Camp, Manistee, Mich. NOBLE HILL, Principal.

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An Episcopal Boys' School with real homelike influences. Instructors know and appreciate boys. Thorough, careful supervision of study and sports. All athletics. Preparation for leading colleges. Military training. A few vacancies for boys of 14-15 years. Apply early. Summer School. Address

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60 minutes from St. Louis

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Founded 1827

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One of the oldest colleges for young women west of the Mississippi River. Class A College with two and four-year courses New buildings, modern equipment, gymnasium, swimming pool, athletic grounds.

A college that stands pre-eminently for the training of young women for healthful, useful lives. For catalog address

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A state-owned school in the heart of the vigorous, aggressive West that is developing the highest type of manhood. Ideal conditions—bracing air, sunshine, dry climate. Altitude—3700 feet. Preparatory and Junior College. Reserve Officers' Training Corps. Address

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Box C
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A four-year General Course.

Preparation for Any College.

Two-year Courses for High School Graduates.

Special certificate courses in Piano, Voice, Pipe Organ, Violin, Art, Dramatic Art, Home Economics.

Eight Acres for athletics.

Horseback Riding (our own stables).

Send for new year book, and Special Pamphlet giving the two-year courses for High School Graduates, and General Finishing Courses.

There are some rooms with hot and cold water and private bath. Students for 1922-23 are being accepted in the order of their applications.

Special car for Western girls from Chicago, September 26.

Exceptional opportunities with a delightful home life. 1626 Summit St., **NEWTON, Mass.**

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The achievements of Peddie graduates in scholarship and athletics at college are significant of the value of its training. Stalwart manhood is the all-important purpose of the curriculum.

Every Peddie boy is given a comprehensive physical examination. Mental powers are developed by expert teachers.

Peddie is endowed, and spends all its income upon its students. 60-acre campus. 57th year.

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156th year. Invest for your boy in a school where the men understand boys and where school morale favors success. Strong athletics. Refined life. Prepares for best colleges. What is your boy's age and aim?

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Miss Beard's School for Girls A country school, 13 miles from New York. College preparatory, special courses. Music, Art, Domestic Science. Supervised physical work in gymnasium and field. Catalog on request. LUCIE C. BEARD, Headmistress, Orange, N. J.

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Students may enter regular courses or, with parents' approval, may specialise as desired. In beautiful Westchester, 30 miles from New York. 54th year. Write for Year Book. Address Ossining-on-Hudson, New York. Box 6 D.

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Specializing in College or University preparation. Small classes. Individual attention. Athletics: Recreation building and athletic field on Lake Cayuga: full navy outfit. Healthfully and beautifully located above Ithaca and Lake Cayuga. Certificate privilege. Apply now for 1922.

Summer School. *Specializing in preparation for University Entrance Examinations.* Two terms: mid-July to September.

Special Tutoring School. *The year round. High-grade instruction in all preparatory subjects.* Experienced faculties for all Schools. Write for catalogs.

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Normal Course for Men and Women—two years. Graduates eligible to teach in N. Y. State Public Schools.

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FOR GIRLS **Founded 1853**

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Healthful location in Allegheny Mts. School park land of 100 acres. Six modern, homelike buildings for 100 girls. Thorough preparation for college, entrance examinations held at the school. Liberal courses for girls not going to college. Exceptional Faculty. Strong Music Dept., with unusual equipment. Fine and Applied Arts, Domestic Science, Gymnasium and Swimming Pool. Athletic Training and Dancing. Main Line Penna. R. R. Illustrated Catalogue.

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An established school. Faculty built by years of selection. Many graduates occupying positions of responsibility.

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COMBINES the practical with the cultural. Junior College Departments, College Preparatory, Music, Physical Education, Expression, Art: Magazine Illustration, Design, Fashion Illustration. Oratory, Secretaryship, Gymnastics, Normal Kindergarten, Swimming. Department for girls under 16. Separate dormitory. Address **BEECHWOOD SCHOOL, Jenkintown, Pa., Suburb of Philada.**

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A school where orderliness, respect for government, and *the desire to make good* replace recklessness and the "don't care" attitude; where every boy is put on his mettle to measure himself by established school standards.

Good name of school rests on thorough academic work, efficient military training and physical development, and the **spirit** of T.M.I., which inspires boys to their best achievement. Sound government through sensible restraints and incentives to good conduct. Health record unsurpassed. Mild climate, outdoor exercises all year. R.O.T.C. Modern buildings and equipment, laboratories, gymnasium, swimming pool, cinder track. All athletics. Charges moderate. For Catalog address

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In Blue Ridge Mountains, rare health record. College Preparatory. Special for High School graduates; Expression; Art, Music, Pipe Organ; Domestic Science; Business; Personal attention to manners, character. **Sports:** Large grounds. Students from every section. Rate, $485. Catalog.

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Thorough preparation for college or business life. New gymnasium and swimming pool. Liberal endowment permits of unusually low terms. $405 covers all charges. No extras. Randolph-Macon boys succeed —640 graduates of this school have received full college degrees or entered professions in the past 27 years. For catalog address

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One of the leading schools in the South. Modern buildings. Extensive Campus. Located in the Valley of Virginia, famed for health and beauty of scenery. Elective, Preparatory and College Courses, Music, Art, Expression, Domestic Science, under the direction of European and American Instructors. Supervised athletics. Students from 32 states. For catalog address

Mattie P. Harris, President Box Q

Mrs. Gertrude Harris Boatwright, Vice-President

Virginia Intermont College for Girls and Young Women Thirty-eighth year; 25 states. H. S. and Jr. College. Music, Art, Expression, Domestic Science and Business Courses. Music a specialty. Alt. 1900 ft. Gym. Swimming Pool, new dormitory with private baths. Rate $500. H. G. NOFFSINGER, A. M., President, Box 120, Bristol, Va.

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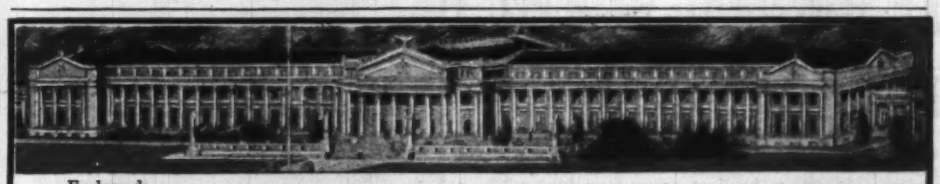
When writing to the schools for information, please mention McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

WISCONSIN



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A virile American preparatory school that will interest discriminating parents and that will appeal to the boy who loves athletics, outdoor life, automobiles and other sports. Students of good character only received. School operates on self-government principles and honor ideals. Recognized by colleges, the War Department and the public as one of the great schools of America. Exceptional location and buildings with every known improvement in heating, lighting, sanitation, fire-proofing, etc. A visit to the school while it is in session urged. Attendance limited. Catalog outlining its many distinctive advantages on request.

COLONEL R. P. DAVIDSON, Supt. Lake Geneva, Wisconsin

Some Words from the Readers of McCLURE'S Magazine

I have always believed it a sound idea that "good wine needs no bush" and I shrink from publishing words of praise and congratulations.

But I have many sincere and kind letters from old friends, and it may be worth while to let the newer friends of the magazine read some extracts from some of these letters.

S. S. McCLURE.

New York City, May 15, 1922.

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92 Home Life Building,
Washington, D. C.,
April 5, 1922.

My dear S. S.:

I have meant to write to you for a month or more. I picked up a copy of the new McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, in order to read Colonel Repington's diary. Having read that I turned to the rest of the magazine. I can hardly overstate the pleasure I got out of finding that the magazine is so good. I suppose that in my case a certain amount of my pleasure is sentimental. Finding a thing that recalls vividly the pleasure I used to have in McCLURE'S fifteen to twenty years ago, when it was at its best, would alone, I suppose, be enough to arouse enthusiasm, but I really think that if there had never been a McCLURE'S MAGAZINE before, and if I had never had any association with it, I would still recognize the new McCLURE'S for what it is, namely, an extraordinarily attractive publication.

Sincerely yours,
MARK SULLIVAN.

UNITED STATES SENATE,
Committee on Expenditures in
The Executive Departments,
April 4, 1922.

Dear Mr. McClure:

I must send you a line to tell you how good it is to see your name on the cover of McCLURE'S.

Sincerely yours,
MEDILL McCORMICK.

WOODBERRY FOREST SCHOOL,
Woodberry Forest, Va.,
March 14, 1922.

Dear Sirs:

I have just read in McCLURE'S of March "Lincoln at Gettysburg," by Dr. Remensnyder. It is a great article! If you have this article published in book or pamphlet, please send it to me C. O. D., if you wish.

Very truly yours,
JOHN SCOTT WALKER.

Muskegon, Mich.,
April 3, 1922.

When one reads a story, then turns back to find the name of the writer, deciding to read hereafter everything under that name, it seems to prove that it is a very good story ("The Petulant Madelon"), by a very clever writer (Michael J. Phillips), and much enjoyed by an appreciative reader.

MRS. W. S. WOOD.

NEVADA SEARCHLIGHT,
204 Clay Peters Bldg., Box 646,
Reno, Nev.,
March 13, 1922.

My dear Mr. McCLURE:

As a reader of McCLURE'S and an admirer of your work as the founder of this popular periodical and its editor for so many long years, I congratulate you on your return home to your first love.

The first issue of the new McCLURE'S under your guiding hand shows that instead of losing caste as a magazine editor, you have wonderfully improved, and I am sure that as the months come and go, your connection with McCLURE'S will make it more popular and better than it has ever been in all its history.

Your wide experience in the magazine field and your splendid experience during your recuperation period has not been spent in vain, but on the contrary your vision has been broadened and I sincerely hope your usefulness will continue to increase in the fullness of time.

With kindest personal regards, I am
Fraternally and cordially yours,
W. T. McNEIL,
Managing Editor.

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104 Leavenworth Street,
San Francisco, Calif.,
March 1, 1922.

My dear Mr. McCLURE:

You'll not think me forward in "My dear Mr.", I trust, but the rebirth of McCLURE'S awakens an old enthusiasm —days of Viola Roseboro', Willa Cather —when McCLURE'S was strong—the strongest magazine in America.

Here's hoping those days are coming back and that a man can take up McCLURE'S and find man fiction. Fiction for men—that is, stuff a discerning person can read without insult to his intelligence.

I note you are running two stories of mine, so the above encomium might seem conceited.

With best wishes, I am
Sincerely yours,
THOMAS S. MILLER.

P. S.—I earnestly assure you there is room for strong man fiction. I live—breathe—magazines and public tastes. Have talked a lot, and have years of experience with *Adventure Magazine*. *Adventure* has good stories. Hundreds of readers have complained to me that there is no magazine giving real characters in real life doings. My prayer is, "God give America a real magazine," I do hope I'll be able to again boost McCLURE'S.

T. S. M.

THE NEW YORK TIMES,
Times Square,
March 1, 1922.

Dear Mr. McClure:

Please accept my congratulations on McCLURE'S for March. It is a truly excellent issue and one by which I wish American magazine standards might be judged.

Irvin S. Cobb's delightful witch story, Mrs. Rinehart's absorbing serial, the Lincoln story and pictures, and all the other excellent features in one cover, make it truly a notable issue. But I have saved my reference to your own editorial for the last. It is mighty good reading, every line of it. I know of no better way to express my own estimate than to quote from the editorial: "McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, for the span of a generation, has been a transcript of our civilization. It has presented vitally and truthfully the men and movements of our time."

With best wishes,

Sincerely yours,
LOUIS WILEY.

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263 Oriental Place,
Lyndhurst, N. J.,
March 15, 1922.

My dear Sir:

I have thoroughly enjoyed the March number of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE. It is so "chock full" of good things.

I particularly enjoyed the short story, "Deselee's Preacher," by Dorothy Thomas. I hope we may have many more of her stories. Her story "smacks" of something different, something new.

Sincerely yours,
ANABEL C. WINDFELT.

PUBLIC LEDGER,
Independence Square,
Philadelphia,
March 3, 1922.

My dear Mr. McClure:

I have just bought the March number of your beautiful magazine and wish to offer you my very sincere congratulations. There must be thousands of your friends like myself, who are hopeful and confident that McCLURE'S has had a rebirth that will eventuate in a series of triumphs in every way comparable to those which made your name so long the outstanding one in American magazine literature.

With kind regards, believe me

Very sincerely yours,
FRED W. WILE.

Underwood & Underwood

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Taken at his home at Oyster Bay a few months before his death

VOLUME 54
NO. 4

McCLURE'S

S. S. McCLURE, *Editor*

JUNE
1922

England and America

Introductory to Mr. Leary's Article on Roosevelt's Remarkable Effort in December, 1918, Less Than Three Weeks Before His Death, to Secure the Friendly Cooperation of England and America.

By S. S. McClure

FEW men in our history had the insight and wisdom of Theodore Roosevelt. It is a great privilege and pleasure to publish Mr. Leary's account of one of the most important interviews ever given by Mr. Roosevelt. There was no anticipation of death. But his death, a little more than two weeks later, gives unusual force to his words.

And yet the great leader, "Our Lost Leader," was simply setting forth what in a large sense has been the basic thought of America from the early days of the Republic.

We must remember that in the years made memorable by Washington and Jefferson, England was the enemy, and yet Jefferson wrote that as between a dominant French navy and a dominant English navy, he preferred England.

On page 89 of "The Foes of Our Own Household" Roosevelt says:

"Washington's address condemned the effort thus to make hatred of England blind us to our duty to the United States as follows: 'Nothing is more essential (to a free, enlightened and great nation) than that permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular nations . . . be excluded. The nation which indulges toward another an habitual hatred . . . is in some degree a slave.'"

A year before the conclusion of the Treaty between England and France which finally ended enmities that had lasted for many centuries, there was a banquet given in the Mansion House at which the officers of the European squadron of the American Fleet were entertained, and at which President Loubet of France and Foreign Minister of France, Delcasse, were present. On this occasion, on the 9th of July, 1903, the *New York Times* in an editorial made a comment that was almost prophetic, in these words:

"The pleasure with which Americans read of the attentions and compliments paid to the European squadron of our navy now at Portsmouth under the command of Rear-Admiral Cotton, is enhanced by the fact that this exchange of national greetings coincides with the toasting and welcoming of the President of the French Republic in London. The three great nations of the earth in which liberal institutions have come to full development have, either by happy accident or wise intent, chosen this time to make known to each other their mutual friendship and esteem. When bonds of interest and amity draw Great Britain, France and the United States close together, the peace of the world is made more secure and liberal progress is better assured."

It was during this visit that the foundations of the entente between England and France were laid. Seven years later the fighting force of a foreign power marched through the streets of London with drums beating and flags flying. This force numbered 800 and were sailors from American battleships. They were entertained at the Guildhall. This was December 3rd, 1910. On this occasion, Commander Sims responded to the address of welcome of the Lord Mayor. He expressed, on behalf of the men, their appreciation of the hospitality extended to them by the Corporation, and by almost everybody else in the City of London. They returned to their ships and reported that they had been received in the most friendly manner by the citizens. They were stopped in the streets, they were entertained, and they were continually receiving offers of assistance to see "this, that, and the other." Commander Sims concluded his speech with these memorable words:

"There is reason for that. I do not think it would happen in any other country. If you want to know the reason, it is because there is a strong blood tie between our two peoples. Members of our fleet have been received

in other countries with all the official hospitality that can be imagined, but it was impossible for them to convey to our minds quite the same impression that has been made by the English people. There are strong ties of sentiment and amity between our two nations, and I believe under the surface there is a sentiment stronger still—a sort of undefined, defensive sentiment. I wish to express an opinion on this subject which is entirely personal, and it is this — if the time ever comes when the British Empire is seriously menaced by an external enemy, it is my opinion that you may count upon every ship, every man, every dollar, and every drop of blood of your kindred across the sea."

Referring to this speech of Commander Sims, Josephus Daniels when in London in May, 1919, said:

"Ten years ago Admiral Sims, speaking at a banquet in London, made a speech in which he said that if the time ever came when the soil of Great Britain was threatened with invasion, the American people would fight with the English people shoulder to shoulder. Nor did they forget that the Admiral was rebuked for that speech, for the President, in pursuance of policy, sent him a formal reprimand. That reprimand, in the light of this hour, was a decoration of honor. He rejoiced that in this cooperation with the British Navy, the Navy of the United States was represented by a courageous, a wise and a brave man, who understood the very heart of the struggle, and who entered into it with sympathy and the heartiest feeling for his British comrades."

In an address of singular eloquence on May 4th, 1911, at Baltimore, the greatest representative of the Catholic Church in America, the late Cardinal Gibbons, said:

"If England and America were to enter into an alliance of permanent arbitration with each other, such a bond of friendship and amity would be a blessing not only to these two great Powers, but to all the nations of the civilized world."

During the last weeks of his life, Mr. Roosevelt referred several times to the achievements of England

and France and to our relations with England. I publish herewith extracts from his dispatches to the *Kansas City Star,* December 2nd, 1918:

"At the very close of the war we played an honorable and probably decisive part, but we were enabled to do so only because for the four preceding years England and France and their associates in defending their own rights had also saved us from destruction. Our sacrifice is infinitesimal compared to theirs.

". . . The British Navy protected us exactly as it protected Britain. Under such circumstances it behooves us to remember that while we at the very end did our duty, yet that our comrades in arms for over four years performed incalculable feats and suffered incalculable losses and won the right of gratitude of all mankind."

And on December 17th, 1918, in the *Kansas City Star,* Mr. Roosevelt says:

"The British Navy, the French Army and American Common Sense

"In winning the present war very many instrumentalities have been necessary. On the whole the four most important in their order have been: (1) the French army; (2) the British navy; (3) the British army; (4) the Italian army. Our own gallant army and navy did exceedingly well, but came in so late that the part they played, taking the four and a half years as a whole, does not entitle them to rank with the instrumentalities given above."

And again on December 24th, 1918, in the *Kansas City Star,* Mr. Roosevelt says:

"Let us have straightforward speaking. I am speaking purely as an American. No man in this country who is both intelligent and informed has the slightest fear that Great Britain will ever invade us or try to go to war with us. The British navy is not in the slightest degree a menace to us. I can go a little farther than this. There is in Great Britain a large pacifist and defeatist party which behaves exactly like our own pacifists, pro-Germans, Germanized Socialists, defeatists and Bolsheviki. If this party had its way and Great Britain abandoned its fleet, I should feel, so far from the United States being freed from the necessity of building up a fleet, that it behooved us to build a much stronger one than is at present necessary. Our need is not as great as that of the vast scattered British Empire, for our domains are pretty much in a ring fence. We ought not to undertake the task of policing Europe, Asia, and Northern Africa. Neither ought we to permit any interference with the Monroe Doctrine or any attempt by Europe or Asia to police America. Mexico is our Balkan Peninsula. Some day we will have to deal with it. All the coasts and islands which in any way approach the Panama Canal must be dealt with by this nation, and by this Nation alone, in accordance with the Monroe Doctrine. With this object in view our navy should be second to that of Great Britain and superior to that of any other power — and if Great Britain chooses to abolish its navy it would mean that we ought to build a larger navy than is now necessary."

All people who allow common sense to act agree with Mahan and Roosevelt. In a word, the smaller the British navy, the larger must be our navy.

Roosevelt took a large and sound view of the expansion of the English-speaking peoples. He wrote:

"During the past three centuries the spread of the English-speaking peoples over the world's waste spaces has been not only the most striking feature in the world's history, but also the event of all others most far-reaching in its effects and its importance.

"On the other hand it may be fairly said that in America and Australia the English race has already entered into and begun the enjoyment of its great inheritance.

"There have been many races that at one time or another had their great periods of race expansion — as distinguished from mere conquest — but there has never been another whose expansion has been either so broad or so rapid.

"There was but one land where the winning made a lasting addition to Germanic soil; but this land was destined to be of more importance in the future of the Germanic peoples than all their continental possessions, original and acquired, put together."

We can say with Lord Rosebery of the great governance of the English-speaking peoples:

"Made not by saints and angels but the work of men's hands; cemented with men's honest blood and a world of tears, welded by the best brains of centuries past. Not without taint and reproach, but conducted on the whole with pure and splendid purpose."

And with Roosevelt: "Working together they have the peace of the world in their hands."

Roosevelt on England and America

"Working together they have the peace of the world in their hands."

—Theodore Roosevelt.

By John J. Leary, Jr.

SETTLEMENT of the Irish question means many things. Most of these have been enumerated in the months that have passed since settlement first became an obvious certainty. To date, however, no one, so far as has come to my knowledge, has pointed out what Theodore Roosevelt in a deathbed statement predicting peace in Ireland declared would be its most important effect.

In Roosevelt's opinion this would prove to be the removal of the one remaining cause of friction that could serve to prevent the United States and Great Britain working together to preserve — and if necessary compel — the peace of the world.

The prediction — it might be more nearly correct to call it *the prophecy* — of Irish peace was made in Roosevelt Hospital on December 20, 1918. Then settlement of the Irish question seemed as remote as at any time since the passage of the Emancipation Act. Within a scant three weeks the prophet was in his grave. Within an almost equally scant three years settlement of the Irish problem was as obvious as the shaft above that grave.

Strangely enough, the prediction of the end of the Anglo-Celtic feud and the effect thereof on Anglo-American relations and the peace of the world were made in what proved to be Col. Roosevelt's last effort to prevent what he foresaw might well be a serious coolness in Anglo-American relations as an aftermath of the war and the peace negotiations.

President Wilson had just landed in Europe bearing what remained of his "fourteen points" — it will be recalled that one of these, "freedom of the seas," had been thrown overboard on the way across — and was being acclaimed as no other person had ever been acclaimed by the peoples of Europe. This was almost as true of the enemy peoples as it was of those who had been our allies. Had not the armistice been predicated upon the fourteen points and promises, more or less definite of a square deal to the vanquished nations? In him the enemy saw the all powerful one who would

stand between it and the hated English, and the equally hated, but more bitterly despised French.

Europe was prepared to believe him capable of everything, of ending over night the danger of war — all this by the magic of words and his supposed control over the government of the United States.

Roosevelt knew all of this. He knew, also, the exact situation in the United States, and, though the actual making of the treaty had not been begun, he not only had what proved to be a fairly accurate idea of what it might be expected to contain, but of the fight that would be made against the ratification of the treaty. This he knew because in that little room in Roosevelt Hospital, Lodge, of Massachusetts, his lifelong friend, had consulted with him as the *de facto* if not de *de jure* head of the Republican party on the fight that was to be made on it. Johnson, of California, also saw him there, while Penrose, of Pennsylvania, the sick man of the Senate, but yet its strong man, consulted him through their mutual friend, John T. King, of Connecticut, at the time Roosevelt's political manager.

Sensing the situation in Europe, and particularly in England, and foreseeing that unless the English people were accurately informed in advance of any action by the Senate there would be anger mixed with their disappointment, Col. Roosevelt sought to get the facts before them through an inspired statement in an English paper. For this purpose he chose the representative of a liberal daily whom he bade me bring to the hospital, where for the best part of the morning while distinguished personages and old friends (among them I recall Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, widow of the former ambassador to Great Britain) waited for a moment of his time, he discussed Europe, and the rest of the world, but more particularly the relations between the United States and Great Britain.

Photo by Paul Thompson

Roosevelt reading. Mr. Leary in the background at the right.

This interview was in part reproduced in "Talks with T. R." (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, 1920), most of which, it will be recalled, was first printed in McClure's. Necessity of economizing space made some condensation necessary and it is here reproduced *in extenso*.

As recorded in the "Talks" Col. Roosevelt, after a word about his condition, then believed to be on the way to an early cure, began with an expression of gratification at the reception tendered the President of the United States in foreign lands.

"There is," said he, "danger, however, that the people of England, the people of Europe, will take Mr. Wilson at his own appraisal, at the value he set upon himself, and ignore the sentiment of the Republican leaders and the Republican Senate, in the matter of a League of Nations. They should realize that Mr. Wilson may sell what he cannot deliver, may promise more than he can deliver.

"They should not forget that in the recent election Mr. Wilson by demanding that the American people elect a Congress favorable to him and to his views, demanded in effect a vote of confidence and that the American people by voting him a Republican House and a Republican Senate gave him a vote of no confidence.

"The vote was a repudiation of Mr. Wilson's desire to have a free hand, and should be, as it is, notice to the world that there are other opinions and other persons to be considered — notice that any treaty Mr. Wilson may make will and must be subject to scrutiny and examination, and therefore should be made with due regard to that provision in our constitution giving the Senate co-ordinate power in treaty making.

"A league of nations *per se* may be a very desirable thing. It may be a very dangerous thing. It may be an instrument that will do the very thing it is designed to prevent — cause war, and talk of war.

"This country must keep its absolute economic independence and raise or lower economic barriers as its interests demand, for we have to look out for the interests of our own workingmen.

"We must also insist on the preservation of the Monroe doctrine as a necessary instrument of national security. We must keep the right to close the Panama Canal to our enemies in war time.

"I see no reason — there is no reason — why we should not have a general arbitration treaty with Great Britain. I could not, would not have said that five years ago, but I can now conceive of no question that may arise between the two countries that cannot in safety be left to arbitration.

"Working together," and while my note book makes no mention of the fact, I recall that his teeth clicked distinctly as he repeated the words, *"working together they have the peace of the world in their hands.*

"I would not favor, I would not approve such a treaty with Japan. It would be dangerous. Such a

Photo by Paul Thompson

Colonel Roosevelt opening the Long Island suffrage campaign at Oyster Bay.

treaty with Italy conceivably might be dangerous. But in such a treaty between the United States and Great Britain, there would be no danger to either party.

"We have a common language and common ideals. Our laws have the same common roots. There is no question on which we can well quarrel for our interests are alike. We have nothing England is likely to wish to take away from us and I am sure we envy England possession of nothing she has. Her navy, great though it may be, is not a menace to our commerce. In the years before we officially recognized the fact that Germany was making war upon us, it stood between us and the consequences of a policy of unpreparedness. Talk about freedom of the seas — the British navy has kept them free.

"The British Empire imperatively needs the largest navy in the world and this we should instantly concede. France needs a greater military strength than we do, but we should have our young men trained in arms on the general lines.

"A general arbitration treaty with Japan is impossible. Every one who has given the subject careful thought knows that. At the moment we are at peace with Japan. To-morrow the immigration question may bring us to the edge of war again.

"That question, immigration, is one that we cannot and must not undertake to arbitrate. It would not arise with England. Your immigration here is small. It is, furthermore, a highly desirable immigration. Japan's is not desirable and is not wanted. Nor can there be arbitration on internal matters, including the tariff, which is an internal matter and must be so considered. With Japan, however, the danger at all times is immigration and allied questions.

"There is also objection to such a treaty with Italy. It is conceivable — in fact possible — that the time is not far distant when the United States may wish to limit or restrict immigration from Italy. I have the greatest respect for the Italian but it is possible to get too much even of a good thing and conceivable that the time will come when we will have all the undigested Italian immigration we may wish. Then we will wish to close the door. We could not and would not arbitrate that.

"Therefore, a general arbitration agreement with Italy is not possible or desirable. An honest man will not make a contract he cannot keep. We are not yet, thank God, converted to the idea that contracts are scraps of paper."

Digressing for a moment to discuss the morality of contract breaking, Col. Roosevelt then proceeded to state the importance of the Irish question to the United States and the peace of the world, and to make the prophecy of Ireland's fate so soon to be translated into a fact.

"The only thing I can see," said he, "that may

make friction between the United States and Great Britain is the Irish question. That, however, is an internal question that England sooner or later must settle for her own comfort and convenience if nothing else. It is a matter that makes for trouble within the family — it is, as you know, a cause of annoyance and an issue of importance in Canada and Australia.

"Its clearing up will be welcomed by the dominions and, I believe, by the people of England generally. They wish to do justice by Ireland. Eventually they will do so."

Getting back to the President's presence abroad, Col. Roosevelt expressed his belief which he had already expressed in public utterances, that the very essence of an alliance such as had destroyed the Central Powers was loyalty of the allies to one another, and to the alliance as a whole.

"We haven't suffered anything like as much and we have not rendered as much service as the leading allies. It is the British navy, and the French, British and Italian armies that have done the most to bring about the downfall of Germany and therefore made sure the safety of the United States. Our own boys, our army and navy did exceedingly well, but it must be remembered that they came in late and great though their power was at the finish, taking the struggle as a whole, their part cannot, in honesty, rank with the sacrifice and accomplishment of the allies. It is therefore our business to stand by the allies.

Photo by Paul Thompson

Roosevelt greeting visitors.

"It is quite true that in the last four years, all that saved Great Britain from destruction was her navy. Without it she could not have lasted a week. But it is also true that in those years when we were declining to recognize that Germany was making war on us, her navy stood as shields of steel and blood and bone and flesh between us and the enemy.

"It is not the first time either that she has so stood. I remember, you remember, our Spanish war. The British navy then stood between us and a European alliance against us, just as Chichester that gallant British seaman put his ships in Manila Bay where they would be of the most use to Admiral Dewey, and when Von Diederichs, the German commander protested, informed him that only the British government and the American commander knew what his orders were.

"I do not imagine that the German had any real difficulty in satisfying himself what the intent of those orders was. It was one of those cases where actions were more eloquent than any spoken word or act. At any rate he behaved himself. I do not know how Chichester felt in the matter, but I have always believed old Dewey was sort of displeased that he did behave. Dewey, you know, was a real fighting man — he learned his trade under Farragut — and while not exactly a truculent person, was inclined to insist upon his rights. Talk about 'freedom of the seas.' The British navy has kept them free for all who wished to behave upon them and respect the rights of others to use them.

"Therefore, we have no need to fear the English navy, no matter how great it is, for it can, I believe, be counted upon always as a possible help and not as a threat of danger. So long as our navy is sufficiently strong to cover our coasts, and great coastal cities, and be the big stick behind the Monroe doctrine, it will suffice.

"Of course, you understand, as we all do, that England is committed to the Monroe doctrine. She recognized it fully and distinctly at the time of the Venezuela dispute in Cleveland's time. That dispute, among other nations, might have led to war. With us, it served to make our understanding better.

"So far as the British army is concerned, you are no more a military people than we are, and you were only slightly more speedy in throwing an army together when you had to than we were. It was created as a weapon of self defense, just as ours was, and if you got into it quicker than we, it was because your necessity was greater.

"France, of course, had her army. Situated as she is — her position is the direct antithesis of Great Britain — she has had to have an army. Had she not had one sufficiently strong to hold the German army until you could recruit your forces and throw them into the line, even the British navy could not have prevented Germany winning a decisive victory and becoming mistress of the world.

"Under all of these circumstances, patent to all men, including President Wilson, it will be sheer impertinence if, as I fear, he will seek to act as final arbiter between the Germans and our allies, and presume to attempt to tell England what she must do with her navy and France or Italy what they must limit themselves to in the matter of land forces. That is their business first, and ours second. Mr. Wilson's plain duty is to recognize how much our allies have

done, and instead of attempting through any vain idea of a false altruism to dictate impossible conditions, to stand by England and France and Italy, appreciating their needs, not of the moment, but of to-morrow and of to-morrow's to-morrow. If he does that, and at the same time insists on protecting American basic rights, the American people will sustain him."

This talk, Colonel Roosevelt stipulated, should not be given to the English people in the form of an interview but rather in the form of the "inspired statement," directly fathered by nobody but instantly recognized by everybody as to actual source, meaning and intent, leaving it to me to make it definitely clear as to what was wanted.

Later he expressed regret that he had failed to speak more definitely on the matter of alliances.

"I might," said he, "have told him that I am not at all concerned about the Anglo-Japanese alliance. It is of very limited value to either nation, it is an unnatural alliance."

Then, proceeding, he gave his definition of a real alliance.

"The real alliance," said he, "the alliance worth while, is where the parties' interests are common interests, where they think along the same broad lines and their aspirations do not conflict.

"Such an alliance need not be written, nor signed nor sealed.

"It will stand on its own bottom and by its inherent strength.

"On the other hand, the written agreement, where these conditions do not attain, is never of lasting value.

"Can you imagine the English people siding with Japan against us? Neither can I. Nor can any other man that is sane and honest with himself, and has any real knowledge of the English people. Even Hearst would have difficulty in imagining such a thing were he only approximately honest with himself."

Photo by Underwood and Underwood

Theodore Roosevelt in London

The statement, however, never reached the English people, nor the peoples of the continent, who Colonel Roosevelt expected would get it via London.

He had failed to sense the extent to which Mr. Wilson's idea of a League of Nations had gripped England. In days to come some great psychologist will seek to explain the post-war psychosis which led the English people, and more especially the statesmen and publicists of England, who should have known better to refuse to recognize the real lesson of the 1918 election.

It has since been said that they, living under an unwritten and highly elastic constitution, did not understand the limitation set upon the President by ours, but this must be taken as an excuse, rather than as an alibi, for in the then living Bryce, they had the greatest popular interpreter of our Constitution and system of government.

Under the conditions, therefore, it is not to be wondered at that the Colonel, to use a theatrical expression, failed to get this, his last message to the people of England, over.

In writing this I am not unmindful of the probability that enemies of Roosevelt — some persist even after death, though they would be ashamed to admit it — may assert that the position taken by him in this interview with a British journalist was a new position, assumed momentarily for the purpose of embarrassing Mr. Wilson.

To all such, in order to save them possible embarrassment, I will here say: Turn to page 262, volume two, "Theodore Roosevelt and His Time," by Joseph Buchlin Bishop (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1920), and there read a letter Colonel Roosevelt, as President, addressed to the late King Edward.

Therein you will notice that he said in part:

"I absolutely agree with you (King Edward) as to the importance not only to ourselves, but to all the free peoples of the civilized world, of a constantly growing friendship and understanding between the English speaking peoples. One of the gratifying things in what has occurred during the last decade has been the growth in this feeling of good will.

"All I can do to foster it will be done.

"I need hardly add that, in order to foster it, we need judgment and moderation no less than the good will itself.

"The larger interests of the two nations are the same; and the fundamental, underlying traits of their characters the same.

"Over here our greatest problems are those affecting us within.

"In matters outside our borders we are chiefly concerned, first, with what goes on South of us; second, with affairs in the Orient.

"In both cases our interests are identical with yours."

The letter is dated March 9, 1905.

Gipsy's Weather

By M. L. C. Pickthall

Illustrated by John R. Bacon

"The gypsies cam to the castle yett,
And O, but they sang sweetly;
They sang sae sweet and sae very complete,
That doun cam our fair lady."

"AND what is he, anyway?" Teague asked when Willy Faa first came to Passing River.

Macpherson ran over a list of the world's nationalities as he knew them — "Squarehead, Sheeny, Dago, Chink, Siwash, Doukhobor, and White." But brown Willy Faa fitted none of them. He belonged no more to the new Baptist Chapel at Arrowhead than to the Sikh Temple at Vancouver. Orange Lodge and Chinese Tong were all one to him. He assimilated with none of the patchwork races of Passing River. Teague said, "I guess he's just a foreigner."

Often, as time went on, he was referred to simply as the foreigner, in unconscious recognition of a racial separateness more furtive but as insurmountable as a Jew's.

Willy Faa lived up in the arbutus grove back of the shingle mill. He didn't even build a house; two rooms of shakes and tar-paper being a house at Passing River. He lived in an old tent slung on a rope between two of the rose-stemmed trees. He did no work for a long while. He showed no disposition to take up land, and that in a community whose most passionate interest lay in questions like: How was a half-acre of cleared land to be made to look like a whole acre, and was a chicken-house and twenty feet of drain-pipe up to the Government standards of improvement? He didn't fight. He didn't drink. He broke all the game laws systematically, and sometimes he sang: sang to himself up in the rosy-stemmed arbutus grove, for brown Willy Faa was young.

Rosina may have heard him when she was down at the shingle mill. Rosina's father had left her the mill. She was a person of independent property and a wonderful collection of dresses which she ordered by mail from back East. In Rosina's country, back East means Winnipeg. She knew more about cedar bolts than any man in Passing River, and there was always extraordinary competition for work at her mill.

Rosina was young, too. Perhaps she wondered why the foreigner did not ask her for a job.

But Willy Faa provided himself with a job. He vanished from Passing River for a week, and when he reappeared it was in a fifth-hand Ford, which he drove like all-possessed. He came crashing up the trail from Arrowhead one stormy night, for it was characteristic of Willy Faa that he was so indifferent to weather as to be unconscious of it. He parked the Ford in his old tent and slept in it. Next day he announced that Passing River would have a twice-weekly jitney service with Arrowhead, rain or shine.

Which last means a good deal on that coast.

Passing River was pleased. A jitney service makes a place feel quite metropolitan. And it would be much safer than the mail-launch, which always lost a lot of things overboard at the rapids, especially tobacco and candies, which appeared to have a suicidal tendency.

After that, every Monday and Thursday morning at eight-thirty the foreigner's Ford was ready outside the store to carry such passengers and freight as offered, and could get in, over the nine miles of shattering trail to Arrowhead. And every Monday and Thursday night, any time from eight to eleven, she might be seen returning; her one lamp blinking as she bucked the ruts, ten people occupying the space designed for four, baled fodder on the hood, and crates of poultry and sacks of flour hung along her running boards.

Sometimes the foreigner carried Rosina to Arrowhead and back again. Sometimes he carried things she had ordered back East. Once, in the flooding fall rains, he came to her door with a pasteboard box so sodden it was dropping to pieces and the address was lost.

"This yours?" asked the laconic foreigner.

Rosina made a snatch at it, and a funny little cry. "My!" she said, "I've been waiting for that for three weeks. And by the looks of it, it's a wonder I got it at all. How'd you know it was mine?"

The foreigner stretched out a slender brown hand glittering with rain, and gently, through a crack in the box, he pulled a scrap of pale pink stuff, thin as a morning cloud, fragile as youth. He said, "I thought that looked like you."

With a faint squeak, Rosina thrust the stuff back. She looked at the foreigner, and for the first time she noticed his eyes — eyes as soft, as dark, as unreadably wild as any animal's. Something she saw there made her take refuge in coquetry. "I'm real glad you brought it, anyway," she giggled, "it's for my trousseau."

The foreigner waited a moment. He did not smile or joke as one of the other men would have done. He just said, "You goin' to get married?"

Rosina looked into the wild eyes. Her coquetry vanished and for some reason she grew a little pale. "No," she said gravely. He waited still, without any change in his intent regard of her. The rain from her roof sluiced him, he was all black and shiny as ratskin with the wet. Presently she said, in the same grave voice, "You ought to get a slicker."

"The weather don't hurt me."

"And a sou'wester," said Rosina, and went in and shut the door. She took the pink stuff out of the box and began to embroider it with pale-blue forget-me-nots and love bows.

Next week the foreigner left a large box of laundry soap on her doorstep, and through the rope that tied it was thrust a great spray of arbutus heavy with scarlet berries and diamonds of rain.

Rosina was silent that evening. Her mother couldn't make her talk. After she had done writing letters to three firms — with young agents — who wanted to buy shingles of her, she went on with her embroidery. Her

Went staggering down to Arrowhead with Rosina in his arms

mother was surprised to see that she was trying the effect of scarlet on the pink stuff.

"Looks like red currants in ice cream," suggested the old lady.

When she next looked, Rosina had picked all the red out, and seemed in a temper about something.

A few days later there was a barrel of flour to be left at Rosina's door in the dark, with a thud and a sound of receding footsteps. . . . Rosina's mother said, "Better get one of the boys to help you in with that, dearie."

"I can manage it," said Rosina. She bent over the barrel, feeling it. Her light hands fluttered as though they coaxed the staves. But a barrel is an unyielding, untender thing. There was nothing there. Rosina went in.

"Yes," she told her mother, "I'll leave it for the boys. . . . I'm going to order some new shoes on approval, Ma. Those in the catalogue, with the nine straps and the Louis heels, looked stylish to me."

"You ordered things last week, dearie," said her mother, "and the week before."

"I know I did," replied Rosina thoughtfully, "I — have to."

There was nothing with the can of paint for the porch. But in the top of the bag of rolled-oats Rosina found something. Some stitches had been undone, and in the opening a little bird's nest plugged with moss had been inserted. Rosina pulled out the moss, and found in the nest a dozen

little flat pink shells from the sea-beach fifteen miles away. They were just like rose-petals and so fragile they broke as she touched them.

A basket of duck-eggs from a friend in Arrowhead offered, one would think, few possibilities. But Rosina found one egg light in the hand as a bubble. A fern-leaf was stuck round it. She took it out to the hen-house for examination. The shell had been broken and cunningly fitted together again with the fern-leaf over the join. Inside was a bracelet, a ring of supple bark that would just pass over Rosina's hand, and jeweled with the feathers of the lazuli-bunting, dawn-pink and summer-blue.

No one had ever given Rosina things like this, things that she could neither eat, wear, nor use. There seemed some message for the girl in the very transience of their beauty; the petal-shells that broke so soon, the jewel-feathers that were spoiled at a touch. . . .

"You'd save yourself and the jitney man a heap of trouble if you kind-of thought-out things and ordered once a month," suggested Rosina's mother, "he's up and down the path to our place pretty near every trip."

"I guess I would," agreed Rosina, her face bent over another mail-order catalogue.

Impossible to tell how things might have gone; how long the fifth-hand Ford would have continued to buck the ruts between Passing River and Arrowhead, how long the silent foreigner would have climbed the path to Rosina's door and left her gifts that spoke always of one thing; the transience of beauty, the rose-hour of youth. Impossible to say how long Rosina's bank-balance would have stood the strain. But one day the girl, consulting with a worshipful Swedish foreman about a new bandsaw at the mill, said suddenly, "I'm sick, Jensen. I'll see you about this to-morrow. I must go home now."

She went home, stricken with a fear the like of which her young life had never known. The fear of death. She was so weak with pain by the time she reached her house that against the rising wind she could hardly climb that path Willy Faa climbed so often.

Down on the far beaches that wind was already lifting the Pacific and driving it against the forest like mist. Soon the forest itself seemed changing into a sea, roaring, thundering, flowing away. Rain was added to the wind. Then darkness. It was a night terrible and elemental, a night to drive house-bred man shuddering under roof, while outside the world seemed dissolving in a chaos of sound.

Among the first things the wind did was to blow Willy Faa's tent away. But Willy Faa was at home in all weathers like a fish in water. He thought the rain would save him washing the car, and crawled underneath it and slept there.

He was wakened by lantern-light in his eyes, by a hand that dragged him, a voice that cried to him. He crept out from under the car quick as a mink into the blinding storm.

An old woman was there, an old woman terrible and elemental as the night itself, who took Willy Faa by the shoulders and shook him to and fro, crying, "My girl, my girl!" At first the foreigner hardly knew her for Rosina's mother. Then he grew very still.

He said, "What's wrong?"

"My girl, my girl . . ."

The foreigner's brown face twitched. "Rosie . . ."

"Dyin'!"

This drenched old woman, this spirit of primordial motherhood, was shaking Willy Faa like a rat. She repeated wildly, "Dyin'! 'Tis the 'pendicitis. And they won't take her down!"

"Take her where?"

"To the Cottage Hospital at Arrowhead. They'd operate right away. They'd save her there. But Jensen and Macpherson and Bully Teague . . ."

"Well, Mother?"

"They say there's no gettin' her down this night!"

There was silence, for all the tempest thundered and the arbutus trees lashed the night with a continual flicker of the white undersides of their leaves like foam on a tide. And suddenly Rosina's mother, the mild old lady who spent her days crocheting tidies and admiring her daughter, broke into curses — deep, wild lumberjack curses on the men who would let Rosina die.

It was grotesque, shocking by our standards. But in this passion was something that spoke the foreigner's language. He went to the old woman and put his arm round her furtively. He said in his laconic way, "Why, that's all right, Mother. I'll get her down if you say so."

She leaned against him, trembling now. His old woolen coat, warm from sleep, was scented with earth and moss. It was like touching a soft pelt covering some secret, untroubled life. The fierceness went out of her, she was just a broken old woman who whispered, "You'll go? And you the foreigner . . ."

"Why did you come to me if you didn't think I'd go?"

The old woman was silent. She had not definitely expected him to go and to save Rosina. When she fled to him she had followed an unconscious instinct; the mother's instinct that led her straight to the one who best loved her child.

Willy Faa said, "Go on and get her ready."

"I — I can come, too?"

"Sure. You'll have to be along to hold her."

He turned to the old Ford and Rosina's mother plunged trembling into the wind and rain.

Twenty minutes later, when the jitney honked chokingly at the foot of that familiar path, a huddle of white-faced women bore out, under rugs and tarpaulins, a little childish, pitiful thing that had been brave Rosina.

Willy Faa took one noncommittal look at her. She knew him, for she frowned, whispering, "You ought to get a slicker."

"Weather don't hurt me," asserted Willy again, stuffing the pillows round her cunningly.

"Silly . . . Sou'wester," murmured Rosina, and drifted into a moaning unconsciousness.

With sacks and pillows they wedged the two women into the back of the jitney. Their desperate business was small and dreamlike in the rush and thunder of the night. Men were there, too, for one — it was Bully Teague — rushed up out of the night and laid hold of the side of the car as if he'd hold it back. He cried violently, out of the violent dark, "This is murder!"

"It'd be murder to leave her till morning, Bully," said Rosina's mother, her child in her arms.

"Think of the *risk!*"

"She's *my* girl, Bully."

"You're crazy! The whole bunch of you! You shan't take her! Rosie . . ."

"Mr. Foreigner," said the old lady in a high, unnatural voice, "I guess we better be gettin' along. . . ."

The car began to buzz and vibrate. Teague grabbed at the wheel. Willy Faa reached across, and his fist took Bully on the angle of the jaw. The man's hands

beat and clutched, then he went backwards as the jitney jerked forwards, swung a moment, and swayed down the trail.

All Willy Faa's life that night was in his eyes, his hands, his feet.

The light of their one lamp seemed a drunken weapon with which they bored a path through solid and shouting night. Such a tide of wind was in the trees that you could guess them taut and vibrating as stretched strings. A thousand trees would go down in the fir forests that night. A score might fall across the trail. Already their way might be blocked impassably. But Willy Faa was going to see.

The old car crackled over fallen boughs which sprang up and hammered her crooked mudguards as she went over them. For clearer sight, the foreigner had taken the cracked windscreen down, and all sorts of flying fragments struck and stung his face. He was lowering the car down the first steep hill on the brakes as you lower a stone on the end of a string. Not a rock nor a rut, not a stump nor a slough, but was mapped in his cunning mind that night as if in lines of fire; not an obstacle but he remembered and avoided; the wild trail seemed to become smooth under his hands, the old rattling car swung on velvet springs for the sake of the little white moaning thing that had been Rosina.

He took the bridge floored with half-trees at the bottom of the slope with hardly a jar. Then the last light of Passing River went out behind them. It was like losing the last spark of a lighthouse at sea. As if they were tossed with waves, the unsteady beam of their headlight bounced from one thing to another. For a moment, from the racing night, it salved objects they knew, that were somehow startling in their familiarity. The two arbutus trees that always stripped their bark first in the fall, and now were like shafts of silver, the shed on the edge of the Hewson Limits, the angle of Colpatrick's corral fence and a roan cow huddled in it. One by one things were shown and lost, shown and lost, till there seemed nothing lasting but the forest and the wind.

The wind was something to terrify. It pressed great hands on the old car, as if Death himself swooped at them with darkness and a cry to hold them back. Rosina's mother cowered over the girl, dazed with the sheer impact of the air. Wonder touched her that any man could drive in such weather; it seemed to her a miracle of God. But to Willy Faa, the foreigner of all the ages, heir of unnumbered roofless generations, no weather was foreign. He drove as if he saw Rosina's life waiting for him at the other end of the trail.

Mile and mile he laid behind. The quivering beam of light seemed to be their road, they seemed to travel along it through the roaring forest. Now and again there had been a sound even through that of the storm, a sound that was half sensation, far yet terrible. Willy Faa knew what it was; the sound of a big tree blown down in the bush; he heard it and was so unconsciously akin with nature that he felt an obscure sympathy with that wound of the woods.

But not here, not in the thick timber, was what he feared.

He feared what was ahead where the trail climbed a high ridge overhanging Arrowhead. This ridge had once been forested, but the great Douglas fir had long been cut, and after the lumbermen had followed the fire, burning the hill to the bone. For four miles the road lay through a desolation of dead slash; stumps standing, stumps fallen, trees bleached white, trees charred black, huge craggy snags, masts a hundred and fifty feet high; all dead, and crashing down in every gale.

This was what the foreigner feared. But Rosina's mother, who knew the trail and the danger as well as he, felt no fear. Death was there in her arms if they did not make Arrowhead, and that death should lie in wait for them on the way seemed a very little thing.

On and on went the jitney. Now and then the foreigner saw a star reeling through scud like blown steam. Now and then some loftier tree lifted from the roof of the forest, and he saw it reeling against the white sky as though the earth rocked. Here was a wide rain pool. Here an alder sapling down across the way; he charged it and it smashed like glass. Here was a fan of gravel washed down across the trail, and try as he would, he must shake Rosina as the wheels wrenched free. She stirred and murmured faintly, but her mother could hear nothing but some words from a mail-order catalogue — "Bradley's Slickers Are Best for the Backwoods Boys. . . ."

Crash, and something flicked through the beam of their light, missing them by a yard; a big bough fallen, twisting under the wheels as though it were alive. It cost her a front tire. Under this bank something crouching — calf, dog, mountain-lion. A blackness; more branches, or a washout; no chance to tell until the wheels again clogged in soft mud. Something whirling past, a faint cry, and Willy turned his head to shout, "Mother, that Rosina?"

Faint and thin, the old woman's voice. "No. A bird blown down. It's here. Dead."

On and on, climbing to the ridge. Climbing to where death waited, and fear. Climbing to life and safety for Rosina.

Up and up. The engines heating and a sense of space and desolation. The dark forest, which had seemed so awesome, gone. And it was like missing the shelter of roof and walls when on the ridge the full tide of that wind took them. They seemed to go swaying along the back of a bare, dead world, crushed and swept by the wind.

Heir of the whole world's weathers, Willy Faa held the car into the wind almost as you hold a ship into it. The very earth and rock under her rims — she was running on them now — seemed fluid, washing away in the gale. They were out now in the open, on the height of the old Hewson Limit — Fear's Limit now; and Willy Faa, his knuckles white as he gripped the wheel, was driving like all-possessed for Rosina's sake.

Right and left the gaunt snags pricked against the reeling scud and the dead masts swung. They were malign as evil ghosts, ready to work evil on man who had wasted them in their beauty. Willy Faa felt the strange hostility of the night. He began to count off fear's landmarks.

Here was the white-veined boulder; here the huge disc of dead roots showing where a cedar-snag had fallen the previous year; there the spring, there the swamp; here the old skidway, yonder the skeleton of the crumbling flume; and a mile gone.

A brief thunder, as though some one had fired a heavy-shotted gun. A big tree fallen somewhere. Likely, Willy Faa thought, it was the tottering snag above the white-veined boulder which lay but a half-mile behind; what if it had been a half-mile ahead? Willy Faa's white teeth were in his lip. His hands seemed to lift and lift the chattering car against the wind; bucking, swaying, lifting, lifting Rosina towards help, towards life.

Here was the trough made out of a hollow log. There the sign-post pointing the way to a ranch six

miles back from the burning. Here a rough fence he had himself put up at a bad turn. There a Chinaman's solitary shack set among the dead stumps. Another mile.

A rending crash to the right. Willy Faa ducked his head over the wheel as fifty feet of fire-hollowed rot went down not ten yards distant. Involuntarily he glanced back at the women. Rosina's mother, thinking he had hesitated, cried shrilly, "Go ahead!"

They went ahead, maybe another half-mile.

Then on either side of the trail two ruins rose up to meet them. Mighty trees once, they were now but bare shells, black and buttressed with decay. Many years they had stood there. They towered gauntly in the wind, and through their charred rents a star glinted as through ruined masonry.

There was no sound, no warning. But some warning must have come to Willy Faa. They were within thirty feet of the great snags when he suddenly jammed on the brakes and swerved the car violently into the scrub at the trail's edge. The old woman cried out, it was so sudden. Then there was a moment of suspense, as though the night waited, and they with it, not knowing why. And they saw the loftier of those two ruins swing slowly on its base, totter, and drop with a strange effect of leisure across the way.

The jar of it shook their very hearts. It was so near that flying fragments of char rained on them, and they were blackened with a sooty dust. The foreigner leapt from the car and ran ahead.

Square across the trail to Arrowhead lay the great stump. As Willy Faa stood beside it, he could just see over. It was nearly six feet through. For a moment a kind of madness came on him. He set his shoulder to the tree and heaved wildly. He battered it with his hands. As well might he have heaved and battered at granite. Nothing short of dynamite would clear the trail for them that night.

He went back. Rosina's mother stared at him. Her face was gray, her lips moved. Willy Faa could not hear what she said for the shouting of the wind. He said, "Give her to me, mother."

Some burning question, passing from her to him. "I'm goin' to get her in, mother. The trail's blocked. I'm goin' to carry her. Give her to me."

It seemed only a choice of deaths. The old woman let him take Rosina; perhaps some sense came to her that he took Rosina for more than that journey to Arrowhead when he lifted the girl from the car.

They went round the fallen tree, regained the trail beyond, and went staggering down it to Arrowhead, Willy Faa with Rosina in his arms. The old woman stumbled behind him, holding to the tail of his coat and lighting the way as well as she could with a little electric torch Willy carried in his pocket. But even in that roaring darkness Willy Faa's light feet made no mistake. There seemed to be a mind in each one, so surely he went on with Rosina in his arms.

He was strong. But again and again, during that terrible journey, he must lay the girl down gently and then drop beside her in the rain puddles whipped to miniature breakers by the wind, and gasp with his head in his brown hands; while over the two of them stood the mother sheltering them as well as she could with her tired, indomitable body. In all that time they did not speak. But the old woman began then to think of them as one, since she suffered for them both.

It was three o'clock in the morning when they crept up to the neat white door of the cottage hospital at Arrowhead. The weather had got into Willy Faa's head by then, and he was not just sure of how things happened. But there seemed some excitement, and Rosina was taken from him, and some one else led off the old woman. And a tall young man with red hair shoved him into a chair by a bright fire, and helped him straighten his arms, which hurt; and put a cup of coffee into his hands when he could hold it, and told him to rest.

Willy drank the coffee. He waited awhile in the white-painted hall with its fire and smell of disinfectants. But he could not rest. Not there. He went out. No one saw him go.

No one knew what he did that night. But at dawn, when the red-headed doctor, rather haggard, stepped out on the porch for a breath of fresh air, he saw Willy Faa curled up in a dry place under a salmon-berry bush, his tired face upturned to the young light. The doctor had had a classical education. He thought of a faun asleep. He had also lived in Lower Canada. And he said to himself, "This is the very first time I've seen a genuine Romany west of the Divide." Then he went and woke Willy Faa.

The foreigner woke instantly; and his eyes must have said all he wanted to say. For, with a hand still on his shoulder, the doctor said, "She's all right. Doing fine. Strong girl. Her mother's with her. But it would have been too late in a few hours. Come on in and get some breakfast."

But Willy Faa guessed he wouldn't. His car was back on the trail, and he guessed he'd better go and see to it, this being the day due to run from Passing River.

But the old jitney never ran again, and Willy Faa walked back to Passing River on his two feet. No more would the fifth-hand Ford buck the ruts between Passing River and Arrowhead or honk chokingly at the foot of Rosina's garden. A tree had dropped right on it in the night, and there wasn't enough left to make five-cent toys of.

Willy Faa didn't seem to care. He went back to his idle days in the arbutus grove, his fishing and poaching and prowling; when good news of Rosina came, to his singing; a strange sound in that voiceless land where the forests seem to silence man and bird alike.

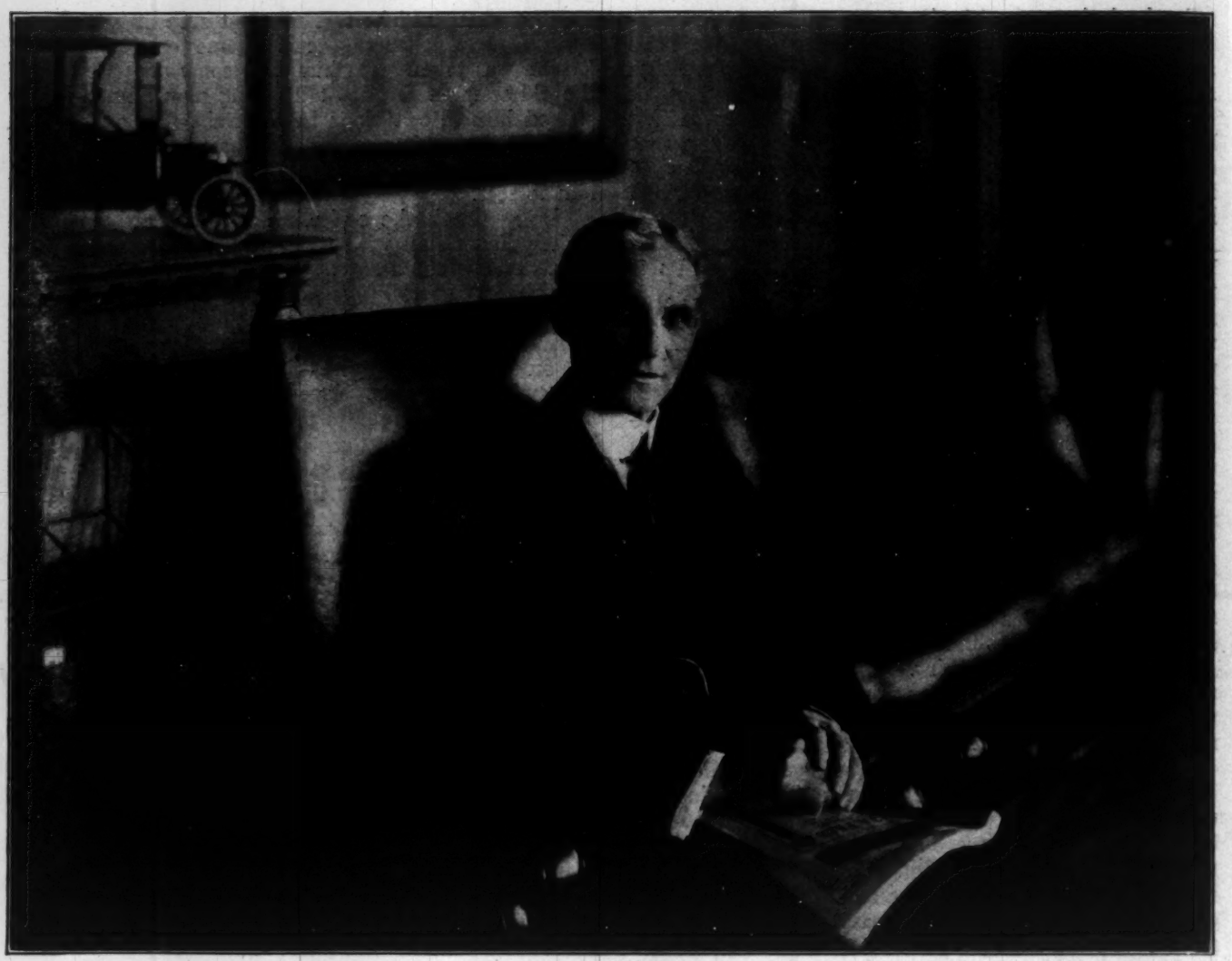
Then Passing River roused to the fact that it missed its jitney badly, and also that it had a kind of hero in its midst, who had saved Rosina's life at the cost of all he had. A foreigner, in short, without their personal interest in Rosina; but one to be encouraged. Besides, the boys were feeling kind of small and needed to get back their self-respect.

So when Rosina, white and sweet as a snowdrop, came home to Passing River — they ran up a flag at the shingle mill and Bully Teague used up fourteen yards of unbleached cotton and two cans of paint for a banner with "Welcome Home" on it — she came in a new jitney; it was painted a beautiful deep maroon and it had canary-yellow letters on the side that said: "Wm. Faa. Passing River and Arrowhead Stage." This was Passing River's gift to Willy Faa because he had saved them their Rosina. But it was said afterwards the foreigner had never appeared really grateful.

Anyway he brought Rosina home. He carried her up to the house and set her in a big chair, and Rosina smiled at him. But he wouldn't stop to supper.

A new mail-order catalogue came for Rosina, and every few days she ordered things. Willy Faa brought them faithfully in the new jitney and left them at her door, and always he left a gift with them — a spray of leaves, a frost-like lichen, a curve of bark with rose-

(*Continued on page* 104)



Henry Ford and a model of his car

My Life and Work

By Henry Ford in Collaboration with Samuel Crowther

Chapter IV

STARTING THE REAL BUSINESS

IN the little brick shop at 81 Park Place I had ample opportunity to work out the design and some of the methods of manufacture of a new car. Even if it were possible to organize the exact kind of corporation that I wanted — one in which doing the work well and suiting the public would be the controlling factors, it became apparent that I never could produce a thoroughly good motor car to be sold at a low price under existing cut-and-try manufacturing methods.

Everybody knows that it is always possible to do a thing better the second time. I do not know why manufacturing should not at that time have generally recognized this as a basic fact — unless it might be that the manufacturers were in such a hurry to obtain something to sell that they did not take time for adequate preparation. Making "to order" instead of making in volume is, I suppose, a habit, a tradition, that has descended from the old handicraft days. Ask a hundred people how they want a particular article made. About eighty will not know; they will leave it to you. Fifteen will think that they must say something, while five will really have preferences and reasons. The ninety-five, made up of those who do not know and admit it and the fifteen who do not know but do not admit it, constitute the real market for any product. The five who want something special may or may not be able to pay the price for special work. If they have the price, they can get the work, but they constitute a special and limited market. Of the ninety-five perhaps ten or fifteen will pay a price for quality. Of those remaining, a number will buy solely on price and without regard to quality. Their numbers are thinning with each day. Buyers are learning how to buy. The majority will consider quality and buy the biggest dollar's worth of

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From the materials stored here thousands of complete cars will be assembled

quality. If, therefore, you discover what will give this ninety-five per cent. of people the best all around service and then arrange to manufacture at the very highest quality and sell at the very lowest price, you will be meeting a demand which is so large that it may be called universal.

This is not standardizing. The use of the word "standardizing" is very apt to lead one into trouble, for it implies a certain freezing of design and method and usually works out so that the manufacturer selects whatever article he can the most easily make and sell at the highest profit. The public is not considered either in the design or in the price. The thought behind most standardizations is to be able to make a larger profit. The result is that with the economies which are inevitable if you make only one thing, a larger and larger profit is continually being had by the manufacturer. His output also becomes larger — his facilities produce more — and before he knows it his markets are overflowing with goods which will not sell. These goods would sell if the manufacturer would take a lower price for them. There is always buying power present, but that buying power will not always respond to reductions in price. If an article has been sold at too high a price and then, because of stagnant business, the price is suddenly cut, the response is sometimes most disappointing. And for a very good reason. The public is wary. It thinks that the price-cut is a fake and it sits around waiting for a real cut. We saw much of that last year. If, on the contrary, the economies of making are transferred at once to the price and if it is well known that such is the policy of the manufacturer, the public will have confidence in him and will respond. They will trust him to give honest value. So standardization may mean bad business unless it carries with it the plan of constantly reducing the price at which the article is sold. And the price has to be reduced (this is very important) because of the manufacturing economies that have come about and not because the falling demand by the public indicates that it is not satisfied with the price. The public should always be wondering how it is possible to give so much for the money. The record of our sales conclusively proves this.

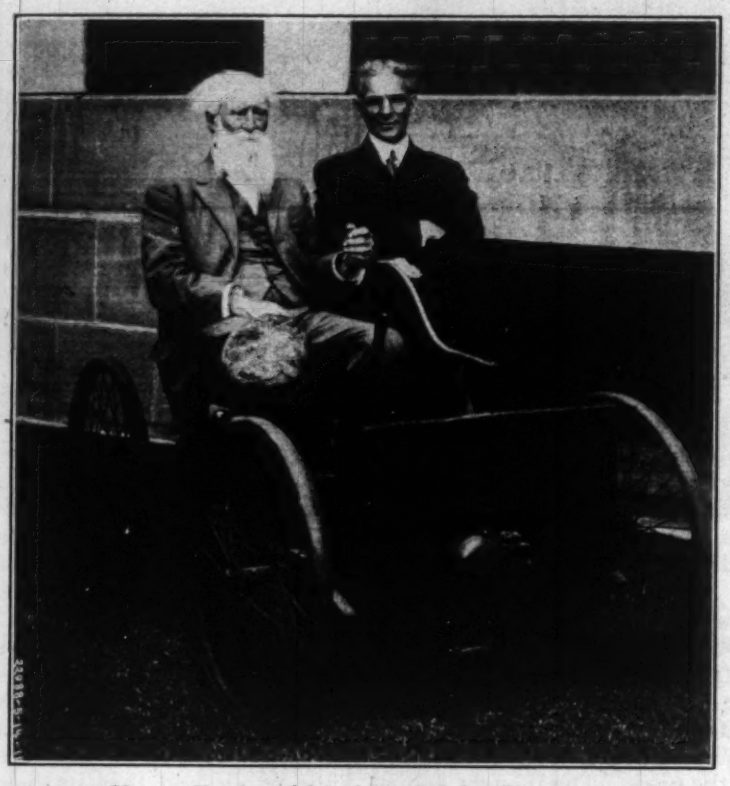
Standardization (to use the word as I understand it) is not just taking one's best selling article and concentrating on it. It is planning day and night and probably for years first on something which will best suit the public and then on how it should be made. The exact processes of manufacturing will develop of themselves. Then, if we shift the manufacturing from the profit to the service basis, we have a real business in which the profits will be all that any one could desire.

All of this seems self-evident to me. It is the logical basis of any business that wants to serve ninety-five per cent. of the community. It is the logical way in which the community can serve itself. I can not comprehend why all business does not go on this basis. All that has to be done in order to adopt it is to overcome the habit of grabbing at the nearest dollar as though it were the only dollar in the world. That habit has already to an extent been overcome. All the large and successful retail stores in this country are on the one-price basis. The only further step required is to throw overboard the idea of pricing on what the traffic will bear and instead go to the common sense basis of pricing on what it costs to manufacture and then reducing the cost of manufacture. If the design of the product has been sufficiently studied, then changes in it will come very slowly, for they have to be studied. But changes in manufacturing processes will come very rapidly and

wholly naturally. That has been our experience in everything we have undertaken. How naturally it has all come about, I shall later outline. The point that I want to impress here is that it is impossible to get a product on which one may concentrate unless an unlimited amount of study is given beforehand. It is not just an afternoon's work.

These ideas were forming with me during this year of experimenting. Most of the experimenting went into the building of racing cars. The idea in those days was that a first-class car ought to be a racer. I never really thought much of racing, but following the bicycle idea, the manufacturers had the notion that *winning* a race on a track told the public something about the merits of an automobile, although I can hardly imagine any test that would tell less.

But, as the others were doing it, I, too, had to do it. In 1903, with Tom Cooper, I built two cars solely for speed. They were quite alike. One we named the "999" and the other the "Arrow." If an automobile were going to be known for speed, then I was going to make an automobile that would be known wherever speed was known. These were. I put in four great big cylinders giving 80 H. P., which up to that time had been unheard of. The roar of those cylinders alone was enough to half kill a man. There was only one seat. *One life* to a car was enough. I tried out the cars. Cooper tried out the cars. We let them out at full speed. I can not quite describe the sensation. Going over Niagara Falls would have been but a pastime after a ride in one of them. I did not want to take the responsibility of racing the "999," which we put up first, neither did Cooper. Cooper said he knew a man who lived on speed, that nothing could go too fast for him. He wired to Salt Lake City and on came a professional bicycle rider named Barney Oldfield. He had never driven a motor car, but he liked the idea of trying it. He said he would try anything once.



Henry Ford and his friend John Burroughs

It took us only a week to teach him how to drive. The man did not know what fear was. All that he had to learn was how to control the monster. Controlling the fastest car of to-day is nothing as compared to controlling that car. The steering wheel had not yet been thought of. All the previous cars that I had built simply had tillers. On this one I put a two-handed tiller, for holding the car in line required all the strength of a strong man. The race for which we were working was at three miles on the Grosse Pointe track. We kept our car as a dark horse. We left the predictions to the others. The tracks then were not scientifically banked. It was not known how much speed a motor car could develop. No one knew better than Oldfield what the turns meant and as he took his seat, while I was cranking the car for the start, he remarked cheerily: "Well, this chariot may kill me, but they will say afterwards that I was going like hell when she took me over the bank."

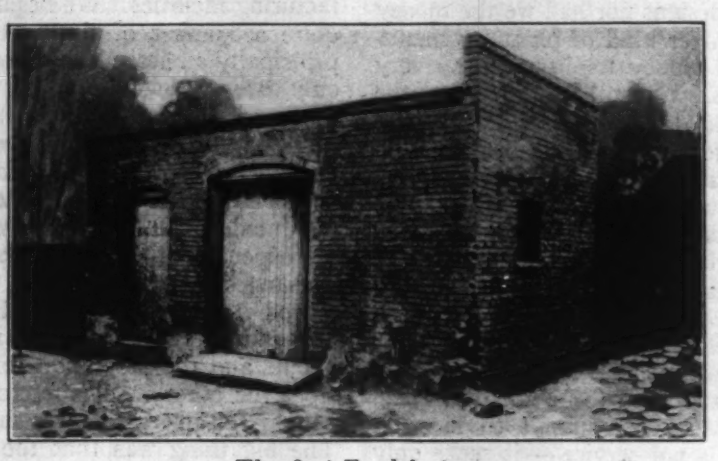
And he did go like — well, like he said! He never dared to look around. He did not shut off on the curves. He simply let that car go — and go it did. He was about half a mile ahead of the next man at the end of the race!

The "999" did what it was intended to do. It advertised the fact that I could build a fast motor car. A week after the race I formed the Ford Motor Company. I was vice-president, designer, master mechanic, superintendent, and general manager. The capitalization of the company was one hundred thousand dollars and of this I owned 25½ per cent. The total amount subscribed in cash was about twenty-eight thousand dollars, which is the only money that the company has ever received for the capital fund from other than operations. In the beginning I thought that it was possible, notwithstanding my former experience, to go forward with a company in which I owned less than the controlling share. I very shortly found that I had to have control and therefore in 1906, with funds that I had earned in the company, I bought enough stock to bring my holdings up to 51 per cent. and a little later bought enough more to give me 58½ per cent. The new equipment and the whole progress of the company has always been financed out of earnings. In 1919 my son Edsel purchased the remaining 41½ per cent. of the stock because certain of the minority stockholders disagreed with my policies. For these shares he paid at the rate of $12,500 for each $100 par and in all paid about seventy-five millions.

The original company and its equipment, as may be gathered, were not elaborate. We rented Strelow's carpenter shop on Mack avenue. In making my designs I had also worked out the methods of making, but, since at that time we could not afford to buy machinery, the entire car was made according to my designs, but by various manufacturers, and about all we did even in the way of assembling was to put on the wheels, the tires, and the body. That would really be the most economical method of manufacturing if only one could be certain that all of the various parts would be made on the manufacturing plan that I have above outlined. The most economical manufacturing of the future will be that in which the whole of an article is not made under one roof, unless, of course, it be a very simple article. The modern — or better, the future —

method is to have each part made where it may best be made and then assemble the parts into a complete unit at the points of consumption. That is the method we are now following and expect to extend. It would make no difference whether one company or one individual owned all the factories fabricating the component parts of a single product or whether such part were made in our independently owned factory, *if only all adopted the same service methods.* If we can buy as good a part as we can make ourselves and the supply is ample and the price right, we do not attempt to make it ourselves, or at least to make more than an emergency supply. In fact, it might be better to have the ownership widely scattered.

I had been experimenting principally upon the cutting down of weight. Excess weight kills any self-propelled vehicle. There are a lot of fool ideas about weight. It is queer, when you come to think of it, how some fool terms get into current use. There is the phrase "heavy-weight" as applied to a man's mental apparatus! What does it mean? No one wants to be fat and heavy of body — then why of head? For some clumsy reason we have come to confuse strength with weight. The crude methods of early building undoubtedly had much to do with this. The old ox-cart weighed a ton and it had so much weight that it was weak! To carry a few hundred pounds of humanity from New York to Chicago, the railroad builds a train that weighs many hundred tons, and the result is an absolute loss of real strength and the extravagant waste of untold millions in the form of power. The law of diminishing returns begins to operate at the point where strength becomes weight. Weight in a steam-roller may be desirable, but nowhere else. Strength has nothing to do with weight. If the man is a "heavy-weight" the chances are that he is ponderous and stupid. The mentality of the man who does things in the world is agile, light and strong. The most beautiful things in the world are those from which all excess weight has been eliminated. Strength is never just weight — either in men or things. Whenever any one suggests to me that I might increase weight or add a part, I look into decreasing weight and eliminating a part! The car that I designed was lighter than any car that had yet been made. It would have been lighter if I had known how to make it so — later I got the materials to make the lighter car.



The first Ford factory

In our first year we built Model "A", selling the runabout for eight hundred and fifty dollars and the tonneau for one hundred dollars more. This model had a two-cylinder opposed motor, developing eight horse power. It had a chain drive, a seventy-two inch wheel base — which was supposed to be long — and a fuel capacity of five gallons. We made and sold 1708 cars in the first year. That is how well the public responded.

Every one of these Model "A's" has a history. Take No. 420. Colonel D. C. Collier, of California, bought it in 1904. He used it for a couple of years, sold it and bought a new Ford. No. 420 changed hands frequently until 1907, when it was bought by one Edmund Jacobs living near Ramona, in the heart of the mountains. He drove it for several years in the roughest kind of work. Then he bought a new Ford and sold his old one. By 1915 No. 420 had passed into the hands of a man named Cantello, who took out the motor, hitched it to a water pump, rigged up shafts on the chassis and now, while the motor chugs away at the pumping of water, the chassis drawn by a burro acts as a buggy. The moral, of course, is that you can dissect a Ford but you cannot kill it.

In our first advertisement we said:

"Our purpose is to construct and market an automobile specially designed for everyday wear and tear — business, professional, and family use; an automobile which will attain to a sufficient speed to satisfy the average person without acquiring any of those break-neck velocities which are so universally condemned; a machine which will be admired by man, woman and child alike for its compactness, its simplicity, its safety, its all around convenience and — last but not least — its exceedingly reasonable price, which places it within the reach of many thousands who could not think of paying the comparatively fabulous prices asked for most machines."

And these are the points we emphasized:

Good material.

Simplicity — most of the cars at that time required considerable skill in their management.

The engine.

The ignition — which was furnished by two sets of six dry cell batteries.

The automatic oiling.

The simplicity and the ease of control of the transmission, which was of the planetary type.

The workmanship.

We did not make the pleasure appeal. We never have. In its first advertising we showed a motor car was a utility. We said:

"We often hear quoted the old proverb, 'Time is money' — and yet how few business and professional men act as if they really believed its truth.

"Men who are constantly complaining of shortage of time and lamenting the fewness of days in the week — men to whom every five minutes wasted means a dollar thrown away — men to whom five minutes' delay sometimes means the loss of many dollars — will yet depend on the haphazard, uncomfortable, and limited means of transportation afforded by street cars, etc., when the investment of an exceedingly moderate sum in the purchase of a perfected, efficient, high-grade automobile would cut out anxiety and unpunctuality and provide a luxurious means of travel ever at your beck and call.

"Always ready, always sure.

"Built to save you time and consequent money.

"Built to take you anywhere you want to go and bring you back again on time.

"Built to add to your reputation for punctuality; to keep your customers good-humored and in a buying mood.

"Built for business or pleasure — just as you say.

"Built also for the good of your health — to carry you 'jarlessly' over any kind of half decent roads to refresh your brain with the luxury of much 'out-doorness' and your lungs with the 'tonic of tonics' — the right kind of atmosphere.

"It is your say, too, when it comes to speed. You can — if you choose — loiter lingeringly through shady avenues or you can press down on the foot-lever until all the scenery looks alike to you and you have to keep your eyes skinned to count the milestones as they pass."

I am giving the gist of this advertisement to show that, from the beginning we were looking to providing service — we never bothered with a "sporting car."

The business went along almost as by magic. The cars gained a reputation for standing up. They were tough, they were simple, and they were well made. I was working on my design for a universal single model, but I had not settled the designs nor had we the money to build and equip the proper kind of plant for manufacturing. I had not the money to discover the very best and lightest materials. We still had to accept the materials that the market offered — we got the best but we had no facilities for the scientific investigation of materials or for original research.

My associates were not convinced that it was possible to restrict our cars to a single model. The automobile trade was following the old bicycle trade in which every manufacturer thought it necessary to bring out a new model each year and to make it so unlike all previous models that those who had bought the former models would want to get rid of the old and buy the new. That was supposed to be good business. It is the same idea that women submit to in their clothing and hats. That is not service — it seeks only to provide something new, not something better. It is extraordinary how firmly rooted is the notion that business — continuous selling — depends not on satisfying the customer once and for all, but on first getting his money for one article and then persuading him he ought to buy a new and different one. The plan which I then had in the back of my head, but to which we were not sufficiently advanced to give expression, was that, when a model was settled upon, then every improvement on that model should be interchangeable with the old model, so that a car could never get out of date. It is my ambition to have every piece of machinery or other non-consumable product that I turn out, so strong and so well made that no one ought ever to have to buy a second one. A good machine of any kind ought to last as long as a good watch.

In the second year we scattered our energies among three models. We made a four-cylinder touring car, Model "B," which sold for two thousand dollars; Model "C," which was a slightly improved Model "A" and sold at fifty dollars more than the former price, and Model "F," a touring car which sold for a thousand dollars. That is, we scattered our energy and increased prices — and therefore we sold fewer cars than in the first year. The sales were 1,695 cars.

That Model "B," the first four-cylinder car for general road use, had to be advertised. Winning a race or making a record was then the best kind of advertising. I fixed up the "Arrow," the twin of the old "999" — in fact practically remade it — and a week before the New York Automobile show I drove it myself over a surveyed mile straightaway on the ice. I shall never forget that race. The ice seemed smooth enough, so smooth that if I had called off the trial we should have secured an immense amount of the wrong kind of advertising; but instead of being smooth, that ice was seamed with fissures which I knew were going to mean trouble the moment I got up speed. But there was nothing to do but go through with the trial, and I let the old "Arrow" out. At every fissure the car leaped into the air. I never knew how it was coming down. When I wasn't in the air, I was skidding, but somehow I stayed top side up and on the course, making a record that went over the world! That put Model "B" on the map, but not far enough on to overcome the price advances. No stunt and no advertising will sell an article for any length of time. Business is not a game. The moral is coming.

Our little wooden shop had, with the business we were doing, become totally inadequate and in 1906 we took out of our working capital sufficient funds to build a three-story plant at the corner of Piquette and Beaubien streets, which for the first time gave us real manufacturing facilities. We began to make and to assemble quite a number of the parts, although still we were principally an assembling shop. In 1905-1906 we made only two models — one the four-cylinder car at two thousand dollars and another touring car at one thousand, both being the models of the previous year — and our sales dropped to 1,599 cars.

Some said it was because we had not brought out new models. I thought it was because our cars were too expensive — they did not appeal to the 95 per cent. I changed the policy in the next year, having first acquired stock control. For 1906-1907, we entirely left off making touring cars and made three models of runabouts and roadsters, none of which differed materially from the other in manufacturing process or in component parts, but were somewhat different in appearance. The big thing was that the cheapest car sold for six hundred dollars and the most expensive for only seven hundred fifty dollars, and right there came the complete demonstration of what price meant. We sold 8,423 cars, nearly five times as many as in our biggest previous year. Our banner week was that of May 15, 1908, when we assembled three hundred and eleven cars in six working days. It almost swamped our facilities. The foreman had a tallyboard on which he chalked up each car as it was finished and turned over to the testers. The tallyboard was hardly equal to the task. On one day in the following June we assembled an even one hundred cars.

In the next year we departed from the program that had been so successful and I designed a big car — fifty horse-power, six-cylinder — that would burn up the roads. We continued making our small cars, but the 1907 panic and the diversion to the more expensive model cut down the sales to 6,398 cars.

We had been through an experimenting period of five years. The cars were beginning to be sold in Europe. The business, as an automobile business then went, was considered extraordinarily prosperous. We had plenty of money. Since the first year we had practically always had plenty of money. We sold for cash, we did not borrow money, and we sold directly to the purchaser. We had no bad debts and we kept within ourselves on every move. I have always kept well within my resources. I have never found it necessary to strain them, because, inevitably, if you give attention to work and service, the resources will increase more

rapidly than you can devise ways and means of disposing of them.

We were careful in the selection of our salesmen. At first there was great difficulty in getting good salesmen because the automobile trade was not supposed to be stable. It was supposed to be dealing in a luxury — in pleasure vehicles. We eventually appointed agents, selecting the very best men we could find, and then paying to them a salary larger than they could possibly earn in business for themselves. In the beginning we had not paid much in the way of salaries. We were feeling our way, but, when we knew what our way was, we adopted the policy of paying the very highest reward for service and then insisting upon getting the highest service. Among the requirements for an agent we laid down the following:

(1) A progressive up-to-date man keenly alive to the possibilities of business.

(2) A suitable place of business, clean and dignified in appearance.

(3) A stock of parts sufficient to make prompt replacements and keep in active service every Ford car in his territory.

(4) An adequately equipped repair shop which has in it the right machinery for every necessary repair and adjustment.

(5) Mechanics who are thoroughly familiar with the construction and operation of Ford cars.

(6) A comprehensive bookkeeping system and a follow-up sales system, so that it may be instantly apparent what is the financial status of the various departments of his business, the condition, and size of his stock, the present owners of cars, and the future prospects.

(7) Absolute cleanliness throughout every department. There must be no unwashed windows, dusty furniture, dirty floors.

(8) A suitable display sign.

(9) The adoption of policies which will ensure absolutely square dealing and the highest character of business ethics.

And this is the general instruction that was issued:

"A dealer or a salesman ought to have the name of every possible automobile buyer in his territory, including all those who have never given the matter a thought. He should then personally solicit by visitation if possible — by correspondence at the least — every man on that list and then, making necessary memoranda, know the automobile situation as related to every resident so solicited. If your territory is too large to permit this, you have too much territory."

The way was not easy. We were harried by a big suit brought against the company to try to force us into line with an association of automobile manufacturers, who were operating under the false principle, that there was only a limited market for automobiles and that a monopoly of that market was essential. This was the famous Selden Patent suit. At times the support of our defense severely strained our resources. Mr. Selden, who has but recently died, had little to do with the suit. It was the association which sought a monopoly under the patent. The situation was thus:

George B. Selden, a patent attorney, filed an application as far back as 1879 for a patent, the object of which was stated to be "The production of a safe, simple, and cheap road locomotive, light in weight, easy to control, possessed of sufficient power to overcome any ordinary inclination." This application was kept alive in the Patent Office, by methods which are perfectly legal, until 1895, when the patent was granted. In 1879, when the application was filed, the automobile was practically unknown to the general public, but by the time the patent was issued everybody was familiar with self-propelled vehicles, and most of the men, including myself, who had been for years working on motor propulsion, were surprised to learn that what we had made practicable, was covered by an application of years before, although the applicant had kept his idea merely as an idea. He had done nothing to put it into practice.

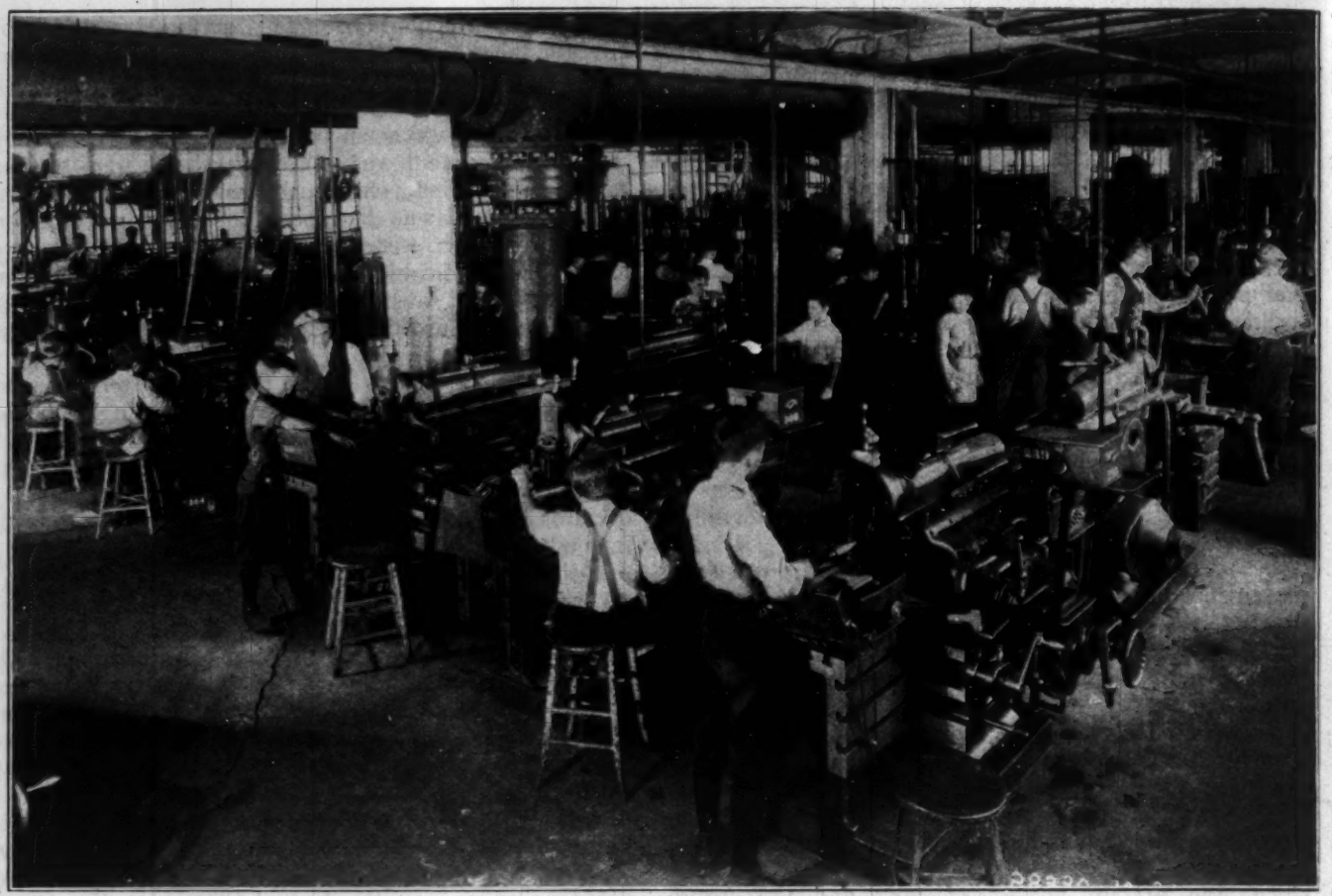
The specific claims under the patent were divided into six groups and I think that not a single one of them was a really new idea even in 1879 when the application was filed. The Patent Office allowed a combination and issued a so-called "combination patent," deciding that the combination (a) of a carriage with its body machinery and steering wheel, with the (b) propelling mechanism clutch and gear, and finally (c) the engine, made a valid patent.

With all of that we were not concerned. I believed that my engine had nothing whatever in common with what Selden had in mind. The powerful combination of manufacturers who called themselves the "licensed manufacturers" because they operated under licenses from the patentee, brought suit against us as soon as we began to be a factor in motor production. The suit dragged on. It was intended to scare us out of business. We took volumes of testimony, and the blow came on September 15, 1909, when Judge Hough rendered an opinion in the United States District Court against us. Immediately the Licensed Association began to advertise, warning prospective purchasers against our cars. They had done the same thing in 1903 at the start of the suit, when it was thought that we could be put out of business. I had implicit confidence that eventually we would win our suit. I simply knew that we were right, but it was a considerable blow to get the first decision against us, for we believed that many buyers — even though no injunction was issued against us — would be frightened away from buying because of the threats of court action against individual owners. The idea was spread that if the suit finally went against me, every man who owned a Ford car would be prosecuted. Some of my more enthusiastic opponents, I understand, gave it out privately that there would be criminal as well as civil suits and that a man buying a Ford car might as well be buying a ticket to jail. We answered with an advertisement for which we took four pages in the principal newspapers all over the country. We set out our case — we set out our confidence in victory — and in conclusion said:

"In conclusion we beg to state if there are any prospective automobile buyers who are at all intimidated by the claims made by our adversaries that we will give them, in addition to the protection of the Ford Motor Company with its some $6,000,000.00 of assets, an individual bond backed by a company of over $6,000,000.00 more of assets, so that each and every individual owner of a Ford car will be protected until at least $12,000,000.00 of assets have been wiped out by those who desire to control and monopolize this wonderful industry.

"The bond is yours for the asking, so do not allow yourself to be sold inferior cars at extravagant prices because of any statement made by this 'Divine' body.

"N. B. — This fight is not being waged by the Ford



The Ford Boys' Industrial School

Motor Company without the advice and counsel of the ablest patent attorneys of the East and West."

We thought that the bond would give assurance to the buyers — that they needed confidence. They did not. We sold more than eighteen thousand cars — nearly double the output of the previous year — and I think about fifty buyers asked for bonds — perhaps there were fewer than that.

As a matter of fact, probably nothing so well advertised the Ford car and the Ford Motor Company as did this suit. It appeared that we were the under dog and we had the public's sympathy. The association had $70,000,000 — we at the beginning did not have half that number of thousands. I never had a doubt as to the outcome, but nevertheless it was a sword hanging over our heads that we could as well do without. Prosecuting that suit was probably one of the most shortsighted acts that any group of American business men has ever combined to commit. Taken in all its side lights, it forms the best possible example of joining unwittingly to kill a trade. I regard it as most fortunate for the automobile makers of the country that we eventually won and the association ceased to be a serious factor in the business. By 1908, however, in spite of this suit we had come to a point where it was possible to announce and put into fabrication the kind of car that I wanted to build.

CHAPTER V.

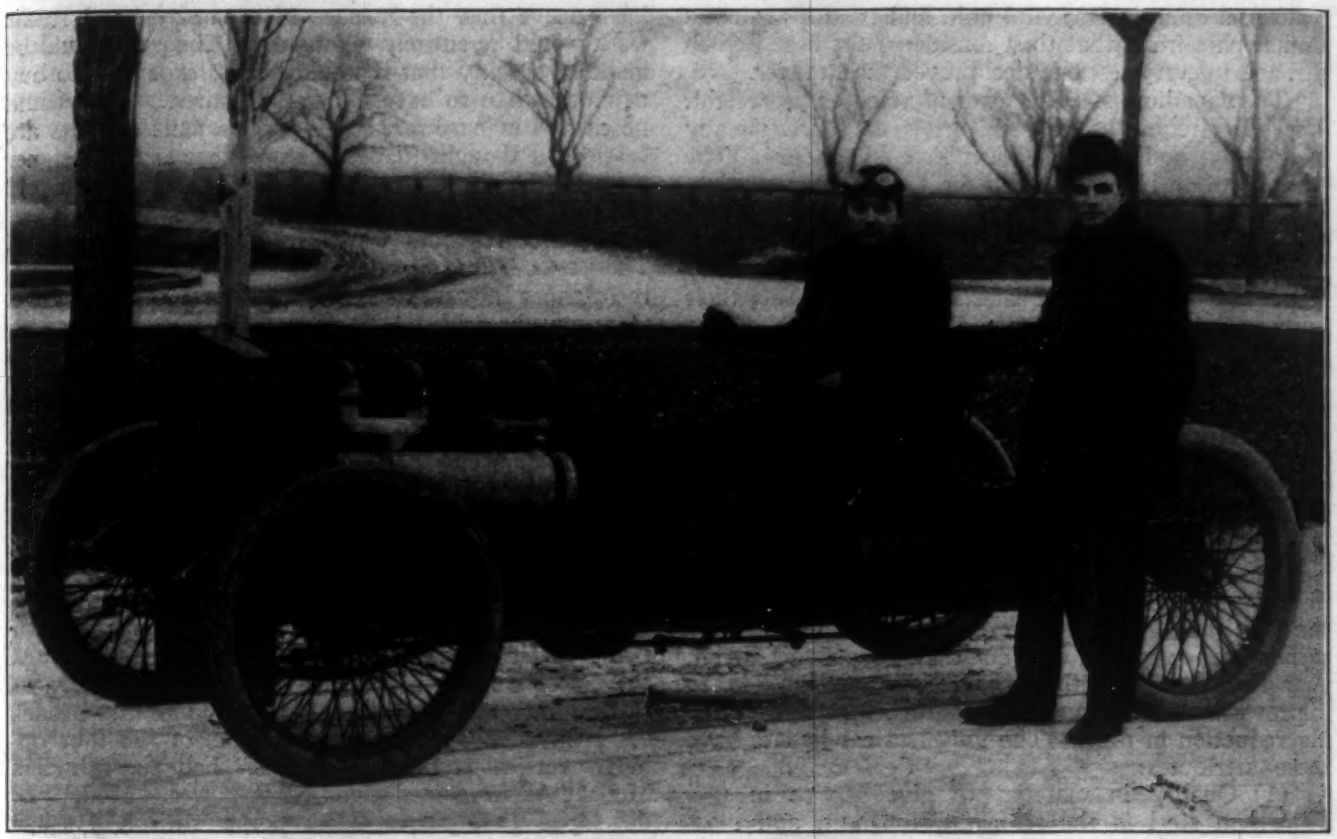
THE SECRET OF MANUFACTURING AND SERVING

Now, I am not outlining the career of the Ford Motor Company for any personal reason. I am not saying: "Go thou and do likewise." What I am trying to emphasize is that the ordinary way of doing business is not the best way. I am coming to the point of entire departure from the ordinary methods. It is from this point that the extraordinary success of the company dates.

We had been fairly following the custom of the trade. Our automobile was less complex than any other. We had no outside money in the concern. But aside from these two points we did not differ materially from the other automobile companies, excepting that we had been somewhat more successful and had rigidly pursued the policy of taking all cash discounts, putting our profits back into the business, and maintaining a large cash balance. We entered cars in all of the races. We advertised and we pushed our sales. Outside of the simplicity of the construction of the car, our main difference in design was that we made no provision for the purely "pleasure car". We were just as much a pleasure car as any other car on the market, but we gave no attention to purely luxury features. We would do special work for a buyer, and I suppose that we would have made a special car at a price. We were a prosperous company. We might easily have sat down and said:

"Now we have arrived. Let us hold what we have got."

Indeed, there was some disposition to take this stand. Some of the stockholders were seriously alarmed when our production reached one hundred cars a day. They wanted to do something to stop me from ruining the company and when I replied to the effect that one hundred cars a day was only a trifle and that I hoped before long to make a thousand a day, they were inexpressibly shocked and I understand seriously contemplated court action. If I had followed the general opinion of my associates I would have kept the business



Ford, and Barney Oldfield seated in a chassis stripped for action

about as it was, put our funds into a fine administration building, tried to make bargains with such competitors as seemed too active, made new designs from time to time to catch the fancy of the public, and generally have passed on into the position of a quiet, respectable citizen with a quiet, respectable business.

The temptation to stop and hang on to what one has is quite natural. I can entirely sympathize with the desire to quit a life of activity and retire to a life of ease. I have never felt the urge myself, but I can comprehend what it is, although I think that a man who retires ought entirely to get out of a business. There is a disposition to retire and retain control. It was, however, no part of my plan to do anything of that sort.

I regarded our progress merely as an invitation to do more — as an indication that we had reached a place where we might begin to perform a real service. I had been planning every day through these years toward a universal car. The public had given its reactions to the various models. The cars in service, the racing, and the road tests gave excellent guides as to the changes that ought to be made, and even by 1905 I had fairly in mind the specifications of the kind of car I wanted to build. But I lacked the material to give strength without weight. I came across that material almost by accident.

In 1905 I was at a motor race at Palm Beach. There was a big smash-up and a French car was wrecked. We had entered our Model "K", the high-powered six. I thought the foreign cars had smaller and better parts than we knew anything about. After the wreck I picked up a little valve strip stem. It was very light and very strong. I asked what it was made of. Nobody knew. I gave the stem to my assistant:

"Find out all about this," I told him. "That is the kind of material we ought to have in our cars."

He found eventually that it was a French steel and that there was vanadium in it. We tried every steel maker in America — not one could make vanadium steel. I sent to England for a man who understood how to make the steel commercially. The next thing was to get a plant to turn it out. That was another problem. Vanadium requires 3,000 degrees Fahrenheit. The ordinary furnace could not go beyond 2,700 degrees. I found a small steel company in Canton, Ohio. I offered to guarantee them against loss if they would run a heat for us. They agreed. The first heat was a failure. Very little vanadium remained in the steel. I had them try again and the second time the steel came through. Up until then we had been forced to be satisfied with steel running between 60,000 and 70,000 pounds tensile strength. With vanadium, the strength went up to 170,000 pounds. Having vanadium in hand, I pulled apart our models and tested in detail to determine what kind of steel was best for every part — whether we wanted a hard steel, a tough steel, or an elastic steel. We for the first time, I think, in the history of any large construction determined scientifically the exact quality of the steel. As a result we then selected twenty different types of steel for the various steel parts. About ten of these were vanadium. Vanadium was used wherever strength and lightness was required. Of course they are not all the same kind of vanadium steel. The other elements vary according to whether the part is to stand hard wear or whether it needs spring — in short, according to what it needs. Before these experiments scarcely more than four different grades of steel had been used in automobile construction. By further experimenting, especially in the direction of heat treating, we have been able still further to increase the strength of the steel and therefore to reduce the weight of the car. In 1910 the French Department of Commerce and Industry took one of our steering spindle connecting rod

yokes, selecting it as a vital unit, and tried it against a similar part from what they considered the best French car, and in every test our steel proved the stronger.

The vanadium steel disposed of much of the weight. The other requisites of a universal car I had already worked out and many of them were in practice. The design had to balance. Men die because a part gives out. Machines wreck themselves because some parts are weaker than others. Therefore, a part of the problem in designing a universal car was to have as nearly as possible all parts of equal strength considering their purpose — to put a motor in a one-horse shay. Also it had to be fool proof. This was difficult because a gasoline motor is essentially a delicate instrument, and there is a wonderful opportunity for any one who has a mind that way to mess it up. I adopted this slogan:

"When one of my cars breaks down I know I am to blame."

From the day the first motor car appeared on the streets, it had to me appeared to be a necessity. It was the knowledge and assurance that led me to build to the one end — a car that would meet the wants of the multitudes. All my efforts were then and still are turned to the production of one car — one model. And, year following year, the pressure was, and still is, to improve, and refine, and make better, with an increasing reduction in price. The universal car had to have these attributes:

(1) Quality in material to give service in use. Vanadium steel is the strongest, toughest, and most lasting of steels. It forms the foundation and superstructure of the cars. It is the highest quality steel in this respect in the world, regardless of price.

(2) Simplicity in operation — because the masses are not mechanics.

(3) Power in sufficient quantity.

(4) Absolute reliability — because of the varied uses to which the cars would be put and the variety of roads over which they would travel.

(5) Lightness. With the Ford there are only 7.95 pounds to be carried by each cubic inch of piston displacement. This is one of the reasons why Ford cars are "always going", wherever and whenever you see them — through sand and mud, and slush, through snow, water, up hills, across fields, and roadless plains.

(6) Control — to hold its speed always in hand, calmly and safely meeting every emergency and contingency either in the crowded streets of the city or on dangerous roads. The planetary transmission of the Ford gave this control and anybody could work it. That is the "why" of the saying: "Anybody can drive a Ford." It can turn around almost anywhere.

(7) The more a motor car weighs, naturally the more fuel and lubricants are used in the driving; the lighter the weight, the lighter the expense of operation. The light weight of the Ford car in its early years was urged as an argument against it. Now that is all changed.

The design which I settled upon was called Model "T". The important feature of the new model — which, if it were accepted (as I thought it would be), I intended to make the only model and then start into real production — was its simplicity. There were but four constructional units in the car — the power plant, the frame, the front axle, and the rear axle. All of these were easily accessible and they were designed so that no special skill would be required for their repair or replacement. I believed then, although I said very little about it, because of the novelty of the idea, that it ought to be possible to have parts so simple and so inexpensive that the menace of expensive hand repair work would be entirely eliminated. The parts could be made so cheaply that it would be less expensive to buy new ones than to have old ones repaired. They could be carried in hardware shops just as nails or bolts are carried. I thought that it was up to me as the designer to make the car so completely simple that no one could fail to understand it.

That works both ways and applies to everything. The less complex an article, the easier they are to make, the cheaper they may be sold, and therefore the more of them may be sold.

It is not necessary to go into the technical details of the construction, but perhaps this is as good a place as any to review the various models, because Model "T" was the last of the models and the policy which it brought about took this business out of the ordinary line of business. Application of the same idea would take any business out of the ordinary run.

I designed eight models in all before Model "T". They were: Model "A", Model "B", Model "C", Model "F", Model "N", Model "R", Model "S", and Model "K". Of these, Models "A", "C", and "F" had two cylinder opposed horizontal motors. In Model "A" the motor was at the rear of the driver's seat. In all of the other models it was in a hold in front. Models "B", "N", "R", and "S" had motors of the four cylinder vertical type. Model "K" had six cylinders. Model "A" developed eight horse power. Model "B" developed twenty-four horse power with a 4½-inch cylinder and a 5-inch stroke. The highest horse power was in Model "K", the six-cylinder car, which developed forty horse power. The largest cylinders were those of Model "B". The smallest were in Models "N", "R", and "S", which was 3¾ inches in diameter with a 3⅜-inch stroke. Model "T" has a 3¾-inch cylinder with a 4-inch stroke. The ignition was by dry batteries in all excepting Model "B", which had storage batteries, and in Model "K", which had both battery and magneto. In the present model, the magneto is a part of the power plant and is built in. The clutch in the first four models was of the cone type; of the last four and of the present model, of the multiple disc type.

The transmission in all of the cars has been planetary. Model "A" had a chain drive. Model "B" had a shaft drive. The next two models had chain drives. Since then all of the cars have had shaft drives. Model "A" had a 72-inch wheel base. Model "B", which was an extremely good car, had 92 inches. Model "K" had 120 inches. Model "C" had 78 inches. The others had 84 inches, and the present car has 100 inches. In the first five models all of the equipment was extra. The next three were sold with a partial equipment. The present car is sold with full equipment. Model "A" weighed 1,250 pounds. The lightest cars were Models "N" and "R". They weighed 1,050 pounds, but they were both runabouts. The heaviest car was the six-cylinder, which weighed 2,000 pounds. The present car weighs 1,200 pounds.

The Model "T" had practically no features which were not contained in some one or other of the previous models. Every detail had been fully tested in practice. There was no guessing as to whether or not it would be a successful model. It had to be. There was no way it could escape being so, for it had not been made in a day. It contained all that I was then able to put into a motor car plus the material which for the first time, I was able to obtain. We put out Model "T" for the season 1908-1909. The company was then five years

old. The original factory space had been .28 acre. We had employed an average of 311 people in the first year, built 1,708 cars, and had one branch house. In 1908 the factory space had increased to 2.65 acres and we owned the building. The average number of employees had increased to 1,908. We built 6,181 cars and had fourteen branch houses. It was a prosperous business.

During the season 1908-1909 we continued to make Models "R" and "S", four-cylinder runabouts and roadsters, the models which had previously been so successful, and which sold at $700 and $750. But Model "T" swept them right out. We sold 10,607 cars, a larger number than any manufacturer had ever sold. The price for the touring car was $850. On the same chassis we mounted a town car at $1,000, a roadster at $825, a coupe at $950, and a landaulet at $950.

This season demonstrated conclusively to me that it was time to put the new policy in force. The salesmen, before I had announced the policy, were spurred by the great sales to think that even greater sales might be had if only we had more models. It is strange how, just as soon as an article becomes successful, somebody starts to think that it would be more successful if only it were different. There is a tendency to keep monkeying with styles and to spoil a good thing by changing it. The salesmen were insistent on increasing the line. They listened to the 5 per cent. of special customers who could say what they wanted, and forgot all about the 95 per cent. that just bought without making any fuss. No business can improve unless it pays the closest possible attention to complaints and suggestions. If there is any defect in service then that has to be instantly and rigorously investigated, but when the suggestion is only as to style, one has to make sure whether it is not merely a personal whim that is being voiced. Salesmen always want to cater to whims instead of acquiring sufficient knowledge of their product to be able to explain to the man with the whim, that what they have will satisfy his every requirement — that is, of course, provided what they have *does* satisfy those requirements.

Therefore in 1909 I announced one morning, without any previous warning, that in the future we were going to build only one model, that that model was going to be Model "T", that the chassis would be exactly the same for all cars and I remarked:

"Any customer can have a car painted any color that he wants so long as it is black."

I cannot say that any one agreed with me. The selling people could not of course see the advantages that a single model would bring about in production. More than that, they did not particularly care. They thought that our production was good enough as it was and there was a very decided opinion that lowering the sales price would hurt sales, that the people who wanted quality would be driven away and that there would be none to replace them. There was very little conception of the motor industry. A motor car was still regarded as something in the way of a luxury. The manufacturers did a good deal to spread this idea. Some clever persons invented the name "pleasure car" and the advertising emphasized the pleasure features. The sales people had ground for their objections and particularly when I made the following announcement:

"I will build a motor car for the great multitude. It will be large enough for the family, but small enough for the individual to run and care for. It will be constructed of the best materials, by the best men to be hired, after the simplest designs that modern engineering can devise. But it will be so low in price that no man making a good salary will be unable to own one — and enjoy with his family the blessing of hours of pleasure in God's great open spaces."

This announcement was received not without pleasure. The general comment was:

"If Ford does that he will be out of business in six months."

The impression was that a good car could not be built at a low price, and that, anyhow, there was no use in building a low-priced car because only wealthy people were in the market for cars. The 1908-1909 sales of more than ten thousand cars had convinced me that we needed a new factory. We already had a big modern factory — the Piquette Street plant. It was as good, perhaps a little better, than any automobile factory in the country. But I did not see how it was going to care for the sales and production that were inevitable, so I bought 60 acres at Highland Park, which was then considered away out in the country from Detroit. The amount of ground bought and the plans for a bigger factory than the world had ever seen were opposed. The question was already being asked:

"How soon will Ford blow up?"

Nobody knows how many thousand times it has been asked since. It is asked only because of the failure to grasp that a principle rather than an individual is at work, and the principle is so simple that it seems mysterious.

For 1909-1910, in order to pay for the new land and buildings, I slightly raised the prices. This is perfectly justifiable, and results in a benefit, not an injury, to the purchaser. I did exactly the same thing a few years ago — or, rather, in that case I did not lower the price, as is my annual custom, in order to build the River Rouge plant. The extra money might in each case have been had by borrowing, but then we should have had a continuing charge upon the business, and all subsequent cars would have had to bear this charge. The price of all the models was increased one hundred dollars, with the exception of the roadster, which was increased only seventy-five dollars, and of the landaulet and town car, which were increased $150 and $200 respectively. We sold 18,664 cars, and then for 1910-1911, with the new facilities, I cut the touring car from $950 to $780, and we sold 34,528 cars. That is the beginning of the steady reduction in the price of the cars in the face of ever increasing cost of materials and ever higher wages.

Contrast the year 1908 with the year 1911. The factory space increased from 2.65 to 32 acres, the average number of employees from 1,908 to 4,110, and the cars built from a little over six thousand to nearly thirty-five thousand. You will note that men were not employed in proportion to the output.

We were almost over night, it seems, in great production. How did all this come about?

Simply through the application of an inevitable principle — by the application of intelligently directed power and machinery. In a little dark shop on a side street an old man had labored for years making axe handles. Out of seasoned hickory he fashioned them, with the help of a draw shave, a chisel, and a supply of sandpaper. Carefully was each handle weighed and balanced. No two of them were alike. The curve must exactly fit the hand and must conform to the grain of the wood. From dawn until dark the old man labored. His average product was eight handles a week, for which he received a dollar and a half each. And often some of these were unsalable — because the balance was not true. To-day you can buy a better axe handle, made by

machinery, for a few cents. And you need not worry about the balance. They are all alike — and every one is perfect. Modern methods applied in a big way have not only brought the cost of axe handles down to a fraction of their former cost — but they have immensely improved the product.

It was the application of these same methods to the making of the Ford car that at the very start lowered the price and heightened the quality. We just developed an idea, and that idea was developed by men. The nucleus of a business may be an idea — that is, an inventor or a thoughtful workman works out a new and better way to serve some established human need; the idea commends itself, and people want to avail themselves of it. In this way a single individual may prove, through his idea or discovery, the nucleus of a business. But the creation of the body and bulk of that business is shared by every one who has anything to do with it. No manufacturer can say: "I built this business" — if he has required the help of thousands of men in building it. It is a joint production. Every one employed in it has contributed something to it. By working and producing they make it possible for the purchasing world to keep coming to that business for the type of service it provides, and thus they help establish a custom, a trade, a habit which supplies them with a livelihood. That is the way our company grew and just how I shall start explaining in the next chapter.

In the meantime the company had become world wide. We had branches in London and in Australia. We were shipping to every part of the world, and in England particularly we were beginning to be as well known as in America. The introduction of the car in England was somewhat difficult on account of the failure of the American bicycle. Because the American bicycle had not been suited to English uses it was taken for granted and made a point of by the distributors that no American vehicle could appeal to the British market. Two Model "A's" found their way to England in 1903. The newspapers refused to notice them. The automobile agents refused to take the slightest interest. It was rumored that the principal components of the car were string and hoop wire, and that a buyer would be lucky if one held together for a fortnight. In the first year about a dozen cars in all were sold; the second was only a little better. And I may say as to the reliability of that Model "A" that most of them, after nearly twenty years, are still in some kind of service in England.

In 1905 our agent entered a Model "C" in the Scottish Reliability Trials. In those days reliability runs were more popular in England than motor races. Perhaps there was an inkling that after all an automobile was not merely a toy. The Scottish Trial was over eight hundred miles of hilly, heavy roads. The Ford came through with only one involuntary stop against it. That started the Ford sales in England. In that same year Ford taxicabs were placed in London for the first time. In the next several years the sales began to pick up. The cars went into every endurance and reliability test and won every one of them. The Brighton dealer had ten Fords driven over the South Downs for two days in a kind of steeplechase, and every one of them came through. As a result 600 cars were sold that year. In 1911 Henry Alexander drove a Model "T" to the top of Ben Nevis, 4,600 feet. That year 14,060 cars were sold in England, and it has never since been necessary to stage any kind of a stunt. We eventually opened our own factory at Manchester; at first it was purely an assembling plant. But as the years have gone by it has progressively made more and more of the car.

The third installment of the Ford series will appear in the July McClure's. *"Getting Into Production" and "Machines and Men" will be dealt with.*

Four Poems by Edwin Markham

The Pool

There is a pool in a green wood,
Under a shadowed hill:
There in the night a single star
Creeps silverly and still.

That pool is my impassioned love,
Far from all stormy stir:
That lonely star that smolders there
Is my long dream of her.

The Perished Pool

But now the pool has withered away,
Dried up by wasteful wind:
The boughs hang haggard in the air,
Haggard and old and thinned.

And now that there is no more pool
There is no more a star;
And yet the star that once was there
Still burns in skies afar.

The Rajah of Mysore

The time has come to stun the crowd with awe;
So in rich gowns, near to the gazing street,
The Rajah sits for hours upon his throne,
Agleam with precious stones — sits motionless,
Austere, impassive, eyes in steady stare;
While the huge wondering multitude drift by.

Everlasting

It perishes not, this tinted clay we wear;
It only changes into earth and air:
If time destroys not stuff it can control
Who says time shall obliterate the soul?

She Didn't Have Any Sense

By Scammon Lockwood

Illustrated by Edward Ryan

THE chief reason all the women had for saying that Allegra Bascom didn't have any sense was because she laced. This to a strong-minded, sensible lady who believes in suffrage and the equality of the sexes is the very last word in feminine folly. For, look you, the resultant wasp waisted figure is all out of style.

But although this was the chief reason, it was not by any means the only one: Allegra lisped most prettily — too prettily, it was felt, for it to be entirely natural; Allegra had blond curly hair and, of course, no one who knew the fearful truth regarding Allegra's figure would believe in her hair. And then when she bobbed this hair as short as a boy's, oh dear, oh my! Furthermore, Allegra used mascara around her big blue eyes; Allegra used a perfume that was entirely too delightful to be ladylike; she wore straw hats in February and excessively high heeled pumps and open-work silk stockings all winter long. (It was a pity her mother wasn't alive.)

Still, the indictment wasn't complete: Whenever Allegra went to a dance there were always a dozen men eager to encircle her absurdly tiny waist and lead her utterly useless feet through everlasting fox trots and one-steps, while sensible girls of sterling worth (and conservative ideas in clothes) were shamefully neglected. This was added evidence of Allegra's lack of sense, for it is a well known fact that men are stupidly blind to their own best good and invariably prefer silly girls to sensible ones.

But Allegra was quite willing to let the other girls have the sense as long as she had the men. Here, too, was another cause of complaint. It was felt that there was something almost polyandrous in a girl of nineteen (without any sense) having so many men who were far more devoted than most husbands. And it was especially resented that men of ability and even some prominence (who should have known better), entered into undignified contest with mere striplings for a portion of Allegra's favor. There was Doctor Theodore Keith Craddock, for example, a really noted psychologist, a professor at Queensborough College, and an authority on hypnotism and the subconscious mind, who had lectured before the University of Edinburgh and hobnobbed with the cognoscenti of his craft all over the world. How undignified for such a man to allow Allegra to paint a grinning clown with ordinary laundry bluing on the top of his bald head, as she had done one evening at a Valentine party. There were a number of sensible, serious minded girls, any of whom would have made a splendid wife for Doctor Craddock, just eating their hearts out and secretly sorrowing over his utter abandonment.

Then there was Professor Donald Ridgeway, a prominent electrical engineer, whose book on "Eddy Currents in the Lamini of Magnetic Fields," had been widely adopted as a standard text. But Allegra had no respect for him at all. She called him "Don." She got him to duck for apples at that same Valentine party and mischievously gave him a little push from behind so that he went into the tub head and shoulders and had to borrow a change of clothes from Allegra's father. Several of the girls and all the elder women were greatly shocked at such irreverent treatment of an eminent scholar.

And the thought of a match between him and Allegra was most repugnant to those ladies who worried so much about the affairs of others. "Why couldn't Allegra marry such a young fellow as Johnny Van Sicklan?" they said as with one voice. He was only two or three years her senior and entirely without money for Allegra to waste or reputation for her frivolity to tarnish. Johnny was just the sort of a harum-scarum youngster Allegra should marry.

But it was quite certain that Allegra's father did not share the general notion that Johnny Van Sicklan would be the right husband for his daughter. The idea of a banker's daughter marrying an ordinary underpaid wireless operator, who was quite cracked about his ordinary occupation, was not attractive to Mr. Bascom.

Mr. Bascom was far too astute, however, to forbid Johnny the house, or to indicate any objection to Johnny. But without letting Allegra know it, he had made things easy for such men as Theodore Keith Craddock and Donald Ridgeway and he had made things exceedingly difficult for all the John Van Sicklans of Allegra's acquaintance.

That was why Mr. Bascom happened to be out of his office when the momentous letter arrived from the South Seas. The evening before he had heard Allegra talking over the telephone with John Van Sicklan. She had made an appointment for luncheon at one o'clock the following day. Therefore, that morning, the astute Mr. Bascom, instead of going to the bank as usual, had lingered over his breakfast and his newspapers and his morning cigar. Allegra had been to the theater the evening before and was having her breakfast in bed. So, about ten o'clock when her father knocked at her door, she was just emerging from the beautiful set-in bath pool he had given her on her eighteenth birthday.

(*Just at that same moment the letter from Oliver Drury was being slipped into the electric envelope opener in the mailing room at the Stuyvesant Trust Company, Mr. Bascom's bank.*)

"Who ith it?" Allegra lisped as she heard the knock on the door.

"The plumber," said Mr. Bascom.

"Oh, poppy-dad, wait a minute!" exclaimed Allegra. "That lavender one, Costello," she said to her maid, who had gone to the closet for a negligee. And then, as she hurried into the cream puff duds of which she was so fond, she again called out, "Why aren't you at your offith?"

"I am taking a holiday and we are going for a drive," he said, coming in as the maid opened the door.

Allegra ran to him and gave him an affectionate good morning hug. "Oh, have you got a thuprise for me?"

"All this would not have happened," said Allegra, "if I had

"You'll see," he replied. "How soon can you be ready?"

"Three minutes if it's a thuprise and one hour if it isn't," she gaily responded.

"Make it three minutes, then," said Mr. Bascom, smiling.

"All right, only just tell me which way we are going."

"Out on Long Island, North Shore," said Mr. Bascom. "I'll tell Peter to bring the car around." And he turned and went out of the room and down the stairs.

"Get out the new tan tailor-made," said Allegra running to the telephone.

"Central, get me Greenwich two-four-seven, please," she said into the telephone, "as quickly as you can." She turned to her maid. "Costello, run down and see if there's another cup of coffee, I don't believe I had enough."

The maid, a stolid and unimaginative creature, departed without the slightest realization that she had been sent on the errand to get her out of the way.

"Hello," said Allegra, "is that the Inter-Continental Company? May I speak to Mr. Van Sicklan? Oh Johnny, good morning; thith is Allegra. Isn't it too bad, I can't see you today after all?"

"Who said you couldn't?" responded Johnny in a much aggrieved tone.

"Oh, something happened?"

"Something always happens; do you know that about four times out of five when I've got it all fixed to see you, something happens?"

"Oh no, not so often as that!"

"Oftener; where are you going?" he replied.

"Out on Long Island. Why do you want to know?"

"Umm, just curious. Going to be driving?"

"Maybe?"

"Merrick road?" he persisted.

"No," she replied, "north shore."

"Oh, well, if I should happen to run into you out there and there is any man with you, I'll kill him."

"How exciting. Thupose there should be two?"

"I'll kill them both."

"Well, there will be two, so goodbye until the murder."

"When am I going to see you?"

"At the murder."

"No, I mean after that," he insisted.

"I'll bring you flowers in jail."

"I'll call you up this evening," he said. "Goodbye." And he hung up the receiver without giving her a chance to say whether or not she would be at home to receive the call.

She rather thought she would, but her father, who, taking the privilege of a parent, had been listening to

received the letter. I would have opened it with a hatpin."

the conversation over the extension in the hall below, rather thought she wouldn't. However, he didn't as yet know about that disconcerting letter from Oliver Drury.

(*Now this letter was being drawn from its envelope by Harry Townley, Mr. Bascom's secretary. He glanced at it, perceived that it was a personal communication and laid it aside for Mr. Bascom's later attention.*)

But Allegra had no idea of her father listening in; she did not know how far parental supervision might permit itself to go.

Nor did Allegra hear her father telephone to Dr. Theodore Keith Craddock and Professor Donald Ridgeway and invite them to dine with him and go to the theater that evening.

Just east of Bayside, the north road dips easily to cross a causeway over the mud flats of Little Neck Bay and beyond it rises again into Little Neck hills. At the top of the rise the way is narrow and as Mr. Bascom's car approached this point, but an hour or so later, he and Allegra observed a huge motor truck apparently stalled, squarely across the road. There was nothing to do but stop.

"What ith it?" said Allegra. "An acthident?"

Just then she perceived John Van Sicklan apparently very busy examining the carburetor of the stalled truck. "Why there's Johnny!" she exclaimed. "Peter," she said to the chauffeur, "tell Mr. Van Sicklan that we are here."

Peter climbed out of the driver's seat and approached the motor truck. He tapped Johnny lightly on the shoulder.

With every appearance of surprise, Johnny turned and looked first at Peter and then at the Bascom car. "Why hello, Peter!" he exclaimed seizing the chauffeur's hand. "Why didn't you get here sooner? Just located the trouble in this old walrus. Flapper valve in the vacuum tank gummed up with a piece of rotten rubber. All right now," he said to the driver of the truck, whose hard bitten countenance was expanding into a grin. "She'll take you to Riverhead and back without a kick."

Turning, he came over to the Bascom car. "Good morning, Mr. Bascom," he cheerfully exclaimed. "Good morning, Miss Allegra."

Allegra smiled most graciously. When she telephoned Johnny she had rather expected him to abrogate temporarily some of the dull physical laws governing time and distance. She had not in the least considered how this might be done: It is beauty's prerogative to demand the impossible of its votaries and get it, and she would have been disappointed if Johnny had failed her. So, as Johnny approached the car, being pleased

at the compliment he had paid her by doing something impossible merely for one of her smiles, she graciously bestowed the smile.

Mr. Bascom, however, was more puzzled than pleased. He was even more puzzled than angry. That Johnny could have gotten to Douglaston, Long Island, from the vicinity of Greenwich, Connecticut, in hardly more than an hour and, having gotten here, conveniently got a truck to block the road, was not to be credited to chance. So, Mr. Bascom was reserved, but friendly in his greetings, as to one who was under suspicion of having enlisted the powers of darkness and must not be offended.

But Allegra was particularly cordial.

"Why — John Van Sicklan!" she exclaimed, "how did you get here?"

"A speed boat and a taxi," said Johnny. "Lots of fun."

"Hump," murmured Mr. Bascom to himself. "That doesn't explain the motor truck."

"What a lark!" exclaimed Allegra. "Do get in. You mutht have lunch with us."

Mr. Bascom liked to do all things smoothly and suavely and so the only thing to do in this situation was to second his daughter's invitation.

"Yes, do join us," he said, somewhat late, though none the less cordially. The cordiality was easy for him because he had figured out how to get rid of the young man.

"Thank you," said Johnny very cordially, because of course he had no suspicion of how objectionable he really was.

"Stop a moment at the Blue Fox," said Mr. Bascom to the chauffeur, as they started off. "I must telephone the office."

"Where shall we have lunch?" said Allegra.

"Why it doesn't matter," said Mr. Bascom. "Shall we go to Piping Rock?" This seemed quite satisfactory to everyone; it was satisfactory to Allegra because she was young and pleased with almost everything; it was satisfactory to Johnny because the infernal regions would have been paradise with Allegra and it was eminently satisfactory to Mr. Bascom because he didn't intend to go there at all.

As they rolled out of Little Neck, a squirrel ran across the road.

"Papa," said Allegra, "does a squirrel bury a nut because he knows that winter is coming, or just because that is a natural thing for a squirrel to do?"

"Why — ah —, I never thought of that," said Mr. Bascom.

"That's a very profound question," said Johnny.

"I suppose," said Mr. Bascom, "that a squirrel wishes to provide against the time when there will not be any nuts lying around on the ground."

"Yes," said Johnny, "but the question is, does he know that? If he does, that would seem to indicate that the squirrel had reasoning powers and it is most generally believed, you know, that they have not."

"True, true," said Mr. Bascom. "Only man has reasoning powers and — ahem — not all men; women for example, you will find are almost entirely creatures of impulse and instinct."

"Oh, yes," said Allegra, "Papa thinks that we haven't any sense at all."

Van Sicklan laughed. "That doesn't tell us anything about the squirrel, does it?"

A moment later they were driving under the tall elms which surround the Blue Fox Inn. Mr. Bascom hurried into the telephone booth.

"Isn't it a lucky thing for that truck driver that you happened to come along just as he got into trouble," said Allegra.

"Yes," said Johnny, thinking of the five dollar bill he had given the man to pretend that his motor was stalled. "Yes, he was mighty lucky."

"Did you really come across the Sound in a motor boat?" continued Allegra.

"Oh, there isn't anything wonderful about that," said Johnny. "There are more motor boats on the Sound than there are fish."

"You must have gotten a terribly fast one," said Allegra.

"The one I borrowed will do about twenty-five," said Johnny.

"You know, I believe I'll get a motor boat," said Allegra. "I think it would be lots of fun to drive one."

"Better get an airplane," said Johnny.

"Oh, I'd love to have one, if papa would let me. Are they hard to drive?"

"No, they are easier to drive than a car, and you certainly know how to do that."

"Yes," said Allegra, "I got arrested again yesterday and I was only going forty-eight miles. Papa has told me that if I am arrested just once more, he will take the car away from me."

Johnny laughed. "He better, or else they'll take you away from him and put you in a deep, dark dungeon."

Allegra gave a little scream. "Oh, I'd love that! Wouldn't that be thrilling — and then you would come and rescue me!"

The interesting thing about the last part of this conversation is that the idea of being rescued from a deep dungeon by Johnny Van Sicklan was most alluring to Allegra. She didn't know why. Perhaps she didn't even know that it was attractive any more than the squirrel knows why he hides the hickorynut.

But their brief chat was interrupted by Mr. Bascom, who came hurrying out of the Blue Fox Inn, evidently much disturbed about something.

"We have got to turn right back to town!" he said. "A matter has come up at the bank which obliges me to get there by the quickest possible route."

"You can drive to Jamaica and get an express from Jamaica into Atlantic Avenue," said Johnny. "That would be quicker than trying to steer your car through that downtown traffic."

"That's a good suggestion," said Mr. Bascom. "Peter, drive to Jamaica as fast as you can. I suppose," he said, turning again to Johnny, "that you must get back to your own work. Do you want to come in on the train with me?"

"Thank you, Mr. Bascom," said Johnny, "I'd only have to come uptown again on the subway, and anyhow, I am not due at the station until midnight. We change our shifts once a week." Johnny talked very rapidly. He did not at all desire to ride into town with Mr. Bascom.

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Bascom. He was a trifle irritated because his plan to eliminate Johnny pleasantly and unobtrusively had gone astray, but he was too much alarmed by the news he had received from the bank to be as much interested in that plan as he had been a moment before. He had intended to concoct an emergency that would help him get rid of Johnny, but the real one he had encountered made getting rid of Johnny a matter of secondary importance for the moment. So, he let the matter slide. "By the way," he said to Allegra, as they approached Jamaica, "I in-

vited Professor Ridgeway to dinner this evening. If I should be detained, explain to him, will you please? And Dr. Craddock was coming in, too. I had the tickets for 'The Butterfly Belle'."

"Oh, how nice," said Allegra. "I'll keep Johnny and we'll have a regular party."

"Just as you like," said Mr. Bascom, "but be sure and explain to Professor Ridgeway that a matter of the greatest importance has come up at the bank which may detain me indefinitely."

They left him at the Jamaica station of the Long Island Railroad and drove to town.

Johnny took Allegra to the Van Buskirk for a late luncheon and then Johnny suggested a matinee. This suited Allegra exactly. So, in spite of the quiet opposition of a trained banker's mind, Johnny Van Sicklan and Allegra had a very agreeable day together.

Johnny left Allegra at the house at half past five and promised to be back at seven for dinner. His own evening clothes were out at Greenwich, but he had a chum at the College Club, whose kit fitted him perfectly and he borrowed it quite nonchalantly without ever mentioning the matter to the owner.

As Mr. Bascom had apprehended, he was unable to appear for dinner. Allegra, Johnny and Professor Ridgeway, made not a particularly congenial trio, but Allegra contrived to enliven things a trifle by teasing Professor Ridgeway with the same question she had asked her father that morning.

"Profethor, does a squirrel bury a nut because it is a natural thing for a squirrel to do, or because it knows that winter is coming?"

The Professor, who was still a young man, despite his scientific achievements rather suspected that Allegra was joshing him, but took it good-naturedly, however, as he took everything that Allegra did. His scientific mind did not function particularly well when he had before him the entrancing spectacle of Allegra in a dinner gown.

"A squirrel buries a nut," said Professor Ridgeway, "because he is going to want that nut a little later on." The professor would not have escaped with this, were it not for the fact that Dr. Craddock was just then announced.

Dr. Craddock was a man of perhaps thirty-five, who had specialized in hypnotism and a study of the subconscious mind. He had taken a recent and very lively interest in psycho-analysis. He was one of these men who looked as if he ought to be a hypnotist, even if he wasn't one. He had thick, black bushy eyebrows and although his head was bald on top with an almost wax-like whiteness, he had a heavy crop of black, wiry hair further down on his head and an almost jet mustache and Vandyke. Of course the sensible girls, who disapproved of Allegra, and the more mature women, who were unanimous in the belief that Allegra did not have any sense, felt sorry for him, as they also did for Professor Ridgeway. They felt sure that if he should succeed in getting Allegra to marry him, he would be wretchedly unhappy for the rest of his life, for isn't it a well known fact that men of intellect soon tire of a pretty face.

They would have been more than convinced of his certain wretchedness if they could have seen Allegra coquettishly holding a match for his cigar. They would have felt that his intelligence was being insulted if they could have heard Allegra propound her question about the squirrel, which she did almost immediately.

But this was a subject in which the doctor was perfectly at home.

"A squirrel hides a nut," he said, "because that particular function of squirrel life has been trained in him by endless generations. He knows nothing about the coming of winter, nor the changing of seasons, but simply acts according to his nature."

"Oh, I see," said Allegra. "Well then, when I do things without stopping to think about them, I am just a squirrel."

"Precisely," said Dr. Craddock. "We are all squirrels for about nine-tenths of the time."

"Oh," said Johnny Van Sicklan, "then it is just the other one-tenth of our time that makes all the difference between men and so-called unreasoning animals."

"Ah-h-h," said Dr. Craddock ponderously, "broadly speaking, that is the truth. It is only in our conscious acts that real achievement is possible."

"I don't think so at all," said Allegra. "I think those are the times when we get silly."

Dr. Craddock laughed indulgently. Professor Ridgeway smiled with equal indulgence.

"It seems to me," said Johnny, "that if we get things out of the air, the way I get wireless messages, it doesn't make much difference whether we think we are not thinking; we get them when they are there and when they are not there we don't get them."

"Yes," said Allegra, "that's it, exactly."

Mr. Bascom arrived shortly after this, accompanied by Mr. Townley, his secretary, and Frederick Henderson, Mr. Bascom's attorney.

"Gentlemen," he said, as he came in, "I sincerely trust you will pardon me, but a matter of the gravest importance has just come up."

"It occurred to Mr. Bascom," said Townley, opening a bulky brief case, "that Dr. Craddock and Professor Ridgeway might be of some help to us."

"Yes," said Mr. Bascom, "I thought that you, Doctor, and the Professor, could suggest a way out of our difficulty."

He so obviously left Johnny Van Sicklan out of this that there was nothing for that young man to do but make an immediate departure.

"I must be getting back to the station," he said, looking at his watch and quite unsuccessfully trying to conceal his great reluctance. "I can get a train from Grand Central at 9:40."

"Isn't it too bad you must go just now," said Allegra, moving over to a lounge near the door where the men had deposited their hats.

"Night work?" said Professor Ridgeway.

"Yes," said Johnny, "wireless."

"He's out at the new Greenwich station where they are trying to see if they can get into communication with Mars," said Allegra.

"Yes," said Johnny, "I listen in on the universe every night; every night I sit with the receivers clamped to my ears and wait for the stars to talk to us."

"Well," said Henderson, who didn't understand Mr. Bascom's feelings toward Johnny Van Sicklan, "it seems to me you are about as likely a candidate as any of the others to help out on this problem. I don't know where we are going to get the information we are looking for, but if we do get it, it will have to come from some hitherto unsuspected source."

"We haven't heard very much," said Johnny. "In fact, we haven't heard anything. But we are hoping all the time. I don't know what it is you want to find out, but if I can be of the slightest service to you, I would be tremendously pleased."

Mr. Bascom thought he saw an opportunity to let

Johnny make a fool of himself before them all. He felt that it was too good an opportunity to be missed. He felt that he was entirely justified as a loving parent, mindful of his daughter's best welfare, to let the young man make himself ridiculous right before his daughter. He knew that Johnny was honest; he had known his father and he had had Johnny investigated as a cautious parent should. He had nothing against him except his poverty and lack of prospects. But those were serious objections in Mr. Bascom's mind.

"We shall be very glad to have you stay, Johnny," he said, "and listen to our problem and see if you can offer a suggestion. I must ask you all, however, before I go further, to pledge yourself to absolute secrecy. If this matter, which I am about to explain to you, became public property, it would complicate the situation terribly."

They all murmured their assurances that the matter would be kept sacredly confidential.

"Very well, sit down, gentlemen. There are cigars and cigarettes on the table."

"I don't suppose you want to stay up to listen to this dull business," said Mr. Henderson to Allegra. "I am sure they will all excuse you if you care to go."

"Oh, I don't want to go," said Allegra. "This is something exciting. I want to hear about it."

"Do you think you can keep absolutely still about it?" said Mr. Henderson.

"Why, of course I can keep still about it," said Allegra. "You have no idea how many things there are that I have kept still about. Even papa doesn't know, do you papa?"

"Allegra can be very discreet when she wishes to," said Mr. Bascom. "Now here's the situation: Some years ago we had in our bank a teller named Oliver Drury. Oliver Drury was an able man, an honest man, but an exceedingly sensitive, high strung and erratic fellow. He resented all criticism and anything in the nature of a reprimand drove him to absolute fury.

"On one occasion, however, it became necessary to reprimand him severely for some carelessness in his work which had resulted in the loss of, I think, several hundred dollars to the bank. Stung by what he fancied was a great wrong, Oliver Drury stole upwards of nine hundred thousand dollars in negotiable securities and currency. He walked out of the bank with it one night and never came back. A few days later, I received a letter from him stating he had stolen the money and put it in a safe place; that he had stolen it simply as a punishment to us for our unjust treatment of him; that he was not going to use it, because he was not a thief and that we would never hear of him again.

"The matter was kept quiet, although it was put in the hands of the ablest detectives, but no trace was ever found of Oliver Drury. The bank absorbed the loss and none of our depositors suffered. This all happened about ten years ago.

"Naturally, we had absolutely no clue to lead us to the place where Drury had hidden this money. We felt reasonably sure that his statement that he would not touch a penny of it was true."

"Well, now you know that he didn't spend any of it," said Henderson.

"Yes," said Mr. Bascom, "now we know that. This morning a letter arrived at the bank, addressed to me personally, but as a great deal of my mail comes addressed to me personally, my secretary has instructions to open it all — that is, to slit the envelopes before they are laid on my desk. This work is usually done with an electric envelope slitting machine which trims off a microscopic edge of the envelope. Something happened to this letter that I don't think has ever happened to a letter before. In addition to trimming off a small portion of the envelope, this machine took off a small portion of the letter."

"Yes, that's just it," said Townley, "it might just as well have taken the whole letter."

"Not quite," said Mr. Bascom. "But I am getting ahead of my story. This letter was written by Oliver Drury. He has been living on an island in the South Pacific, near, I believe the well known Juan Fernandez, the island made famous by Robinson Crusoe.

"He had a little money of his own and I suppose before he departed with the bank's securities, he had transformed his own securities into cash and, living simply as he did down there, this was ample for the balance of his life. This letter was written on his death bed, or rather it was not written — it was dictated to a Philippino boy, who had been his servant for five or six years. The letter itself merely repeats the information given years ago in a previous letter as to why he took the money and says that as he found himself about to die, he wishes to repair, as far as possible, the wrong that he has done us. He tells us that the money was wrapped in asbestos paper, impregnated with asphalt to preserve it from rot and moisture and disintegration and that this package was dropped down one of the forms that were then standing for the construction of the concrete pillars that were to support the Long Island elevated railroad and that subsequently the concrete was poured into these forms. So this package, exactly as he dropped it into the form, is now in one of the concrete pillars which carry the Long Island elevated out beyond the Queensboro Bridge."

"Oh, I see," said Professor Ridgeway, "and am I right in guessing that the portion of the letter which was clipped off, is the part that tells you which pillar it is?"

"That's it exactly," said Henderson.

"Have you been carefully through all the litter in the waste baskets?" said Dr. Craddock.

"Oh Lord, yes," said Townley. "The trouble is the waste paper at the bank is collected twice a day and we just got down to the furnace room, where it is burned, as they were stuffing the last of the morning's collection into the fire."

"In spite of that, however," said Mr. Bascom, "we gathered up every scrap of litter on the floor and on the floors upstairs and what was left in the bags in which the janitors collect the stuff."

"All of this was searched, then?" said Professor Ridgeway.

"Bit by bit," said Henderson.

"There is no hope there," said Townley.

"No hope," said Mr. Bascom, in a sepulchral voice, "no hope." He took an envelope from his pocket and drew out the contents.

"Here is the letter. You can readily see that the portion clipped off was hardly larger than a toothpick — just a mere sliver of paper, but enough to do all the damage in the world."

The letter was passed around from hand to hand. Professor Ridgeway did not even take the trouble to read it. He merely glanced at it. "Oh, it doesn't matter what the letter says," he remarked. "The point is that there is a large bundle of currency and bonds wrapped in asbestos paper impregnated with asphaltic oils in one of the pillars that support the Long Island

Elevated. Our job is to tell you which pillar. Isn't that about all there is to it, Mr. Bascom?"

Mr. Bascom nodded. "Yes, that seems to be the situation as I see it."

Every one seemed to follow Professor Ridgeway in not taking much trouble to read the letter. Dr. Craddock merely looked at the portion that had been clipped away. John Van Sicklan for no particular reason glanced at the signature and passed the letter on to Allegra. Allegra, however, read it carefully.

"I think it is a very nice letter," said Allegra. "But it only goes to show that all these modern labor saving devices that you clever business men have in your offices are not so wonderful after all. If I had received the letter, I would have opened it with a hatpin and this would not have happened."

"There is one thing that none of you noticed," said Professor Ridgeway. "And that is that the envelope bears a New York post-mark, and that on the back is written the address of Pedro Sanchez."

"Oh yes," said Townley, "we noticed that. That is the name of the Philippino boy who wrote the letter for Oliver Drury. As he was coming to New York, he brought the letter with him and mailed it here."

Doctor Craddock, the eminent hypnotist, pricked up his ears. "Do you actually mean that the Philippino boy to whom that letter was dictated is right here in town?" he said.

"Yes," said Mr. Bascom, "we have already talked to him. He has no recollection whatsoever of the number on the pillar. He is a very intelligent boy and talks quite freely, but he says he put it all down quite automatically and does not remember the number at all. You see Drury refrained from mentioning what was in the package so there was nothing in the letter to arouse the boy's curiosity or fix the matter strongly in his mind."

"That simplifies everything," said Dr. Craddock. "It makes no difference whether or not he had any special interest in the letter. If he has once written that number, the recollection is in his subconscious mind forever, and all we have got to do is to get it out of there."

"Ah, yes," said Townley.

"How do you extract information from subconscious minds?" said Mr. Bascom.

"Yes, I would like to know that," said Allegra. "Then we could really find out why the squirrel buries a nut."

"Tush, tush, Allegra," said Mr. Bascom. "This is a serious matter. Tell us your ideas, Dr. Craddock. How do you extract information from the subconscious mind?"

"Heavens!" said Allegra. "Is everything we know in our subconscious mind waiting for some great big doctor like you to haul it out and expose our secret thoughts to the world?"

Dr. Craddock nodded. "Yes," he said, "and no. Theoretically, everything that has ever passed through our intelligence is stored in the subconscious mind and might be brought to the surface. But in practice we don't get quite everything. The subconscious mind is such a vast cavernous sort of an affair; it is like dragging the bottom of Long Island Sound to find a drowned pussycat."

"Or a squirrel," said Allegra.

"Yes. Suppose we know exactly where the squirrel had been drowned. If we used the right kind of nets and scoops and dredges, there would be a fair chance of finding it, if too much time had not elapsed so that the ebbing and flowing tides had not had a chance to carry it away. So, with the passing of time, the ebbing and flowing tides of memory carry our recollections into the deep sea of the subconscious and render it extremely difficult, but not always impossible to bring them back."

Professor Ridgeway stepped forward. "I sincerely hope," he said, "that Dr. Craddock is correct in assuming that this Philippino boy will subject himself to treatment, and that the missing information may be found — but I have another suggestion. There is another means for getting this information that depends upon nothing so uncertain as a search of that vast sea referred to as the subconscious mind."

"It depends upon the mind," snorted Dr. Craddock. "Some minds are not so vast — not so vast at all," he said, somewhat to himself.

Professor Ridgeway continued: "I believe I am correct in assuming that these concrete pillars which support the structure of the elevated out there are all exactly the same design?"

"Yes," said Townley. "They are all alike."

"All of the same design, eh?"

"Yes," said Townley, "we drove out and looked them over this afternoon. Those at the stations are larger than the others, but then the letter plainly said to count them out, so we can forget them entirely in our calculations."

"In that case," said Professor Ridgeway, "the problem is simple. If some large foreign substance has been lodged in any one of those pillars, it would quite radically change the electrical conductivity of that particular pillar."

"Oh, I see, I see," said Craddock, understandingly. He managed to give the impression that among scientific men even of different branches there was a community of understanding. "I see. You would merely test them for resistance."

"Wheatstone Bridge?" said Johnny Van Sicklan, somewhat timidly. Thus far he had contributed nothing whatsoever to the discussion.

"Yes," said Professor Ridgeway, "I could put the Wheatstone Bridge on each pillar, one after the other, and when I came to the one whose resistance was considerably higher than any of the others, we would be reasonably sure in assuming that that was the pillar which contained this foreign substance; this package wrapped in asphaltic impregnated asbestos paper. Asbestos, as you know, is almost a perfect non-conductor, particularly when dry, and the asphaltic saturant would have, of course, kept the asbestos fibers entirely free from moisture."

"This discussion has certainly brought out a great deal more than our most optimistic expectations," said Mr. Bascom. "I have a new and tremendously increased respect for science. Here we men of business were at our wit's end — we didn't know which way to turn — we present the problem to scientific men and each one has what appears to be an immediate and practical solution."

"Even if you knew the number of the pillar what would you do?" said Allegra, suddenly.

Dr. Craddock spoke up. "Why, I did rather assume," he said, "that Mr. Bascom could arrange with the elevated company to allow us to cut into the pillar after we had settled upon the right one."

"I am afraid not," said Mr. Bascom. "I am afraid there would be too much red tape. There are too many officials. It would have to be discussed and passed upon by too many people."

Here, Johnny Van Sicklan spoke up. He had spoken only once up to this point, for the most part listening intently to all that was being said. "Why," he said, "I think you could bribe some fellow driving a motor truck to pile the truck up against one of the pillars. See what I mean? Probably break a good deal of it away so that there would be only a couple hours' job to get into it late some night."

"Motor truck — motor truck," said Mr. Bascom. "Young man, have you got more than ordinary influence over motor truck drivers?"

Allegra giggled. Johnny looked embarrassed.

"Oh, no sir! I didn't mean that," he said, "Aa-aa — that was just a notion that came to me."

Mr. Bascom seemed to think that this was an excellent opportunity to make Johnny quite conscious of his own insignificance. Johnny had come forward with no suggestion as to a means for ascertaining the correct pillar.

"I doubt if that would be feasible," said Mr. Bascom. "But how about the main question? Has any suggestion occurred to you?" Mr. Bascom asked the question rather perfunctorily. He felt almost positive that Johnny would have to cover himself with confusion by admitting that the problem was too much for him.

Professor Ridgeway looked at the young man somewhat indulgently, as much as to say, "Yes, yes, at least give the young fellow an opportunity."

Mr. Bascom repeated his question. "We cannot have too many suggestions," he said, "and if anything has occurred to you, don't hesitate; even a hint might serve as a stimulus for the, oh, more mature minds of Dr. Craddock and Professor Ridgeway."

"Yes," said Johnny, "I have an idea."

There was an expression of kindly indulgence on the faces of the older men. It as much as said, "Well, this will be amusing, but we must be patient for courtesy's sake."

"I don't know, whether or not all of you gentlemen know what my job is," said Johnny. "I suppose you have heard that over there on the hills back of Greenwich, Connecticut, there has been erected one of the greatest wireless stations — well, the greatest in the world. You know that ordinary, small wireless stations work on a wave of around two thousand meters long and that until recently the great sending stations of the earth used waves of sixteen to twenty thousand meters in length and that was the limit. You, at least, knew that, Professor Ridgeway, didn't you?"

Professor Ridgeway nodded. "Yes, I had heard something of that sort being done over there. Have you equipment to project waves of greater length than twenty thousand meters?"

"We have," said Johnny. "But that isn't the most important point. The most important matter is that we are equipped to receive wave lengths up to four hundred thousand meters."

"I hadn't heard of that," said Professor Ridgeway. "My work is mainly concerned with dynamic electricity and I have not dipped much into wireless, but I cannot conceive of how it is going to help us in this particular problem."

"Do you know what the purpose of this huge station is?" said Johnny. "It is a great deal bigger than we will ever need for the earth. We can get around this old world of ours with our sixteen or twenty thousand meter waves, or at least with twenty or twenty-five. Do you know what the four hundred thousand meter waves are for?"

"I haven't the least idea," said Dr. Craddock.

"No, and there are lots of other people who haven't heard of it," said Johnny, "because we have been keeping it pretty quiet, but do you know that we are listening to the infinite? Do you know that I sit up there all night long with the receivers clamped to my ears and wait; not for a message from Peru, or Alaska, or India. I am waiting for a message from some other planet. I hear Chili calling London; I hear Hawaii talking to Hong Kong; I heard Berlin sending secret codes to the City of Mexico; California sets her sidereal clock to synchronize with the Wisconsin Observatory, and then gradually I tune up, up, up, up to fifty thousand meters, to a hundred thousand, to two hundred thousand, to four hundred thousand — the earth drops away. All the good old neighborly messages running back and forth which tell me of how close we are all getting to each other are silenced. I am listening to the stars. I am like a fisherman who has cast his hook into the waters of eternity, waiting for a nibble from the infinite."

"Oh," said Allegra, "and have you had some nibbles?" She had a bright pink spot on each cheek and had quite evidently been stirred by the young man's little burst of eloquence.

Johnny looked at Allegra a moment, somewhat as if she herself were a creature from some other planet. "Yes," he said, "we have had some nibbles. We don't quite understand what all of them mean, but I have understood one or two, and I believe that if Oliver Drury really, sincerely wants you to know where those securities are hidden, that the easiest way for him to communicate with you is through this wireless station."

"We are beginning to believe that we have stumbled on something up there. We have been going after Mars, or any other planet that would talk with us and some of us think that we have gone a little further — that we are not talking to some other world, but that we are talking to the next world." He looked at his watch. "I have got to hurry along now. I can just catch the ten-thirty-seven. I am due at the station at midnight. When I get there, I am going to call for Oliver Drury. I am going to send a call out two thousand, five thousand, ten thousand, fifty thousand meters and then I am going to climb up into the inter-planetary. There is something about wireless that none of us understand; something mysterious, something that seems to verify the ideas of the first electrical experimenters that they had discovered the secret of life, perhaps the secret of all creation. Just as we don't know what electricity is, so even less do we thoroughly understand wireless.

It is the great mystery of the age, and I am going to try and make it serve us. Good-night. I have only a few minutes to catch my train. Good-night, Mr. Bascom; good-night, Dr. Craddock, Professor Ridgeway, Mr. Townley — good-night." He turned to Alegra and took her hand. "Aaaa — aa — good-night, Miss Allegra. I hope I may have some news for you to-morrow."

"I am sure you will, or at least soon," said Allegra graciously and the young man felt that if necessary he could, Orpheus-like, descend to the land of shades and fight with Cerberus for a word from Oliver Drury.

As John Van Sicklan left the room, Dr. Craddock turned and smiled indulgently at Mr. Bascom. "Well," he said, "at least the young man's enthusiasm makes up for his somewhat vague theories."

Townley turned to Professor Ridgeway. "Just how, Professor, would a disembodied spirit produce and control a wireless wave?"

"I couldn't just say," said the Professor. "I am not a spiritualist and have never encountered any of the dwellers on the other side, but I think young Van Sicklan has gotten his ideas a trifle mixed. Presuming that there are intelligent people, we will say on Mars, or some other planet, it is conceivable, of course, that they might have progressed in the sciences very much along the lines we have progressed and might even set up communication with us by the projection of wireless waves of great length which might travel through interplanetary space and ultimately be received by our instruments, but even in that proposition there are a great many ifs and talking to intelligent beings who have an actual physical life similar to ours, even though they happen to be on another planet is one thing, but talking to the hereafter is something entirely different."

"Yes," said Mr. Bascom, "exactly what I've been thinking; precisely. You put the matter very clearly, Professor, and you too, Dr. Craddock."

"I don't think they put it clearly at all," said Allegra, jumping down from the table top on which she had been perched, listening to all that was going on very much like a sparrow on a twig. "It doesn't seem to me that it would be any more difficult for a spirit to talk to us by wireless than it is for this thing that you all so wisely call instinct to tell a squirrel when to bury a nut."

Professor Ridgeway came over and took Allegra's hand. "My dear," he said, while Dr. Craddock moved uneasily in his chair and scowled violently, "my dear, you often put things most interestingly. How did you discover that instinct tells a squirrel anything?"

"Well, I don't know what it is," said Allegra, "whether it is instinct or something else, but whatever it is, it hasn't any more facilities for talking to us than the spirits in the next world and according to you wise people, it is telling us things all the time."

"So then we are to understand that you are betting on our young wireless operator?" said Professor Ridgeway, releasing her hand and moving over to the fireplace while Allegra resumed her perch on the edge of the table.

"You are to understand nothing of the sort," said Allegra. "I don't think I would bet on any of you. I think I would bet on plain common sense, if there was any of it around." At this the exponent of plain, common sense clasped her tiny waist with her tiny hands, sat up very straight and tapped the arm of a chair with the toe of her utterly senseless silk slipper.

Dr. Craddock came over and patted her on the back. Professor Ridgeway looked fierce, but said nothing.

"Please don't pat me on the back," said Allegra, "when I have on evening dress. You rub off all the powder."

"Quite right," said Dr. Craddock as Professor Ridgeway changed his stern expression into one which said "served him right."

"And don't wave your hands in front of me, either," said Allegra. "I'll think that you are going to hypnotize me instead of that Philippino servant."

"My dear," said Dr. Craddock, "don't you know that I have been under your hypnotic spell for centuries?"

"Well, really, that's the most graceful speech you ever made," said Allegra. "Say it again."

"This is a serious situation," said Mr. Bascom, "and we must not let our minds get away from the serious side of it. I have been thinking over the suggestions offered by Dr. Craddock and Professor Ridgeway and it seems to me that — and I think you will all agree, gentlemen — that since Dr. Craddock's suggestion can be tested most quickly, perhaps that is the one to try first. Don't you, yourself, agree Professor Ridgeway?"

"Oh yes," said the Professor. "By all means try it. Certainly no harm can be done whatsoever — none at all; I am sure, none at all." He managed to convey by a sort of 'lady doth protest too much' manner, however, that while no harm might be done, no good could be expected of it.

"You say you have seen this Philippino boy?" said Dr. Craddock.

"Oh yes," said Townley. "Yes, we saw him this afternoon. As I already told you, he remembers nothing."

"That is, you mean consciously," said Dr. Craddock.

"Well," said Townley, "consciously or unconsciously, or however you do remember things."

"I think you remember things unconsciously," said Allegra. "I think they just pop into your head. Didn't you say this afternoon that we were all of us squirrels about nine-tenths of the time?"

"Come! Come! Allegra, do be serious!" said Mr. Bascom. "No," he said, turning to Dr. Craddock, "he remembers nothing, yet he seems quite willing to assist us in every way possible. He doesn't even understand just what is at stake, but I have assured him that if he will help us that he will lose nothing by it?"

"I didn't get the impression," said Townley, "that the boy was of a sufficiently weak-minded type to be easily hypnotized."

Dr. Craddock snorted with contempt and his bushy eyebrows went up towards the ceiling as if seeking imaginary cobwebs to brush out of the brains of all present.

"That is a popular misconception of hypnotism," he said. "The person who declares that he cannot be hypnotized on account of his vigorous mind makes a ludicrous misstatement. Idiots and very young children, because they are scatter-brained and unable to attend fixedly and continuously to one idea, cannot be hypnotized. The higher the intelligence, the easier the subject. If you will make arrangements, Mr. Bascom, or ask Mr. Townley to make arrangements, to have this young boy in my office tomorrow at ten o'clock, I will see what can be done with him."

"Very good," said Mr. Bascom, "that is settled."

"In the meantime," said Professor Ridgeway, "I will be starting my arrangements for the actual tests on the pillars. With all due respect to Dr. Craddock, I realize, as he undoubtedly realizes, that his plan is not certain of success. It is entirely right to try it first, however, as it takes but a short time, and my method, because more, ahem — scientific, will require some little preparation."

"I think it would be an awful joke on you old wiseacres," said Allegra, "if some funny little kewpie from Mars should whisper a wireless message tonight and tell the whole story."

Whereupon she arose and went to the door. "Goodnight," she said, waving her hand to them all, "I wish you good luck, but I wish you had more sense."

On the following day Dr. Craddock, in the presence of all the interested parties, except Johnny Van Sicklan, hypnotized the Philippino boy in the most approved and conventional manner. He stuck sterilized needles into the young man's arms and legs to prove that he was entirely under the influence; caused him to pick strawberries off the lamp shade and catch fish out of the waste-basket. It was all quite interesting from

the point of view of a vaudeville audience. But when he began questioning him about the letter and the number of the pillar in which Oliver Drury had concealed the securities he had taken from the bank, his efforts were quite futile. The boy could not remember any numbers and then he remembered a whole lot of numbers which everybody agreed meant nothing whatsoever.

"Do you recall writing a letter at the dictation of your employer, Mr. Drury, shortly before his death?"

"Yes," answered the boy.

"Do you recall that in that letter he mentioned having placed a package in the wooden forms into which concrete was to be poured to form pillars for the Long Island Elevated?"

"Yes," answered the boy.

"Is this the letter?" said Dr. Craddock, suddenly thrusting it forward.

The hypnotic subject took the letter and looked at it with glazed, expressionless eyes. "Yes," he said, "this is the letter."

"Kindly read that letter aloud to us."

The boy began reading the letter, but when he reached that portion from which the number had been clipped, he stopped.

"There is something missing here," he said.

"Yes, don't you remember what it was?"

The boy shook his head. "No, don't remember, never knew."

"Did you write the letter?"

"Yes, but I didn't write that part of it," he said, "Mr. Drury filled that in himself."

"That settles it," said Dr. Craddock. "That settles it. You see, gentlemen, the theory is all right, but the information is not contained in this subject's mind. He never knew."

"That means," said Professor Ridgeway, "that I must proceed with my work, doesn't it?"

"Unquestionably," said Mr. Townley, "and the sooner the better."

"Well, Doc," said Allegra, coming forward and patting him on the shoulder, "you have a fine alibi. Now, Don," she said, turning to Professor Ridgeway, "you better get yours right in advance. How long do you need to try your experiment?"

"Oh, about two weeks," said Professor Ridgeway. "I must be getting right along; I have two of my assistants preparing my apparatus now. We will begin work this evening. I don't think it will be advisable for us to attempt any of our tests during daylight. It might arouse curiosity and cause people to ask questions, but I will have at least twenty of the pillars tested by tomorrow morning and perhaps can give you some interesting information."

"I profoundly hope so," said Mr. Bascom. "It is a serious matter — mighty serious matter."

"I should say it was," said Allegra. "Papa told me this morning that if he found that money, he would buy me a new Delameter roadster."

Whereupon she ran gaily out to the roadster she now possessed, parked at the curb, and drove over to a telegraph office on Broadway, just below Forty-second Street. She had some very definite ideas of her own about the problem they were all trying to solve. She was not a bit impressed by the therapeutics of Dr. Craddock or the science of Professor Ridgeway. She was becoming more and more certain than the whole business was a huge joke.

But that evening she kept her word and drove out along the Queens Road until she came to several dark figures manipulating queer looking instruments and making copious reports in note books which they carried.

Professor Ridgeway was operating the Wheatstone Bridge. One of his assistants was equipped with a long pole on one end of which was a slightly saturated sponge confined in a diameter of exactly 12 inches by a ring of flexible rubber. This cup-like arrangement formed one of the electrodes. From it a wire led to the ground through a storage battery and into the bridge. The other side of the circuit was formed by a similar electrode attached to the pillar an exact distance from the upper one and on the opposite side. By this simple device, Professor Ridgeway had assured himself of precisely uniform contact conditions. His theory was that any variations in resistance between these two electrodes must be due to some radical difference in the material contained in the pillar.

But this theory, like many a good theory, was encountering much practical difficulty.

He found wide variations in the resistance of the different pillars. After he had tested about ten of them he was ready to abandon this method of operation, although he was not at all ready to abandon his theory.

"I must find some new contact medium," he said to Mr. Bascom, who had accompanied Allegra on her ride. "Furthermore, before I can go any further, we will have to calculate exactly the cubic contents of each pillar. I am afraid they were not very accurately constructed and that there is considerable variation. This would mean wide variation in the conductivity of the pillar and while we can, of course, reconcile these variations by suitable calculations, we must have accurate figures at first. The job is going to take a good deal longer than I anticipated."

"Ha, ha, ha," said Allegra. "Another alibi. Don, you're just as bad as Doc Craddock. Ain't science wonderful? Come on back to the house and I'll give you a little supper to cheer you up before you go home."

Professor Ridgeway and his assistants piled their apparatus into a car which he had waiting and they drove back to the Bascoms' home.

"Why don't you get Dr. Craddock," said Allegra after a midnight lunch had been ordered from a rather sleepy butler, "why don't you get Dr. Craddock to hypnotize the pillars?"

Just at that moment the bell rang.

"Perhaps that's the message from Mars," said Allegra.

It was only Dr. Craddock, himself, who informed them that he had been passing the house and seeing lights in the window he had stopped, full of curiosity to learn whether or not they had discovered anything.

"Not a single thing," said Allegra gaily, "nothing at all. All our fun is in front of us unless," she added, "unless the spirits should take a notion to be amiable. Johnny Van Sicklan telephoned me this afternoon that he was on watch again tonight and that maybe he would have better luck."

"Luck is the word," said Dr. Craddock. "I am beginning to think there is more luck in this business than we thought."

Again the door bell rang.

"My, but we have lots of late visitors this evening," said Allegra. And the next moment Johnny Van Sicklan rushed in.

"I've got it!" he shouted. "I've got it! The message came through — clear as a bell." He pulled a crumpled piece of paper from his pocket. "Here it is!

I wrote it down. I tried to telephone you — nobody here! Didn't want to leave message with a servant. I grabbed the first train and a taxi from Grand Central. Here's the message!" And he handed it over to Mr. Bascom.

Mr. Bascom tried to be deliberate, as with trembling fingers he adjusted his eye-glasses and smoothed out the crumpled bit of scratch paper.

"Ahem —" he said. "The number you want is 56, north side."

"Well, we knew it was the north side," said Professor Ridgeway."

"Yes, we knew that all the time," said Dr. Craddock.

"Well, what good did it do you until you knew the number? Fifty-six," Allegra repeated. "What else does the message say?"

"That's all," said Mr. Bascom. "It is signed Oliver Drury."

"That's just the way it came through," said Johnny. "Just exactly those words and nothing more."

"What was it?" said Professor Ridgeway, "Long waves?"

"No," said Johnny. "Just ordinary commercial waves. I was listening in on London when the stuff came across. I had just tuned up. I had just tuned up to two thousand meters and I happened to catch the last words of the signature — 'Oliver Drury' — and I cut in and asked him to repeat and the repeat came through straight as a string."

"Fifty-six," said Mr. Bascom. "That's about half way out, isn't it? What a pity we haven't some tools to break right into it tonight. It's a dark night, too."

"Why," said Professor Ridgeway, "ah — ah — I provided tools in my car in case I got any information quickly."

"Can you do the work?" said Townley, eagerly.

"I've got a couple boys out in the car; with their help I think we could get into the pillar."

"Come on, every one!" said Allegra. "Let's beat it right out there. If we can't do anything else, I'll get into that pillar with a hatpin!"

Down Fifth Avenue, east on Fifty-ninth Street, up over the Queensboro Bridge, two cars raced as they had never dared to race before. But it was past midnight and few people or vehicles were in the streets and traffic cops were allowing their motorcycles to cool off after the feverish work of the day.

Through Queens Plaza they roared and out along Queens Boulevard. When they came to the first of the long row of concrete pillars they slowed down and everyone counted carefully as they progressed.

"Here it is," said John Van Sicklan. "Here's number fifty-six. What luck! It's dark as a black cat in a coal hole and just half way between two of the street lights."

"Run the cars in under the structure," said Mr. Bascom.

Professor Ridgeway was giving hasty orders to his assistants who were hauling sledges and cold chisels from under the rear seat of their car.

"Work from the north side," said Dr. Craddock. "Even if some one happens along they will not see you."

"Yes, but we will make some noise," said Professor Ridgeway.

"Oh, that doesn't matter," said Allegra. "Wait until I get my little buzz wagon out on the road again. I'll open the muffler and keep the engine running and one of the boys can raise the hood and pretend to be fussing with something about the engine — the noise will drown anything else."

These arrangements were soon completed, and under the supervision of Professor Ridgeway, they soon had a hole three feet square in the side of the pillar.

"The package will probably be well down towards the bottom," said Mr. Bascom, "as I understand, it was put in before any of the concrete had been poured except the foundation."

"Fine," said Professor Ridgeway, "it will be right near the ground level. Dr. Craddock," he said, "if this proves correct, it is an epoch making day for science."

"Science!" said Allegra, "I thought you said there wasn't any science about this."

"Nothing of the sort," said Dr. Craddock. "Wireless is one of the greatest achievements of science."

"Heh," said one of Professor Ridgeway's assistants, after perhaps twenty minutes of earnest, silent toil, "is this what you're looking for?" and he pulled out a piece of asbestos paper saturated with asphalt.

"Yes," said Mr. Bascom, excitedly. "That must be it. Make the opening a little bit bigger. Here, chop away that piece of concrete. That's all. Now you can get a hold of that wire. By jingo, that fellow was careful. He even went to the trouble to wrap his package in wire. The outside paper is stuck to the concrete, but the package is double wrapped. There it is! Haul it out!"

"Hush!" said Townley, suddenly rushing up out of the darkness. "There's a police officer out there."

The next moment the sound of Allegra's engine stopped.

"Sure'n what are ye makin' all this noise out here at this toime of the night for," said a voice.

"I am so sorry," said Allegra suavely, "but the engine has not been working properly. I was testing it."

"Sure'n it sounded to me as if it wuz workin' like a charm. Now we will have no more of that noise, if you plaize."

"Oh," said Allegra, "do just let me — do just let me run it up to the next block or so with the muffler cut out. It was missing. I think it misses when I get going and runs all right when it is running free."

"Oh, you will do nothin' of the sort," said the voice.

"Oh, please get in with me. You can stop me if I go more than a couple of blocks."

"Oi have no toime for such foolin'!"

"Oh, but I will go whichever way you want to go," said Allegra, "and save time for you. Come, get in."

"Oh, very well. You can take me along towards Jamaica."

There was a moment's pause and then the staccato note of the exhaust gradually diminished down the road.

"By jingo!" said Townley, "she handled him to the queen's taste. Come on now, boys, come on, let's get busy here. Lord knows who else may come along!"

The two young men broke away a few more fragments of concrete and pulled forth a package, perhaps eighteen inches square, dropped it on the ground and started attacking it with pliers to cut away the wire fastenings.

"No, no," said Mr. Bascom, "don't stop to open it here. Get it into the car. Let's all get back to the house as quickly as we can."

Arrived at the Bascom residence they hurried into the house.

Professor Ridgeway discreetly asked his assistants to remain outside in the car so there were present only those in the secret.

Professor Ridgeway approached the package with a pair of pliers and cut away the wire fastening. Eagerly they all tore at the wrappings of asbestos paper.

Sure enough there were the bonds — there was the currency. There was the whole treasure just as it had been carted out of the bank and packed away so many years before.

"I knew it!" said Allegra. "I knew it! I knew the way Johnny talked about the marvels of wireless that that was going to do the whole business."

"Professor," said Dr. Craddock, "some scientific report of this matter must be made. This is a perfectly authenticated case. The society for psychic research must be notified — eh, why what's the matter with Miss Allegra?"

Professor Ridgeway glanced across the room to where Allegra was nearly doubled up with mirth. "Don't worry about me," she exclaimed. "If men knew how funny they are they'd all die laughing."

The Bascom's man appeared at the door, very sleepy, very cross and clearly quite disgusted with the whole proceedings.

"What is it, Haskins?" said Mr. Bascom.

"There is a man outside from the cable office."

"What does he want?"

"He said he wants to see whoever lives here."

"That's strange," said Mr. Bascom. "Ask him to come in — or no, put that out of sight a moment," turning to the others and pointing to the package. "Now, Haskins, tell the man to come in."

"Perhaps it's another message from Oliver Drury," said Mr. Townley.

"What is it?" said Mr. Bascom, irritably, as an official in the blue uniform of the Inter-Continental Wireless Company came into the room.

"We would like to get a little information about these wireless messages," said the man. "Somebody has been playing a joke on us or on you."

"What do you mean?" said Mr. Bascom. Everybody else in the room looked mystified; that is, everybody except Allegra, who looked as nearly like the kitten who has swallowed the canary, as she could look.

"I'm the night manager over at the upper Broadway station," said the man. "For the last week we have been getting wireless messages filed at different offices about the city. These messages have been addressed to Oliver Drury, 27 Queens Lane, London. They are all alike and we keep getting them reported back, saying there ain't no such address in the whole City of London."

"Well, why do you come to us about it?" said Mr. Bascom, very much irritated.

"We are coming to you about it because the operators are good and plenty sore. Of course, the company gets its money all right, but it don't like this kind of business these days when we can't handle the legitimate stuff. So we had one of the boys follow the party that filed the messages. She dodged him a couple of times, but this time he followed her right back to this house."

"What's in the messages?" said Mr. Townley.

"Here, read it for yourself," said the man, pulling out a handful of envelopes and passing one of them over to Mr. Bascom.

Mr. Bascom drew forth the contents of the envelope, held it up and read: "The number you want is fifty-six, north side — Oliver Drury."

"Well, that ain't all," said the man. "Of course, it may be all right and it may be just somebody that is amusing themselves at their own expenses, but our instructions is to investigate cases like this."

Mr. Bascom pulled forth a ten-dollar bill and handed it to the man. "I assure you," he said, "that you will not be troubled by a repetition of this foolishness. May I ask that you regard it as a confidential matter and accept my assurance that there is nothing that needs further investigation. Also please take this with my compliments to the boys down at the office and as partial recompense for the annoyance to which they have been put."

"Thank you, sir," said the man. "As long as you know about it and you say it's all right, why we will forget it." And he turned and went out.

As soon as he was gone, Professor Ridgeway laughed, not particularly good humoredly. "That's enough," he said, "that's enough. Miss Allegra, I am sure young Johnny Van Sicklan must feel complimented. I don't know how you got the information about that pillar, but it is quite evident who you tried to give it to. How *did* you discover the number of the pillar?"

Allegra sniffed and tried to appear entirely unconscious of the fact that she was blushing furiously. "Just the same way that the squirrel knows enough to bury a nut," she said. "It just popped into my head as soon as I read the letter."

"Have you got the letter here?" said Dr. Craddock.

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Bascom, pulling a wallet out of his pocket and extracting the famous missive. "Here it is."

"Well," said Allegra, "if you will read the letter carefully, not just carelessly the way you did, because you must read it a great deal more carefully because you are not a squirrel and things don't pop into your head, but if you will read the letter very carefully, perhaps you will see what I saw."

They all read the letter, but they saw nothing.

"I think you just guessed it," said Mr. Bascom.

"Yes, that's it," said Professor Ridgeway. "You just guessed it, didn't you?"

Allegra took the letter and quite patiently, after the manner of a school-teacher, explaining why twice two makes four to an elementary class, she pointed to where the original writing of the number had been blotted on the opposite side of the page, when the letter was folded.

"You see, there it is, just as plain as ink. Of course, it's backwards, but then such backward pupils as you are ought to be able to read things backwards, I think."

"Good Lord!" said Mr. Bascom.

"Mighty is science," said Townley.

There was a silence for a moment, and then they looked around the room. Johnny Van Sicklan and Allegra had disappeared. But they were not far away and what the young lady said was quite audible.

"No, I wasn't ever going to tell," said a smothered voice from the next room. "No, I wasn't ever going to tell. I was going to let them publish it in their old proceedings of the society for foolish research."

"You're a rascal," said Johnny, "a mighty precious little rascal — an awfully precious little rascal. When did you decide that I was the lucky man?"

"I dethided," said a somewhat smothered voice, "when you thought enough of me to come tearing across the Long Island Thound and bribe a truck driver to block the road just so you could thee me for a minute. Don't you know that girls think more of those things than anything elthe in the world?"

The Insect's Mental Baggage

Is the insect as intelligent as its actions sometimes suggest? Has it emotions, personality, reason?

By J. F. McClure

PHYSICALLY the insect is a very finished product, highly specialized and admirably adapted to its environment. What is its intellectual status? What does it know? What sort of a brain has it, and how does it work?

Some of the higher tribes of insects have evolved extremely elaborate and complex systems of living. We are impressed by their uncanny efficiency, their foresight, their tremendous energy, and their terrifying persistency. We are often moved to admiration by the engineering excellence of their handiwork. The spider's web is not only an ingenious device for catching flies, it is also a wonderful bit of bridge building, with beautiful curves and carefully adjusted strains. Some of the mason wasps mould the domes of their houses with the skill of a master potter. The hexagonal cell in which the bee stores its honey could scarcely be improved on for compactness and for economy of material to supply the required strength.

Before her first flight from the hive the young bee makes a tour of reconnaissance, to photograph the purlieus in her memory. First, while still standing on her doorstep, she takes a good look around. Then she mounts on the wing and flies several times around the house in ever-winding circles, head toward the hive at the start but facing outward at the end. Only when she has thoroughly familiarized herself with every detail of the immediate environment and the most striking features farther away, is she willing to launch forth on her maiden voyage for nectar or pollen. She wants to be sure she will know her way back.

"I am lost in astonishment," said Fabre, apropos of the actions of a digger wasp. "After one hasty glance at a spot which has nothing to distinguish it from dozens of other spots in the immediate vicinity, the wasp recognizes it again instantly and without hesitation. And this despite her complete absorption in her mining operations."

Among the ants there are agriculturists which go in extensively for mushroom farming. The shepherds show their foresight by lodging their herds of aphids — their milch cows — in the sub-cellar during the harvesting season. The Rape of the Aphids is undoubtedly a classic in the literature of antdom. There are other tribes which maintain standing armies, and make war on neighboring communities and carry off the inhabitants as slaves, much after the manner of men. Some naturalists declare that when ants return home after a considerable absence, the stay-at-homes greet them with lively attentions, waving their antennæ, surrounding the returned wanderers and patting them on the back and manifesting great — but that way lies anthropocentrism. Science coldly reminds us we can know nothing of the emotions of an insect.

These acts all seem to connote a high order of intelligence, and to presuppose an old, well-smoothed-out civilization; almost the ability to reason; certainly the power to draw conclusions, to form judgments. What are the facts? Is the insect as intelligent as its looks and acts would lead one to think? It possesses a brain. How much mind has it? Has it a psyche, a personality?

Let us not make the mistake of the old anthropocentrists and attribute human qualities to the insect, or, rather, judge it by human standards. But, on the other hand, let us not go to the other extreme and deny the evidences of our senses through fear of humanizing these small creatures. The anthropocentrist school, based on an absurd hypothesis, has passed away; it is dead beyond hope of resurrection — and the insect continues to behave precisely in the same way as before. The child that shrieks lustily when its rattle has been taken from it is angry; and the bumblebee that chases the boy who has disturbed its nest is also angry. It is not humanizing the bee's emotion to give it the same name as the child's.

The new school of biologists — the mechano-physiologists — would substitute chemistry for psychology. The mechanical theory of life may be the true one. It is possible that the universe can be summed up in a chemical formula and that there is no such thing as psychic phenomena. Eminent biologists like E. Ray Lankester in England, Wundt in Germany, and perhaps the Frenchmen Jacques Loeb and Georges Bohn, maintain this theory. If true, it is, of course, as applicable to man as to the lower forms of life. Chemical affinity, or osmotic pressure, or something of that sort, may account for the not uncommon phenomenon known as billing and cooing.

It is worthy of note, however, that psychologists and philosophers do not go all the way with the biologists. Bergson insists that matter is "shot through" with a "vital principle." And William James used in his psychology classes to throw off suggestions of a like nature. "Perhaps," he would say, "each component particle of matter brings with it its quota of consciousness. Perhaps the obverse of matter is spirit."

And perhaps the bumblebee experiences emotions and acts from motives in precisely the same way as the gifted tragedienne and the intellectual college professor.

Fortunately it is not necessary to take up arms either for or against any of the opposing schools of thought in order to study the phenomena of insect activity and draw legitimate conclusions therefrom. The facts are always the same, whatever name we give them. What we have to do is to guard against reasoning from analogy, reading into the acts of an insect the motives of a man. We must beware of that pitfall with great caution, for, as Professor E. L. Bouvier of the Paris Museum reminds us: "The more the insect seems to resemble us, the more unlike us it is."*

*La Vie Psychique des Insectes, par E. L. Bouvier, Membre de l'Institut. Editeur Ernest Flammarion, 26 Rue Racine, Paris.

According to this eminent authority all the shortcomings of the articulates are due to their marked predisposition to contract habits. It is true that other creatures also form habits. Every living thing does; it is a tendency inherent in protoplasm. Without it evolution could never have started. The irritability of protoplasm was the first step toward the making of man. This is the way a habit grows: If an organism is subjected to repeated external stimulations, it ends by acquiring the power to react to these stimulations *after they have ceased*, that is to say, independently of them; it has "got the habit."

A striking instance of this is a certain marine worm to be found on the southwest coast of France. At low tide it lies high and dry on top of the sand. It is plainly visible then as a green fringe along the shore, owing to its great numbers and to the minute green algæ that live in symbiosis in its tissues. At high tide it sinks into the sand and disappears completely from view. When Georges Bohn of the Sorbonne, Paris, removed a specimen from the shore and placed it on an artificial beach of moist sand in a laboratory, it continued to respond to the movements of the tides, being highest at low tide and lowest at high tide. And, more conclusive still, it faithfully followed the irregularities of the neap and spring tides, its movements being slower in the former and more rapid in the latter.

The stimulating cause of its periodical movements in its native habitat is evidently the sea water, acting positively or negatively as the tide is in or out. These periodical movements have left traces in its tissues, which have ended by becoming fixed, permanent, so that the organism automatically reproduces the movements independently of the exciting cause, from memory, as it were.

This habit is known as *acquired periodicity*, and the faculty that makes it possible is called *organic memory*.

Our own habits illustrate the meaning of acquired periodicity. We are accustomed to eat three meals a day, and we seem to get along very well on them. We could probably get along just as well on two, if we had been brought up that way. Some people eat regularly four or five times every twenty-four hours with unimpaired digestion and enjoyment. Any one who has passed much time in the *pensions* sprinkled over the map of Europe has learned to spot unerringly a certain female English type that pullulates in these establishments — maiden ladies of no uncertain age, diligently, feverishly, occupied in climate-chasing from Tromso to Taormina and back again. Afternoon tea is a fixed function with this formidable brigade. The trifling bonds of common honesty are not allowed to interfere with this performance. Milk, butter and bread or rolls are abstracted somehow, by hook or by crook, from the breakfast menu and secreted in a bureau drawer in preparation for this rite. The habit is so strong that the victims are utterly unable to forego it. The organic memory of the stomach muscles is in perfect working order. The five-o'clock periodicity has been thoroughly acquired.

But these habits, ingrained in the physical organism, and, as we have seen, common to all forms of life from the lowest up to man, are not those Professor Bouvier has in mind when he tells us insects acquire habits quickly. These habits are founded on organic memory, the lowest, the most primitive manifestation of that faculty. They are purely mechano-physiological, vital rhythms requiring neither nerves nor nerve centers to function. The tissues themselves remember and repeat automatically the responses they have grown accustomed to make to outside stimulation. The habits to which the professor refers are of a different, a higher order. They represent reactions of a more complicated nature, reactions implying a nervous system with a brain which receives impressions of the external world through nerves, and in which those impressions are registered, *and may be compared*. There is a new element in the equation, the power to choose. The creature's response to external stimulation is modified by experience. If when it goes to its front door in the morning it finds it is raining, it remembers that it doesn't like to be out in the rain, so it returns to the house and spends the day fixing things up inside.

Liberty of choice is the first evidence of intelligence. The possessor is in some degree freed from the shackles of environment. The door to freedom has been opened.

But this freedom is more apparent than real. The insect's fatal facility in forming habits quickly shuts the door again. A choice repeated often enough becomes a habit, and ends by being imbedded in the nerve center (the brain) as an instinct. This instinct the representatives of a species inherit from their ancestors and hand down to their descendants. For a brief moment in its history the species, in the person of some of its members, escapes from the treadmill of automatism, only to be speedily thrust back into it by the action of memory, the memory of the species. This kind of memory is called *specific memory*.

Specific memory is of a higher order than organic memory, for although it ends in the rigid rule of the instincts, which is as absolute as the automatism of the purely mechanical reflexes of the physical organism, it is founded on acts that at their inception gave some slight promise of independence, showed faint gleams of intelligence. Momentarily at least, individuals of the species liberated themselves from the tyranny of their physical environment. But it was only momentarily. The species was quickly fettered again by the endless chain of habit.

The following story, told by the French naturalist Ferton, will serve to illustrate the helplessness of the insect in the grip of its instincts:

"There is a certain wasp that rears its young on caterpillars, which it first captures, then paralyzes, then lays an egg in, and finally stores away in a pit which it has previously digged in the sand. This pit is just large enough to hold four or five victims. When it is filled the wasp seals it up and leaves the hatching and nourishing of its young to the paralyzed inmates."

Ferton came upon one of these wasps in the act of sealing up its cache. He offered it a paralyzed caterpillar which he had purloined from one of its neighbors the day before. The gift looked good to the huntress and she accepted it with alacrity. Dragging it toward her storehouse, she laid it down near at hand and proceeded to uncover the latter. But, discovering the pit to be already filled, she hastily shoveled the sand back on it and departed. Encountering the paralyzed caterpillar on her way, she began the performance all over again. The naturalist does not tell us, but it is quite possible she repeated the cycle of movements more than once.

The explanation is simple; she acted from instinct. In capturing and storing its prey the hunter wasp performs a series of acts, always the same and always in the same order, the last being to bury it. The sight of the paralyzed victim suggested the storage cave, and the sight of the latter full suggested sealing it up and abandoning it. Finding the caterpillar in its path again roused again the instinct of storing it, and so on.

Instinct was so powerful that it obliterated consciousness of actuality temporarily. In its grip the creature had become simply an automaton, the slave of habits handed down to it by its forbears. It exercised no choice; intelligence played no part in its conduct.

From which we seem entitled to infer that the insect is neither a Socrates nor a Solomon. It has been deceiving us with its alert air of competence. It is stupid and incapable of learning. What knowledge it has is inherited, the wisdom of the ages. What was good enough for its fifty times great-grandfather is good enough for it. It leads a purely mechanical existence. Its behavior under any and all circumstances is predictable to the smallest detail.

Of course this is not literally true. As a matter of fact, the insect is continually inaugurating reforms, improving its way of life in the light of experience. But each step in advance is an infinitely short one, and if it has any merit, if it really is a step in advance, it is quickly brought to a halt by being incorporated into a routine schedule under the dominion of instinct.

Instinct is a sort of cast-iron memory, frozen habits.

Which is not without its advantages. If humans could memorize knowledge and eventually pass it on as instinct, the education of the small boy would be a much less painful process. Euclid would be as easy as jackstraws, and babies could play the piano at birth. Evolution would be an open book, which even legislators could read as they ran.

But man's precious power of reasoning, of reserving judgment, of keeping an open mind, and the insect's record-breaking speed in acquiring habits and clamping them down as instincts are incompatible; they are mutually destructive; they pull in opposite directions. Team work between them is impossible. Man must continue to record his discoveries and register his opinions in print. Its instincts must continue to be the insect's reference library.

But the last word has not yet been said. In science the last word is never said. The insect advances with infinitely short steps; it learns slowly, but it doesn't forget. Suppose it were to discover how to use tools, and thereby add to its frightful efficiency?

H. G. Wells has written a story telling how man first used a stone as a weapon of attack and defense. We have always gone on the assumption that man was the only animal possessing enough ingenuity to harness the forces of nature and impress them into his service in his struggle upwards. Yet there are well authenticated instances of the use of tools by articulates.

There is a South American ant that utilizes the gummy substance exuded by its larvæ in making its nest. Seizing the larva in its mandibles, the builder ant wields it as a mucilage brush and smears it along the edges of leaves, which it then sticks together as we would sheets of paper and with them builds its house. In the Indian Ocean there is a crab which keeps the wolf from the door by arming itself with a sea anemone when it goes foraging. The nettle-like sting of the anemone, which it grasps in its long pincers, paralyzes its victims and renders them helpless.

But the most amazing story of the use of tools by an articulate is told by two American naturalists concerning the doings of a wasp, an *ammophila urnaria*. This story will be found in a book entitled "Instincts and Habits of the Solitary Wasps," written by G. W. and E. Peckham, and published in 1898.

The *ammophila urnaria* is one of the species of wasps which make use of caterpillars in bringing their offspring into the world and rearing them. When an *ammophila* has packed its storehouse with caterpillars, it proceeds to roof it over. Some individuals simply shovel on a little sand, finishing the job in a few minutes. Others more conscientious mix the sand with carefully selected gravel and bits of leaves, and then cover the whole with a layer of finely crumbled dirt, which is spread on evenly and packed down.

The Peckhams were fortunate enough to surprise an *ammophila* in the act of putting the roof over her houseful of caterpillars. She threw herself into the work with great zest. When she had filled the pit up to the level of the ground, she spread over it minute pellets of earth, then seizing a small stone in her mandibles, she used it as a tamping iron and with rapid blows beat the surface smooth. The Peckhams were overcome with astonishment, and to make sure they were not suffering from an optical illusion, they stretched themselves flat on the ground, their faces only a short distance from the busy wasp, so as not to miss any of her movements. Dropping her implement, she flew away for more dirt, which she spread, then picking up her tamper, she hammered it down. As if to prove that the use of the stone was not an accident, but an act of positive and intelligent choice, she repeated the performance several times.

When at length she had made the ground over the pit as hard and smooth as the surrounding earth, she passed a critical eye over her labors to make sure she had overlooked nothing, tossed aside her stone tool and flew away. There was not the slightest doubt in the minds of the astonished observers that she knew perfectly well what she was about and had made use of the stone, knowing that it would facilitate her work.

This solitary instance of the deliberate employment of a tool by an insect is, taken by itself, comparatively unimportant. But we must not forget the speed with which these redoubtable warriors form habits and transform them into instincts. And if wasps and other articulates were to get the habit of using tools other than those they grow on their persons *and in addition to them,* it is within the bounds of possibility, though hardly of imminent probability, that humanity may one day find the insect menace vastly more serious than it is to-day. And we must bear in mind that L. O. Howard, head of the entomological section of the Department of Agriculture, is constantly warning us that we do not take the insect and its capacity to injure us seriously enough.

Twilight Sleep

By Zoe Beckley

EIGHT years ago a stir was made throughout the land by news of what was called most picturesquely "Twilight Sleep," a free translation of the German Dämmerschlaf, described as science's richest gift to womankind—painless childbirth.

It had been developed, we were told, at the Frauenklinik, the woman's hospital at Freiburg, in Baden, Germany, a part of the big university there.

Doctors Bernhard Krönig and Carl J. Gauss were to all intents and purposes its discoverers, although some experiments with scopolamin-morphin had been made as early as 1903 by Prof. Stein-Buchel at Gratz. At all events, Krönig and Gauss visited the United States in October of 1913 and described the treatment they had been practising for nearly ten years. Physicians, generally speaking, rejected it.

Nevertheless, news of this magic-with-the-lovely-name spread like wildfire. Excitement ran high in medical circles, women's clubs, private homes. "Twilight Sleep" was on every tongue.

As the topic of the hour, you discussed it with your husband, your mother and your women friends. As more was learned of it the thrill intensified. Magazines and newspapers took it up with enthusiasm. Columns of news, reams of special articles, symposiums, interviews and "sidelights" appeared.

Lecturers and demonstrators, seemingly dropped from the clouds, told of it by word and diagram, lantern-slide and motion picture. At least one ample and most informative book was written on the subject by two young women who visited Freiburg to study it —one to make "a laboratory experiment" of her own experience of motherhood, the other as scribe, to search records and gather scientific information.

So determined were they to get their message to the women of America despite the barrier of medical ethics that they lectured in department stores to crowds of eager women, with Twilight babies as Exhibits A and B. This, of course, was the last straw upon the backs of outraged physicians to whom the word "advertising" is more devastating than death.

As a journalist I personally became interested in what seemed to me a boon for which the world of women had waited anguished centuries. I interviewed the writers of the book (Painless Childbirth, by Marguerite Tracy and Mary Boyd, published by Fdk. A. Stokes & Co.), visited hospitals and sanitariums where the treatment had been put in practice, talked with thrilled and puzzled Twilight mothers and discussed it with doctors on both sides of the question, for some there were who championed it for all it was so new and startling. Enthusiasm grew with investigation, the case *against* Twilight Sleep making me more strongly for it, just as the case against woman suffrage helped convert me to that cause.

For a year or two we continued to hear of the new technique. A well-known gynecologist of New York who had been to Freiburg opened a private hospital for its practice on Riverside Drive. The idea spread through the West and Middle West. . . . Then — as suddenly as Twilight Sleep had come in, it apparently passed out again. What happened to it or where it went no one seemed to know. The private hospital on the Drive turned mysteriously into a school and the doctor, they said, had gone to war. No more articles were written on the subject. No one ever spoke of it, and if women anywhere were enjoying the boon, no one told. Twilight Sleep, if not dead, was sleeping.

In Paris a few weeks ago I met by chance a friend who was preparing for her first baby. She was not robust, was well in the mellow thirties and in her thin little frame and frightened eyes I read the Terror.

"Why not go to Freiburg and have Twilight Sleep?" I asked, but instantly added a doubtful "if the Frauenklinik still exists."

"O—h, I wonder—I wonder if it does!" Her eyes grew big with hope. "I'll write and ask them what's become of Twilight Sleep and if they send any encouragement at all, I'll go. I'd cross Europe to be relieved of this terrible dread!"

Her "What's become of Twilight Sleep?" set me wanting to learn as much as possible about it as it exists, or does not exist, to-day. So I went to Freiburg to see. And I saw. And I went to London to see. And I saw. The London story is soonest told so I will begin with that.

After the first furore which struck England about the time it did America, enthusiasm abated, as it did here. The treatment was too much trouble, it was said, too complicated and took too much of the physician's time—wasn't practicable, in short.

Besides, was there any great need for relieving an ordeal that was acknowledged to be bad at times but, after all, quite a natural process, endurable to a majority of women? Didn't a woman appreciate her baby more if she ——etc., etc.

Not all doctors spoke thus, but many did, and only a few elected to try out the new method further and see what could be done with it.

In 1914 Hanna Rion, an English writer and pioneer of the Twilight Sleep movement in Great Britain, made a trip to Freiburg and soon afterward brought out a little volume "Golden Motherhood," first English book upon the subject. It dealt with Twilight Sleep from the popular angle, presenting facts, experiences, correspondence and photographs, and brought Mrs. Rion a flood of letters that almost overwhelmed her. She saw that women refused to have the new treatment relegated to the limbo of forgotten things and set about to help them get it.

Her campaign was quietly and conservatively conducted and won over, little by little, a number of reputable, though modern, physicians. Gradually the Freiburg method was introduced into certain hospitals and maternity homes, and in 1915 a practitioner in the north-country, among the all-too-prolific factory hands, administered this scopolamin-morphin to a pa-

tient who had come from far away, begging to be helped. Hers was the first Twilight baby in the district, the case was a perfect success and the countryside flocked to hear about the miracle of the painless entry of a child into the world.

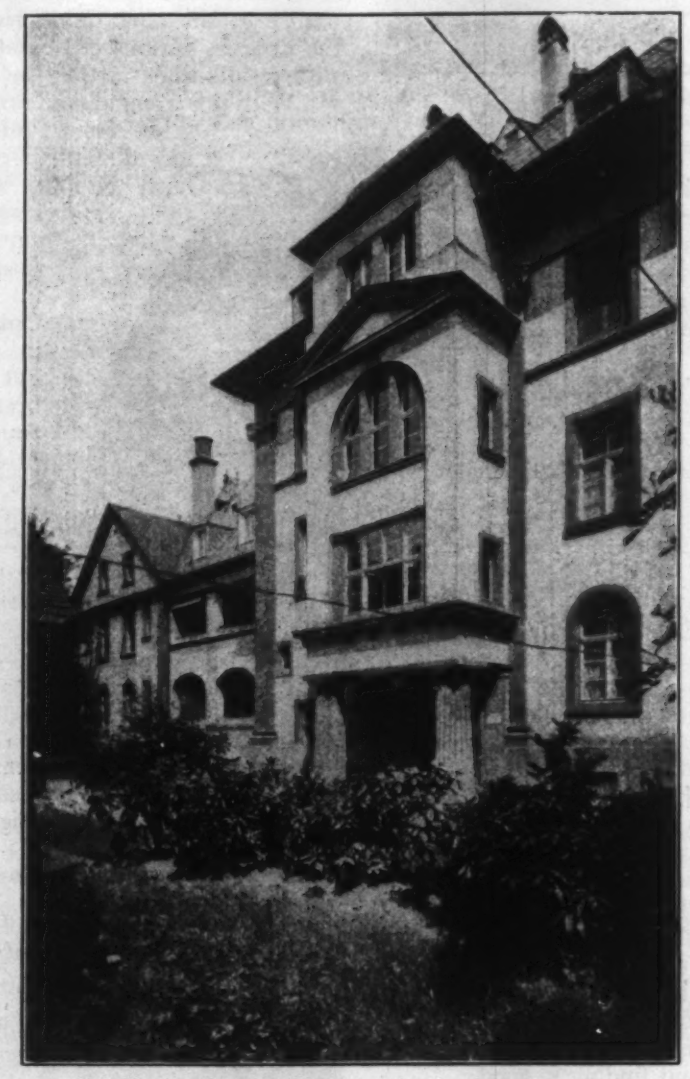
In June, 1916, Mrs. Rion, on a follow-up trip to this north-country village, "found Twilight Sleep not only in the mouths of everyone, but Twilight babies on every side, as thick as hops." These "hops" numbered no less than eighty, and more were constantly arriving so that neighbors, farmers, friends, "all had to be appealed to by the doctor to permit the privacy of their homes to be invaded by women from far counties, and neighbors, farmers and friends generously opened their hearts and homes to these mothers-to-be."

The influx finally became such a problem that the necessity of a Twilight Sleep home was plain. But war was at the full and building impossible. At last an old manor house was found and the doctor to whom had flocked mothers from every part of the kingdom was put in charge.

The birthrate for the section immediately leaped upward until now, in Mrs. Rion's words: "There are babies in every home where babies should be. I can testify that they are the most remarkable specimens of health and goodness I have ever seen. But the child's placidity is easily accounted for when we remember the amazing good health of the mother — the absolutely shockless condition — from the moment of the birth."

This was five years ago.

To-day throughout England and Scotland the Freiburg technique is being quietly followed in private houses by a number of doctors who do not talk overmuch about it. It can be taken in certain hospitals if desired. In London there are two maternity homes employing no other method.



The "Frauenklinik"

I visited the one at Streatham, established five years ago and now in charge of a resident physician, Dr. C. A. Horwitz, whose somewhat embattled position is that proper publicity is the duty of the medical man who has something new to offer. It tends, he thinks, to protect the public from quacks whose sensational advertising catches many a patient who would prefer the conservative physician if his modern methods were known.

Streatham Manor grew out of one case — a pioneer patient who had to beg for the Twilight treatment. The success of the case and the mother's enthusiasm led her to found a lasting memorial to the birth of her baby in the establishment of a maternity home. It so chanced that the doctor in the case, himself was to be a father, and in proof of his faith he now delivered his own child in Twilight Sleep. From that day on, he devoted his entire time to the new scopolamin-morphin method, and joined his former patient in financing this maternity home at Streatham in 1917. A year later 143 women went through "painless motherhood" there, and an average of 200 a year have been cared for since.

I talked to three new mothers in this sanitarium, one a woman of forty-four who had been in such fear and depression that she had contemplated suicide. Dr. Horwitz's assurances won her confidence and her three-day-old boy now lay beside her as she said:

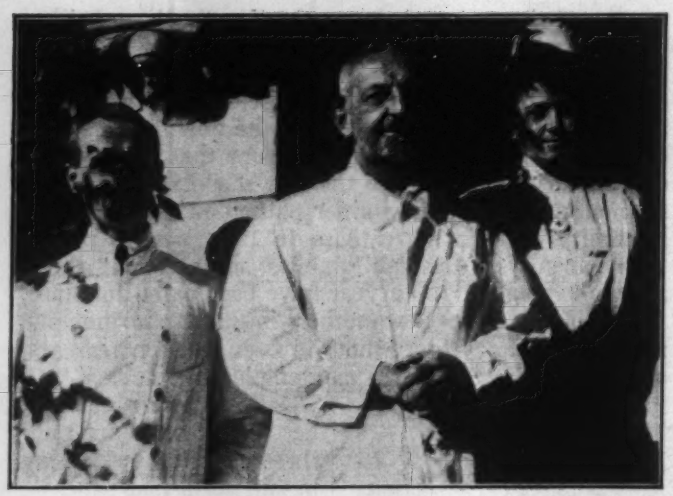
"It is miraculous. My only complaint is that, having no periscope, I didn't know what was going on! Once having made up my mind to go through with it, I expected a thrilling experience to talk about afterward. You know how women love their three favorite topics — men, servants and 'the terrible time we had when baby came!' Well, I've got to rely now on the first two. Twilight Sleep has robbed me of the third!"

Both the others had the same story to tell — the usual story of the Twilight mothers who, after the first injection of the combined drugs, recalls nothing but drowsy tiredness, an awakening to the realization that she must now go through her terrible hour, and then the astounding soft, woolly bundle being put in her arms — her baby.

Dr. Horwitz showed me the tiny vials, six to a box, containing the prepared solution, each about an inch in length, as thick as a lead pencil and hermetically sealed. The tip is to be broken off and the clear, amber fluid sucked into a hypodermic needle, for injection into the patient's thigh.

The initial dose contains morphine ¼ grain, scopolamin 1/150 to 1/130 grain. A second dose, given usually in one-half to three-quarters of an hour, contains approximately 1/450 grain of scopolamin but no morphine and may be repeated every hour until the birth. Three to six doses are most frequent, although ten to twenty are sometimes used, and Dr. F. W. N. Haultain, of Edinburgh Maternity Hospital, has given fifty-three, in a protracted case with complications.

There was some trouble at first in preserving the mixture so that safe supplies of it could be bought by



Professor Opitz and "Schwester Frieda"

physicians and kept at hand. A stable scopolamin has now been worked out by Prof. Straub, of the Freiburg Frauenklinik, and the formula published. It is called Straub's Scopolamin Haltbar and can be prepared by responsible chemists anywhere.

Statistics of women who have borne babies in this merciful twilight of consciousness are unobtainable in England, but Dr. Horwitz thinks one British doctor in ten is now willing to give the treatment in the course of his regular practice.

* * * *

In Germany, Dämmerschlaf is vigorously alive. In its early days Berlin and Freiburg quarreled over it and Berlin registered disapproval. Jealousy of little Freiburg by big Berlin, said many, was the cause. Dresden, which experimented along differing lines from those of the conscientious and painstaking Gauss, got bad results and joined Berlin in sneering. To-day, however, a number of hospitals (as in England) are quietly using the Freiburg method and many doctors are employing it in their own practice, still more quietly, and finding it good.

But Freiburg—picturesque little Black Forest city near the Rhine, victim of twenty-seven air raids, six of which necessitated the Frauenklinik patients being hastily whisked to the cellars and one of which blew to fragments a wing of the hospital and the adjoining street—Freiburg is the center of Twilight Sleep's purest practice and newest developments. It is here the science of obstetrical anesthesia has been worked out to a perfection that sets a standard for the world. It is here I went for information, saw four women on the verge of motherhood and watched the administration and results of scopolamin—drug of strange action, differing from chloroform in that it prevents what is happening to the nerves being registered on the brain but does not render the brain unconscious nor interfere with bodily function.

Chloroform temporarily paralyzes the brain and shuts off all sensation. Scopolamin disconnects communication between sensation and the brain so that memory is instantaneously obliterated. Events tap at the brain, but do not get let in. A clouded consciousness exists, bodily action and reaction goes on and the mind knows, but refuses to charge itself with, what is happening to the body. It is as if you took up a telephone receiver, called your number, delivered your message, but no one at the central office recorded it. It is a lost message.

It was this peculiar phenomenon I wanted to see at the Klinik where Dr. Gauss, giving scopolamin to a woman in lieu of a local anesthetic some twenty years ago, discovered that she had no subsequent remembrance of the operation. He then experimented with the drug in various combinations for obstetrical cases, with results that startled the world.

With this in mind, and armed with my letter of invitation from Professor Doktor Erich Opitz, now director-in-chief, succeeding Dr. Bernhard Krönig, who died in the war, I reached the pretty town one gay, sunny morning and was greeted heartily at the hospital by "Der Geheimrat," Opitz. Dr. Gauss is no longer in charge of Dämmerschlaf, but presides over another branch, and is soon to retire from the Klinik to pursue his private practice.

I proceeded slowly, knowing all too well the aversion of doctors to publicity, and fearing in this case additional reticence on the score of our countries' recent enmity. I wish to make it very plain that Professor Opitz, his assistants and nurses, and Dr. Gauss, a man of charm and sensitiveness, were kindness itself, and showed not the slightest trace of ill-feeling.

"The Geheimrat will be down immediately," said the

Above, Mrs. Levine shortly before her Twilight Sleep baby was born

Below, with "Schwester" Anna and Mrs. Walling, afterwards

smiling nurse, pulling forward a chair in the bare little reception room; "he is expecting you."

He came. A tall, broad man with rugged features, piercing light-blue eyes, the usual cropped head of the German and upon the left cheek the inevitable sabre-scars. He wore his clean, stiff, white-duck hospital gown and held out a welcoming hand.

"So! You have a long way come! I shall tell you as best I can with my poor English how we have improvements made in artificial Dämmerschlaf. Later you would care to see some cases, yes?"

I agreed with alacrity and we got down at once to the "improvements." First, let me say that in Freiburg the sleep is called "artificial" because it brings about a condition similar to that well known by alienists, in which the patient is apparently awake and has all his muscular faculties, his mind being quite aloof. Absent-mindedness, in very truth.

"The strongest criticism we had," went on Dr. Opitz, "was that our treatment produced 'blue babies' —oligopnic, with poor circulation and retarded breathing. A number did suffer from this, not crying for several minutes, and appearing to be slightly narcotized.

"Under the strictest care and observation, then, we cut down the dosage to the absolute minimum that would keep the mother in a sufficiently clouded state. The scopolamin was scaled down to between 1/150 and 1/200 of a grain; the morphine to slightly less than ¼ grain. This was not, understand, a standardized dose. Standardization is impossible because women cannot be standardized.

Streatham Manor, London home of twilight sleep

"But we *have* reduced the percentage of oligopnic children from 25 per cent. (about 1903 to 1908) to 12 per cent. (1908 to 1912), and to-day such drowsy births occur in less than one-twelfth of our Dämmerschlaf cases. There has never been a death in our Klinik from such a condition.

"Personally I regard this delayed breathing (oligopnœa) as a benefit. It lessens the danger of premature respiration and of the baby drawing into the bronchial passages certain poisonous fluids which are naturally present. Left to itself, the baby breathes normally in ten to twelve minutes and assumes a natural color. Whatever infinitesimal trace of the drug passes to its system is thrown off in an hour or two. Asphyxia, the most serious breathing difficulty in births, never occurs in Twilight Sleep.

"The figures for mortality in our hospital are much lower than for the province of Baden as a whole. The deaths for mother and for child under Twilight are *less than one-half the number without it. It has cut the baby death rate from 3.4 per cent. to 1.3 per cent. We have a lower baby-and-mother death rate than any other Klinik in Europe.*"

This would seem to destroy the ancient bugaboo of "Twilight Sleep makes blue babies—Ooooh!", a superstition as difficult to banish as the one about Japanese banks having Chinese tellers, and that in Soviet Russia the women are nationalized.

To the objection that Dämmerschlaf is injurious to the mother, Dr. Opitz says that, on the contrary, there has never been a case known among the more than 12,000 the Frauenklinik has cared for to date, of such harm. In a period of nearly two years, 83 per cent. of Twilight mothers nursed their babies, while of those who bore them in full consciousness only 67 per cent. did so.

There are to-day in Freiburg several hundred boys and girls of eighteen years or more — Twilight babies of the early days — whose physical and mental development is pointed to with pride as proof that nothing bad happens to them in after-life as the price of their painless entry into the world.

"They are just like other babies," smiles Opitz, "as normal, healthy and intelligent — except that they have not cost their mothers needless suffering."

Another improvement the doctors of the Freiburg school have worked out is an increase in the percentage of pain obliteration. Formerly the scopolamin - morphine treatment was completely successful in 80 per cent. of cases. That is, eighty out of every hundred mothers remembered nothing of their ordeal. To-day, with an average of 1,200 Twilight mothers a year, 97 per cent. of cases are perfect, with no recollection after the first dose of scopolamin is given.

Six times were patients on the eve of motherhood carried from the wards to the cellars of the Klinik during air raids in the war, *without remembering anything of it, or suffering from shock,* though pedestrians in the street just behind were killed.

* * * *

Dr. Opitz promised to telephone me should any cases be called on that night's calendar. Accordingly, at a quarter to midnight an agitated porter knocked at the door of my hotel room (price for room and bath, 30 marks—about a quarter!).

"The Geheimrat at the Frauenklinik says come!"

I tumbled out of bed, into some clothes and pell-melled through the dark and frosty medieval streets to the old Klinik, quiet and comfortable, with yellow window-eyes blinking out into its silent garden.

The doctor laid aside my hat and coat, buttoned me into a white-duck duster and led me to the maternity wing. There are pay rooms accommodating one patient or two, and free wards with beds for four or six. Two of the mothers-to-be were in one of the private rooms,

two in the ward, but before we left two others came casually in, took off their work-aprons and put themselves in charge of the nurse. These "free" patients are of peasant type who, in exchange for cooking and cleaning about the hospital, are cared for during confinement. They may have Twilight Sleep if they wish it. About two-thirds of them do.

We tiptoed into a large room with thickly padded door. A pay room. A bed at either side wall, with a screen about it, a green-shaded lamp shedding twilight from a small table between the two. The nurse moved noiselessly, capably. The doctor and his assistant spoke in whispers. Momentarily the place had a look of peace and comfort. Momentarily . . . Then the figures on the beds — —

To my supplicating glance Opitz responded with his doctorly smile and his reassuring:

"Oh, this is nothing, nothing — — It is only the beginning of the serious part."

He spoke to the women — little, young things, pretty and frightened, and trying to be brave in this the "second stage" of their hard task (I know now why they call it "labor"). Examinations were made and a nod to the nurse, who set about preparing her hypodermic. An injection was given, near the hip (the second dose, the first having been given before I arrived).

We pussyfooted out and paid a visit to the free ward, returning in half an hour to the first room, to find the mothers-to-be more comfortable, with less tossing and crying out. The doctor bent over each in turn, asking questions.

"Memory test," whispered the assistant to me. "Der Geheimrat showed to this one a vase of flowers a few minutes ago. She does not remember it. The other one he asks about the examination, and she insists she had had none, although you saw him make it."

The young physician seemed well satisfied. Had the patients remembered, another dose (scopolamin but no morphine) would have been given.

"But they are still suffering," I whispered as we went into the corridor.

"That is what deceives the inexperienced observer. They are not suffering in proportion to appearances. And they will remember nothing of it."

We went again to the free ward. Here the manifestations of pain were less restrained. Of the two patients I watched, one was to have Twilight Sleep, the other refused it. The former was given her second injection, and while I stood uneasily in the background (for perhaps ten or fifteen minutes), became perceptibly calmer. This did not go unnoticed by the occupant of the neighboring bed who, after holding out as long as she could, begged for the relief of the merciful drug, and was given it.

Next morning I visited again the four women, mothers now in real fact.

"This lady —" the doctor pointed to me, after greeting Mother No. 1 and admiring her eight-pound son, three hours old, "paid you four visits last night. Remember her?"

"Ja — I remember well. But not four times came she, only once. It was just after I went to bed, and right afterwards was my baby born."

Clearly she recalled nothing of my several comings-in, nor of the long nine hours of her twilight wanderings.

The others likewise. Just a vague perception of pain and trouble, then tiredness, drowsiness, an occasional dart of brain-effort as some question was put, some command given which was always obeyed (for never is the patient's mind so detached that she cannot concentrate it for the moment, and at no time are her normal muscular functions relaxed), then a slow awakening as from deep sleep, a sense of thirst, slightly dilated pupils caused by the drug — and the Grand Surprise of being shown the Baby! Their stories are all alike, for the hours of the Twilight mother's maternity experience are hours dropped out of her life.

Dr. Gauss received me later in the wing of the hospital devoted to general gynecological work. He is a smallish, slender man of careful grooming, about forty-eight, with black hair beginning to silver, keen blue eyes, regular features and a close-clipped, pointed beard. His voice and manner are gentle, diffident almost, but one recognizes instantly the man of highest intellect, the scientific seriousness of whose mind is tempered by kindliness and sympathy.

Like Prof. Opitz, he was loath to talk for publication. They are kind, but at the first attempt to get concrete information the reporter becomes as a burglar whose victim makes a dash for the spoons. It is only when the burglar, gun in hand, so to say, sits down and "reasons" that the "spoons" he intends to "steal" will be of tremendous assistance to those in need and that all responsibility for stealing them is the burglar's, that the visit becomes fruitful at all . . . .

"There are," was finally extracted from Dr. Gauss, "several reasons why Dämmerschlaf cannot become what you call popular. The dosage and memory tests are impossible to standardize. A physician must be experienced not only as a physician, but as a Twilight Sleep specialist, if results are to be perfect. I believe two years of observation and study of this treatment are necessary before anyone should use it.

"Attempts to standardize it have led to great trouble; our sharpest criticism coming from those who tried to use standardized dosage instead of a finely-sensed gradation of the drugs according to the patient's individual need.

"I hold the memory test to be the all-important thing. Only in this way can the exact mental state of the mother be ascertained and the dose regulated."

At this point Dr. Gauss suddenly surprised me by asking the very question I had come to ask of him:

"What has become of Twilight Sleep," he said, "in America?"

"We don't know. It is seldom spoken of."

A fugitive smile crinkled his eyes and he nodded as if recalling the commotion that followed his exposition of the treatment in 1913.

"I think," he said, "that what has happened is not to Dämmerschlaf but to the mistakes that were committed in its name." He said it not harshly at all, only as though he regretted the impatience that left the study uncompleted and the results condemned.

"There is no doubt whatever that, properly given, Dämmerschlaf is without danger — as proved by our thousands of records — is an immense boon to mothers — as proved by our grateful ones — and that the longer experience physicians have with it, the surer it is that it should not and cannot die."

The Klinik doctors bring their wives and sisters to take the Sleep — a valid proof of its efficacy you will admit. Its chief director hopes other women will come — from across the sea, perhaps, if they cannot find the treatment at home. But the doctors are far from wishing to say anything that can be construed as that most heinous of all things, advertising. They have suffered

enough from that already, say they, looking as though they meant it.

* * * *

Meantime my friend from Paris had arrived, the terrified little person whose need had first led to the question, "What's become of Twilight Sleep"? In a huge, sunny room at the top of the Klinik I found her, but no longer a terrified little person.

"This is Heaven!" was her greeting, waving a hand at the cheerful big chamber with wide windows at which tree-branches tapped and birds twittered. "I haven't a fear in the world and I'm so glad I came that I could dance and sing and laugh for joy."

"Yes — she is a different person," beamed her sister who had crossed the ocean to be with her. "No wonder you look surprised. We have a feeling everything will turn out beautifully."

It did. A week later this "first enemy mother" to be received at the Frauenklinik since the war, bore her little son in a Twilight Sleep that was 100 per cent. perfect. Four injections of the drug were given about an hour apart. The baby was born in that slightly oligopnic state so bitterly decried by those who are prejudiced against the method. It did not breathe normally for half a minute and had the bluish tinge that frightens the inexperienced. Without artificial aid, however, young Boris got his breath and used it in a vigorous howl which seemed at the same time to ruddy his complexion like one of those funny old German barometers where the colors indicate "lilac for storms" and "rose for clearing."

Professor Doktor Erich Opitz, director of the "Frauenklinik," Freiburg

Mrs. Rose Strunsky Levine, the mother, with her sister, Mrs. William English Walling, of Greenwich, Conn., stayed three weeks at the Klinik for rest and the recuperative exercises prescribed for new mothers, although, like the majority of women who take Twilight Sleep, she could have left safely in seven or eight days. Her health is better than it has been for years, the baby is thriving, and both she and Mrs. Walling regard as fairly a miracle this boon of birth that leaves no scarring memories.

Before the war a number of American women were patients of Krönig and Gauss. The first to apply was Mrs. Emmet, already several times a mother, who came in the summer of 1908. Her experience was not regarded as 100 per cent. perfect, but was so satisfactory *to her* that two years later she came again, and a third time a year after that.

Mrs. Cecil Stewart, of New York, soon followed. Mrs. Joseph Sargent, hearing of the Freiburg successes, came up from Spain to have her baby there. Mrs. Mark Boyd's "Peter" arrived in January, 1914, and Mrs. Francis X. Carmody's the following September. In the summer of 1914, while the Twilight Sleep controversy raged both in Germany and in the United States, so many American doctors flocked to Freiburg to investigate at the behest of women patients, that hotels were hard put to house them — fifty being registered there at one time. War broke, and they rushed home, to find the subject flaring anew, sweeping the country from coast to coast.

This simmered down through various stages of belief and unbelief, attack, ridicule, opposition and acceptance, to a quiet relinquishment of the whole subject as far as the public was concerned, until today to the question, "What's become of Twilight Sleep?" the answer will be a blank look and an echo, "That's so — what *has* become of it?"

The gynecologist who for a time had the sanitarium on Riverside still employs the treatment in his private practice.

"Don't get the idea," says he, "that Twilight Sleep is dead. It has simply passed from public talk to private use. Hospitals in general no longer apply it. Conditions are unsuitable and it takes too much time and care. I use it constantly and a number of other doctors do, too. But we don't talk about it."

At the Jewish Maternity Hospital on East Broadway, New York, where Twilight Sleep was given a fair trial six years ago and good results obtained despite unsuitable surroundings, it is now not used at all.

"This is not," says a member of the staff, "because it does not accomplish what is claimed for it, but because it is regarded as no better than methods which are less trouble. Women who want it and are willing to pay can have it. I used scopolamin-morphine twenty-odd years ago, before Twilight Sleep was ever heard of."

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two in the ward, but before we left two others came casually in, took off their work-aprons and put themselves in charge of the nurse. These "free" patients are of peasant type who, in exchange for cooking and cleaning about the hospital, are cared for during confinement. They may have Twilight Sleep if they wish it. About two-thirds of them do.

We tiptoed into a large room with thickly padded door. A pay room. A bed at either side wall, with a screen about it, a green-shaded lamp shedding twilight from a small table between the two. The nurse moved noiselessly, capably. The doctor and his assistant spoke in whispers. Momentarily the place had a look of peace and comfort. Momentarily . . . Then the figures on the beds — —

To my supplicating glance Opitz responded with his doctorly smile and his reassuring:

"Oh, this is nothing, nothing — — It is only the beginning of the serious part."

He spoke to the women — little, young things, pretty and frightened, and trying to be brave in this the "second stage" of their hard task (I know now why they call it "labor"). Examinations were made and a nod to the nurse, who set about preparing her hypodermic. An injection was given, near the hip (the second dose, the first having been given before I arrived).

We pussyfooted out and paid a visit to the free ward, returning in half an hour to the first room, to find the mothers-to-be more comfortable, with less tossing and crying out. The doctor bent over each in turn, asking questions.

"Memory test," whispered the assistant to me. "Der Geheimrat showed to this one a vase of flowers a few minutes ago. She does not remember it. The other one he asks about the examination, and she insists she had had none, although you saw him make it."

The young physician seemed well satisfied. Had the patients remembered, another dose (scopolamin but no morphine) would have been given.

"But they are still suffering," I whispered as we went into the corridor.

"That is what deceives the inexperienced observer. They are not suffering in proportion to appearances. And they will remember nothing of it."

We went again to the free ward. Here the manifestations of pain were less restrained. Of the two patients I watched, one was to have Twilight Sleep, the other refused it. The former was given her second injection, and while I stood uneasily in the background (for perhaps ten or fifteen minutes), became perceptibly calmer. This did not go unnoticed by the occupant of the neighboring bed who, after holding out as long as she could, begged for the relief of the merciful drug, and was given it.

Next morning I visited again the four women, mothers now in real fact.

"This lady —" the doctor pointed to me, after greeting Mother No. 1 and admiring her eight-pound son, three hours old, "paid you four visits last night. Remember her?"

"Ja — I remember well. But not four times came she, only once. It was just after I went to bed, and right afterwards was my baby born."

Clearly she recalled nothing of my several comings-in, nor of the long nine hours of her twilight wanderings.

The others likewise. Just a vague perception of pain and trouble, then tiredness, drowsiness, an occasional dart of brain-effort as some question was put, some command given which was always obeyed (for never is the patient's mind so detached that she cannot concentrate it for the moment, and at no time are her normal muscular functions relaxed), then a slow awakening as from deep sleep, a sense of thirst, slightly dilated pupils caused by the drug — and the Grand Surprise of being shown the Baby! Their stories are all alike, for the hours of the Twilight mother's maternity experience are hours dropped out of her life.

Dr. Gauss received me later in the wing of the hospital devoted to general gynecological work. He is a smallish, slender man of careful grooming, about forty-eight, with black hair beginning to silver, keen blue eyes, regular features and a close-clipped, pointed beard. His voice and manner are gentle, diffident almost, but one recognizes instantly the man of highest intellect, the scientific seriousness of whose mind is tempered by kindliness and sympathy.

Like Prof. Opitz, he was loath to talk for publication. They are kind, but at the first attempt to get concrete information the reporter becomes as a burglar whose victim makes a dash for the spoons. It is only when the burglar, gun in hand, so to say, sits down and "reasons" that the "spoons" he intends to "steal" will be of tremendous assistance to those in need and that all responsibility for stealing them is the burglar's, that the visit becomes fruitful at all . . . .

"There are," was finally extracted from Dr. Gauss, "several reasons why Dämmerschlaf cannot become what you call popular. The dosage and memory tests are impossible to standardize. A physician must be experienced not only as a physician, but as a Twilight Sleep specialist, if results are to be perfect. I believe two years of observation and study of this treatment are necessary before anyone should use it.

"Attempts to standardize it have led to great trouble; our sharpest criticism coming from those who tried to use standardized dosage instead of a finely-sensed gradation of the drugs according to the patient's individual need.

"I hold the memory test to be the all-important thing. Only in this way can the exact mental state of the mother be ascertained and the dose regulated."

At this point Dr. Gauss suddenly surprised me by asking the very question I had come to ask of him:

"What has become of Twilight Sleep," he said, "in America?"

"We don't know. It is seldom spoken of."

A fugitive smile crinkled his eyes and he nodded as if recalling the commotion that followed his exposition of the treatment in 1913.

"I think," he said, "that what has happened is not to Dämmerschlaf but to the mistakes that were committed in its name." He said it not harshly at all, only as though he regretted the impatience that left the study uncompleted and the results condemned.

"There is no doubt whatever that, properly given, Dämmerschlaf is without danger — as proved by our thousands of records — is an immense boon to mothers — as proved by our grateful ones — and that the longer experience physicians have with it, the surer it is that it should not and cannot die."

The Klinik doctors bring their wives and sisters to take the Sleep — a valid proof of its efficacy you will admit. Its chief director hopes other women will come — from across the sea, perhaps, if they cannot find the treatment at home. But the doctors are far from wishing to say anything that can be construed as that most heinous of all things, advertising. They have suffered

enough from that already, say they, looking as though they meant it.

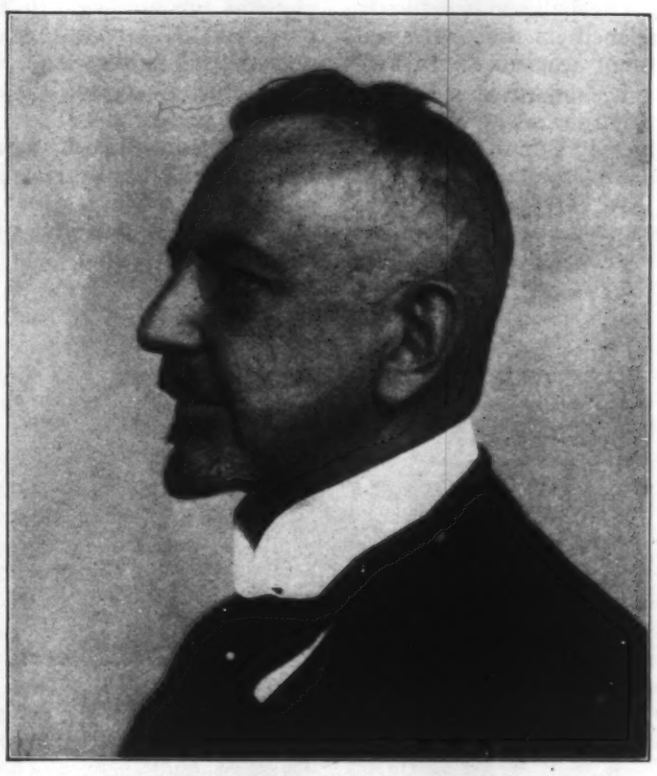
* * * *

Meantime my friend from Paris had arrived, the terrified little person whose need had first led to the question, "What's become of Twilight Sleep"? In a huge, sunny room at the top of the Klinik I found her, but no longer a terrified little person.

"This is Heaven!" was her greeting, waving a hand at the cheerful big chamber with wide windows at which tree-branches tapped and birds twittered. "I haven't a fear in the world and I'm so glad I came that I could dance and sing and laugh for joy."

"Yes — she is a different person," beamed her sister who had crossed the ocean to be with her. "No wonder you look surprised. We have a feeling everything will t u r'n o u t beautifully."

It did. A week later this "first enemy mother" to be received at the Frauenklinik s i n c e the w a r, b o r e her little son in a Twilight Sleep that was 100 per cent. perfect. F o u r injections of the drug were g i v e n about an hour apart. The baby was born in that slightly oligopnic state so bitterly decried by those who are prejudiced against the method. It did not breathe normally for half a minute and had the bluish tinge that frightens the inexperienced. Without artificial aid, however, young Boris got his breath and used it in a vigorous howl which seemed at the same time to ruddy his complexion like one of those funny old German barometers where the colors indicate "lilac for storms" and "rose for clearing."



Professor Doktor Erich Opitz, director of the "Frauenklinik," Freiburg

Mrs. Rose Strunsky Levine, the mother, with her sister, Mrs. William English Walling, of Greenwich, Conn., stayed three weeks at the Klinik for rest and the recuperative exercises prescribed for new mothers, although, like the majority of women who take Twilight Sleep, she could have left safely in seven or eight days. Her health is better than it has been for years, the baby is thriving, and both she and Mrs. Walling regard as fairly a miracle this boon of birth that leaves no scarring memories.

Before the war a number of American women were patients of Krönig and Gauss. The first to apply was Mrs. Emmet, already several times a mother, who came in the summer of 1908. Her experience was not regarded as 100 per cent. perfect, but was so satisfactory *to her* that two years later she came again, and a third time a year after that.

Mrs. Cecil Stewart, of New York, soon followed. Mrs. Joseph Sargent, hearing of the Freiburg successes, came up from Spain to have her baby there. Mrs. Mark Boyd's "Peter" arrived in January, 1914, and Mrs. Francis X. Carmody's the following September. In the summer of 1914, while the Twilight Sleep controversy raged both in Germany and in the United States, so many American doctors flocked to Freiburg to investigate at the behest of women patients, that hotels were hard put to house them — fifty being registered there at one time. War broke, and they rushed home, to find the subject flaring anew, sweeping the country from coast to coast.

This simmered down through various stages of belief and unbelief, attack, ridicule, opposition and acceptance, to a quiet relinquishment of the whole subject as far as the public was concerned, until today to the question, "What's become of Twilight Sleep?" the answer will be a blank look and an echo, "That's so — what *has* become of it?"

The gynecologist who for a time had the sanitarium on Riverside still employs the treatment in his private practice.

"Don't get the idea," says he, "that Twilight Sleep is dead. It has simply passed from public talk to private use. Hospitals in general no longer apply it. Conditions are unsuitable and it takes too much time and care. I use it constantly and a number of other doctors do, too. But we don't talk about it."

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Twilight Sleep–II

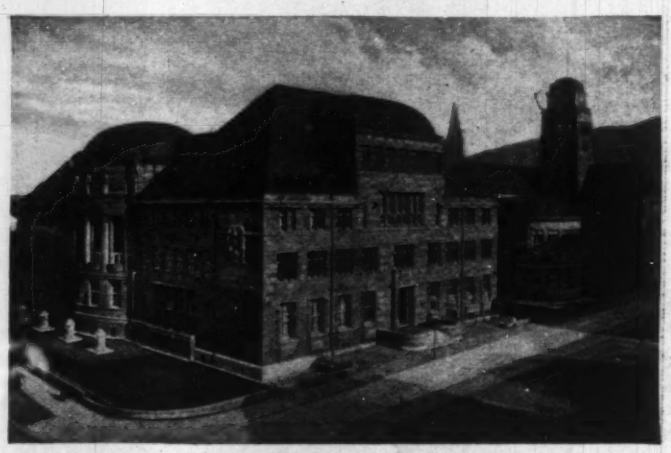
Chronicle of an experience in the maternity hospital at Freiburg

By Anna Strunsky Walling

IT IS my sister's first baby and she is frail. She is leaning heavily on Twilight Sleep, but the doctors we consult insist that that staff is a broken reed. It is not the war with its prejudices and its calousness to human suffering that is the cause in America of the cessation of interest in Twilight Sleep. It is simply that the method does not work. Scopolamin is a treacherous drug. They have abandoned its use. One was never sure of how the patient would react to it. In Twilight Sleep the babies came blue and often still-born. There is danger to the brain of the infant. There is danger to the mother, though less than to the infant. Such is the verdict of the whole medical world outside of Germany. How can we stand up against so much weight of opinion?

True, we have the testimony of the two or three Twilight Sleep mothers and babies whom we know. The grandmother of one of these had said the doctors were against Twilight Sleep because they did not care what agony the woman suffered providing it was reasonably certain that she would survive.

I repeat this to a physician. He is indignant. It has always been the function of science to alleviate pain as far as possible. Twilight Sleep endangers the baby! To go through all the months of hope and suffering and end with nothing — that is the last futility, the greatest defeat of all! There is no tragedy so poignant as the tragedy of the childless mother.



Freiburg University, of which the Frauenklinik is a part

We are in Paris when a letter arrives from Professor Opitz of the Universitäts Frauenklinik, Freiburg, Im Breisgau.

It is his second communication in response to ours. The Geheimrath does not give theories but facts. Our doubts are laid. We make ready for our journey to Freiburg, our Promised Land of Motherhood, hopefully.

It is late September, but the summer has lasted. Hardly a leaf is on the ground. The beauty of Freiburg delights us — her parks, her wooded hills and mountains, her river, her cathedral with its great spire. We feel the spell of the peace and the charm of this city of colleges, clinics and churches — a city which seems consecrated to science and to religion — the spirit of the former brilliant, bold, modern — that of the latter the incarnation of forces upon which was based the whole existence of the past. Here there seems no gap between the bygone and the present. Organization, fearlessness, faith in the achievement of mankind — these forces have gone on without interruption throughout the centuries from the time when the only school was the church.

We are on the way to the maternity hospital, incognito, as it were, to familiarize ourselves with its physical surroundings, to accustom ourselves to its atmosphere. We pass through blocks of hospitals and university buildings and everywhere we meet white-robed doctors, scientists and attendants, and hatless students and professors.

We sit on a bench under a tree in the court of the University Maternity Hospital and watch the nurses flitting to and fro and the mothers with infants in their arms. The yellow stucco buildings with their gold and blue decorations have a home-like, friendly air.

We are in the office of the Geheimrath, a tall, middle-aged man with eyes like stars, a personality at once distinguished and fatherly. "What did you mean in your letter by 'blue baby, blue baby?'" he demands, pronouncing the words "blue baby" in English.

We tell him that in America there is such a preponderance of "blue" babies from Twilight Sleep that the method has been abandoned.

That is too bad, but that has nothing to do with them! If Twilight Sleep succeeds in one place it should succeed anywhere. The female organism is the same in Germany as in America.

"Your sister is the first enemy-mother to come to Freiburg since the war." Enemy-mother! What a contradiction in terms! So there is carried on for us a kind of spiritual diplomacy — they will prove to her and to me that we were wise and fortunate to have gone to them across every obstacle and discouragement. By special dispensation we are allowed to move from the hotel to the Frauenklinik. They give us their best room, flooded with sunlight — a chamber with sparkling and chaste appointments. They add a desk which they place in a window facing the Schlossberg. We come to this room at night and we speak in whispers to each other, so overwhelmed are we by the knowledge that we are in a hospital. Particularly impressive are the white, padded, double doors. I am my sister's "pflegerin", or care-taker, a title inscribed on my passport by the chief of police and which gives me the legal right to my stay in Freiburg.

It is wonderful to be well and strong and to be living in a great center of modern science like this hospital! When it is still dark I return from a pilgrimage of discovery to find the breakfast-tray already waiting on the chair by the bed. We talk, and laugh, and plan, and dream. The burden of the months of worry and fear seem suddenly to have lifted. The Geheimrath has only one answer to all our doubts and queries — "Macht nichts!" It does not matter — and it becomes our slogan. Living in the hospital is like going to college again. My youth and my freedom rush back upon me. My sister reads and rests and I have time for everything — to climb the Schlossberg, to explore the city, to visit clinics, to go to the Universitäts "movies", where I see productions of operations, the rapidly moving fingers in the white gloves, enlarged on the screen to a point of ludicrous clumsiness, being those of the Oberarzt Lindig, whose guest I am. From our windows we watch the school children, neat and healthy looking, with their school books on their backs, barefooted, or at best wearing wooden sandals. I market and shop, and go to the Passion Play, and visit the opera and theatre, and look in on political meetings. I have the stimulation of the daily, though brief contacts with the doctors, who assume in my mind the proportions of men who are perhaps immortals in science.

The Frauenklinik is our home. If visitors come the nurse brings in coffee and refreshments without the need of ringing a bell. On her suggestion we supplement the hospital food. We buy coffee, butter, eggs and fruit. It takes much persuasion on our part to overcome the resistance of the nurses to sharing these with us, particularly the eggs which they have not eaten in years. During the war they were not to be had and now the price was prohibitive.

The Schlossberg, a thickly wooded mountain terraced into a park, rises before us mysterious and alluring. The air has the Italian warmth with the wine-like tang of Switzerland. We are on the balcony adjoining our room on the third floor of the hospital, and from this height Freiburg, with its red roofs and green spires, seems at once intimate and remote. There is more of nature here than city, more of the Schwartzwald on the edge of which we are situated, more of the mountains which surround us on every side, than of pavements and of dwellings. Sitting with us are the Oberarzt, the house physician, and two Americans come for material on Twilight Sleep. It is obvious that to the doctors the story of Twilight Sleep is an old one. They would prefer to speak of the use of caseine against fever, the Oberarzt's discovery, his "child", to which he gave three years of his life. Caseine is the protein of milk, which, he claims, if hypodermically injected prevents childbed fever and other fevers from infection. He speaks of the eighty articles and brochures already written on this subject, of the adoption of the method in the hospitals of Spain and Italy. Instead of three hundred cases annually of puerperal fever they have not had one since the use of caseine.

The doctors introduce another subject — that of hypnotism which is also used in labor. The method is simple. The woman's confidence is gained by a kind of dress rehearsal before the event. She is hypnotized and it is proven to her that she can feel no pain even when a needle is pushed into her thigh. She then is told that the same obliviousness to pain will be hers during the labor if she is hypnotized. Both the Geheimrath and the Oberarzt were successfully experimenting with hypnotism in other hospitals in Germany and Austria. The important thing was for the physician himself to have confidence in the method.

Hypnotism is perhaps the method of the future, the treatment that surpasses even the humaneness, the efficacy and the safety of Twilight Sleep, since it obviates the use of drugs. Hypnotism does not cut off the mother from the ability of assisting the doctor, which in labor is of so much importance — we sit and listen to the Oberarzt spellbound.

Dr. Lindig had not administered the Dämmerschlaf to his wife when his son was born — the labor was progressing too quickly and normally. To him there is something valuable in the suffering. He likens the labor pains to the climbing of a mountain, thankless and difficult until you reach the top. The reward lies in the feeling of achievement. Phrases float through my mind, reminiscent ideas heard somewhere, sometime — the pangs which make all mothers kin — women have always suffered — it is their right and their privilege — it is the basis of the love of mother and child.

Does the mother surrender the happiness and the exultation of maternity when she resorts to Twilight Sleep or to any other means which affords her an escape from agony? The question reduces itself to an absurdity. Does the woman who has an easier time in childbirth love her child less and feel less happy at the advent than the one who has a harder time? Besides, has she not enough of suffering in all that goes before, in the months of gestation — months of serious illness often and of grave discomfort always? Has she not enough of suffering in the hours preceding the Dämmerschlaf and enough to bear in the recovery? Is not the fact that the child is hers, blood of her blood, bone of her bone, flame of her spirit from the beginning of time to the end — do not these facts transcend the matter of physical pain? What of the rapture of the father and the grandfather? They have not suffered yet they love! It is in our psychology to love what gives us happiness. We love our children for the happiness they give us which so much outweighs the pain. Joy which comes in a haze of glory and happiness and inspiration, which exalts and fills the heart with a pæan of praise — joy, whatever it may be — is it not dearer than that which comes with terror and suffering?

Rather than agonizing and crying out is it not more beautiful to lie in a state between consciousness and unconsciousness, in a wonderful middle land, more beautiful to wake up and find herself in possession of her child than to fight her way to him in torture and anguish?

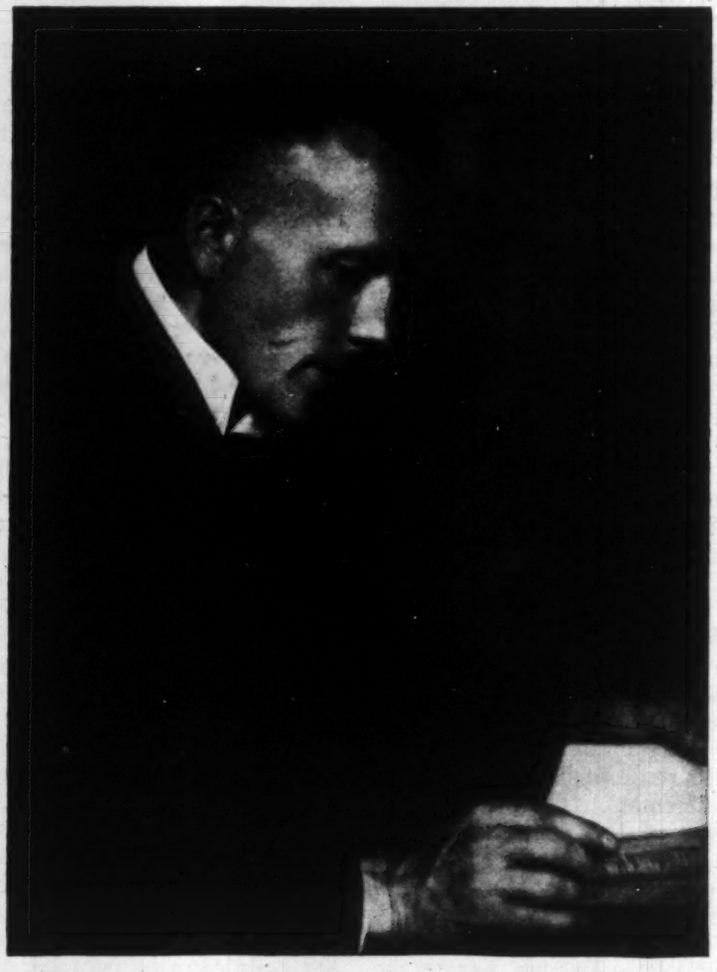
One evening my sister is not well and the nurse brings in Schwester Anna, whom we had not met before. Her voice is low and musical, her language the pure high German of Speilhagen and Auerbach, her thought lofty and poetical. Her outstanding quality is her self obliteration, or better her awareness of others. She has not a thought for herself so the thought of her clings to all who come in contact with her like the fragrance of the wild flowers that grow in her own Schwartzwald. She has a thirst for beauty and lives in intimate companionship with nature. We learn this later when we hear her describe a sunset over a lake in the mountains and go with her and her friend into the country.

Schwester Anna tells us about the clinic as it was in Kroenig's time — Kroenig who was head of the Maternity Hospital when Gauss discovered Twilight Sleep. She speaks of that time as the free, great days. Kroenig's statue stands in the hall of the hospital and on All Saints Day Schwester Barbara, our nurse, goes to

the cemetery to put a wreath on Kroenig's grave. She reveres his memory as do all those who had worked with him. There seems to be a new tendency in the Frauenklinik, perhaps created by the war, a conservative tendency. Of the radical and brilliant methods of the old group there remains only Gauss. He is adored by colleagues, students and patients. To work with him, is to live. You feel yourself part of forces that embrace the future. The idea that I should meet Professor Gauss comes from Schwester Anna.

Schwester Barbara stands looking about her. "How happy we were when this building was first opened and when we flowed over into it from the one across the court! These white Morris chairs we put in later, and the couches. The picture on the wall was hung by an American mother the day on which she left!"

The busy hands rest for a few minutes while she speaks. She is just up from a severe attack of pneumonia. "I am tired, I have worked fourteen years in this hospital. I cannot continue. I should have a year to go to a farm to recuperate. But that would cost eighty marks a day. How could I ever afford that? We get two hundred marks a month and twenty-five must go for taxes." She speaks of the war. They ate nothing but the soup which smelled of petroleum — the same soup twice a day for two years. Sometimes on their free days they would go to the country. The farmers, knowing they were nurses, would give them a little milk or an egg or two. They brought that back with them to give to needier than themselves. How could a well person allow herself to eat when there were sick who needed the food? "What did the war bring to anybody? Why did they go on with it for so long?"



Professor "Doktor" Paul Lindig, Oberarzt, discoverer of the use ofCaseine as a preventative of fever

She describes the air bombardments which the hospital sustained for three long years. Among the killed were doctors and nurses and patients. They were no sooner out of their cellars than they had to rush their patients back to them. Often patients became panic-stricken and delirious. It was worse than death.

She takes us up to her little room, where there are flowers in pots, engravings on the walls, and books — Goethe, Schiller and Shakespeare. In this room she had been allowed to keep for a year an infant whose mother, after triumphantly steering through the dangers of childbirth, died of an infected tooth! His father fell in the war and she has now lost track of the child. Even if he comes to Freiburg when he is grown, to see his mother's grave, he will never know that she had cared for him like a mother and had had through him a mother's joy. Her story ended, "I must let in the day for you," she says, and she walks wearily to the window to pull up the heavy iron shutter and she stands for a moment with eyes lifted to the sky.

The Geheimrath in his white gown is passing down the corridor followed by a little group of white-robed doctors and nurses. He looks older this morning, a somewhat pathetic figure despite the distinction of his carriage. He has performed four operations. His eyes are filled with suffering and weariness — not the luminous stars they are during, what my sister calls, the military inspection, when he makes his daily rounds accompanied by the house physician, the Frau Oberin and Schwester Barbara.

The thin and very tall form of the house physician is so straight it seems to bend backward. His pale face with eyes large, the color of porcelain-blue, and shining with kindness and sympathy, is the face of a monk. A smile passes brightly across the thin lips, but quickly, and leaves them sadder than before. I nickname him Hamlet. He has been gravely wounded in the war, not once, but many times, and has been a prisoner. He is the only one there who speaks English, but "honor" does not permit him to make this fact known until after we have won his confidence. He had resolved never to speak English again. He is not yet well of his wounds, but it is not the wounds of the body that are torturing him. He thinks always and speaks always of the "Zusammenbruch" — the collapse of his country. At this a flush momentarily covers the almost transparent skin. To him Bismarck is Germany's greatest man. I glance at my sister. "No, I think your Opitz, your Kroenig — they are the great men of Germany."

"Your baby may some day shoot my baby," he says to my sister, "and my unborn son shoot yours."

My sister holds out her hand in solemn promise. "My son will not shoot," she says.

The eyes which shine in his pale face bend over her. He makes an effort to understand the code by which we live.

The Geheimrath gives me articles on Twilight Sleep in which I come across curious facts. Scopolamin is the legendary drug which is supposed to have killed Hamlet's father, and which gentlemen of ancient Greece

took for the purpose of experimenting with themselves much as our decadent youth takes hashish. It is made of a herb which was used for medicinal purposes as early as the Fourteenth Century. He refers me to typed articles on file in the University Library — not in print because of the cost. For the Geheimrath the Dämmerschlaf cannot hold the same interest as that of the knifeless cure of cancer, the perfection of which method is his discovery. The Dämmerschlaf has long ceased to be an experiment. He accepts Twilight Sleep. It is self-evident. It is an established thing. But it is Kroenig's and Gauss's "child" and the child is grown a man and has lost the charm and fascination of infancy.

The Geheimrath is more interested in his 200,000 voltage and the machine for measuring the strength of the X-ray — his great invention now three years old.

He takes me to see the women lying on pallets in lead-covered rooms receiving the rays of Roentgen and radium. A silent and terrible war is going on before my eyes. Will the cancer conquer or the rays? What are the thoughts of these women as they lie for three or five hours on those pallets? Do they believe that the war is going their way? Do they know that the corroding enemy is being routed — that for each hour under these rays they may have a decade in the sun, a decade in the sweet air of life? The cancer is being absorbed. Healthy tissue replaces the diseased, says the Geheimrath. It is the resurrection of the dead.

"Frau Oberin" (head matron) Freiburg Maternity Hospital

Every day of the two weeks before the baby came I had one thought, one desire — to be allowed to stay with my sister during the birth. There must be no door shut between us in that great hour. I must be there to take her hand should the need arise.

First we are going to the opera.

It is Mozart's Magic Flute. We have two boxes for the physicians and their wives and the head matron. My sister is persuaded to join us. The premonitory symptoms have begun, but she might as well make this effort. It could do no harm, and would be something to remember afterwards.

We stay through the first act, and return to the Frauenklinik. We take off our evening clothes and make ourselves ready, I in a white dress to resemble a nurse as much as possible, in the hope that I may be overlooked. The next hour we spend in our room. The first stage passes rapidly.

It is a quiet little procession about ten o'clock down the elevator, across the court, above which hangs a starlit sky, up two steps to a door. It opens and a rosy, smiling young nurse takes our belongings from the hands of the one who accompanies us. We are ushered into the birth chamber.

There is nothing that is terrifying in this room which we enter for the first time and where the drama of birth has so often been played. Not far from the bed is a little white crib with dotted swiss curtains. It waits, it speaks, it promises a divine consummation. It is the goal and the reward. The mother's eyes rest on it.

Schwester Anna enters. She ministers quietly, swiftly. The Geheimrath being away my sister is in the care of the Oberarzt. He tells her that in her case it will be better to let the pains have something of a start and he advises waiting an hour before giving the Dämmerschlaf. As he turns to go he addresses me. "You understand that you may not stay here, Gnädige Frau? There must be absolute silence and we darken the room. The knowledge that you are here might have a certain influence on the patient."

I impulsively place my hands on his arm. "My sister was with me when my first baby was born. I cannot tell you how much it would mean to us both."

The Oberarzt looks at me. I read refusal in his eyes. I feel myself growing cold. He turns to glance at my sister. Her eyes beseech him as do mine. He hesitates for a moment and turns his back. I accept his tacit consent. I resume my seat by the bed.

Schwester Anna prepares to administer the first injection of scopolamin. I embrace my sister and she understands that henceforth I will remain at a distance from her on the couch upon which the nurse places a pillow and some blankets. I have promised not to speak to the patient nor to approach her. The nurse switches off the electricity and henceforth works with a small, portable lamp. She holds the little glass tube to the light and then breaks off the end. I know that it is to see whether the scopolamin has become cloudy for I have read that the drug is variable and that the greatest difficulty was experienced in maintaining it in an unchanged condition, until Professor Straub's discovery of how to keep the solution in a fixed state. Schwester Anna puts the scopolamin directly into the needle and my sister submits eagerly to the hypodermic. She relaxes, puts her arm under her head, and sleeps.

From my position on the couch and by the light of the tiny lamp I am able to distinguish the form of Schwester Anna as she sits holding my sister's hand. A young nurse steals in and out of the room making things ready for what is to come. I dare not turn. I hardly breathe lest I break the silence.

My sister sleeps. From the bed comes no moan, no complaint which from time immemorial is associated with the pangs of birth.

Suddenly from out the dark a fear rises and lays a hand of ice on my heart — perhaps the scopolamin has stopped the progress of the labor! Perhaps the enemies of Twilight Sleep are right! An hour passes. Schwester Anna and her assistant are leaning over the

patient. The former tiptoes over to me with news of proof that all is going well. It is only natural that the period between the pains should be somewhat lengthened, she explains. "Otherwise the pains would wake the patient and the Dämmerschlaf would not set in."

I have a reaction from the worry and the dread. My confidence returns. My sister is sleeping yet labor is going on. A miracle is taking place before my eyes and at last I become aware of it.

Schwester Anna administers the second injection. My sister tries to rise. "Lie still — lie still and you will have your baby," the nurse admonishes. The patient hears and obeys. She moans a little and says something unintelligible.

Half an hour passes. Schwester Anna addresses a question to my sister. "Have I given you the scopolamin yet?" she asks. "Yes." The patient remembers. It is time for another injection. A word to my sister, a prick with the needle and the fluid is in her veins. And again the voice croons like a lullaby, "Sleep and you will have your baby."

I think of what I would have had to stand by and watch if my sister were not in the Dämmerschlaf! I think of the agony of mothers standing with ears pressed against doors listening to their daughters, of the torture of the baby's father who stands hands bound, helpless. I think also of the ease and the simplicity of Twilight Sleep — no masks, no shock to the mind and the nervous system, no consciousness of what is taking place coupled with consciousness of sound and sight and with full muscular control — just an opiate affecting the memory — a divine forgetting of those aspects of child-birth which are extraneous to biology. It is letting civilization bind up the wounds which civilization inflicts! A divine forgetting, final and absolute. A forgetting of something that can never be remembered!

Anesthesia! In the almost darkness of the room I feel its spirit as a presence! This then is the consummation of the promise — this perhaps the last rung in the ladder of deliverance from that unbearable which exists within the confines of our beings! I invoke all those who throughout the eras have worked to lessen the consciousness of pain — Simpson, the discoverer of chloroform, Morton, of ether, Korff, Steinbuchel, Kroenig, Gauss — these pioneers and deliverers pass before me as I listen to the somewhat labored breathing of my sister who in her dreaming laughs outright once or twice.

The patient sleeps. Her dreams seem to be half thought and her thoughts half dream. There is restlessness, but no suggestion of suffering. Her color is good and her eyes for the most part are closed. Perhaps pleasurable and interesting fancies are playing in her mind.

Again a half hour passes. Schwester Anna still sits in the room by the bed. In one hand is the portable lamp and in the other the hand of my sister, which gropes and finds hers every time the nurse disengages herself. Once Schwester Anna leaves the room for a minute and she takes the precaution to warn me not to approach the bed. "Your sister is in deep narcosis," she explains. She returns and resumes her watching.

Schwester Anna rises and presses a bell and the Oberarzt enters. It is three o'clock in the morning. He stands with his back against the wall in front of the bed and as my sister's restlessness increases he utters a hissing sound, which he continues until the patient hears and grows quiet. He then bends over her. In his gown he looks like some great white bird as he stoops there supported by his outstretched hands. Half an hour later the lights are turned full on. There is that moment not to be compared with anything that transpires on any other occasion in life — that moment tense and breathless, when the mystery of mysteries is revealed, when veils are withdrawn and we look into time and into generation — that moment of supreme climax in the miraculous drama of creation — the birth of the baby! "A boy," says the Oberarzt, turning his head toward me, and a moment later as a cry comes from the infant — "He lives."

They have taken the baby into another room a few minutes after his birth and now a nurse comes looking for me. The Oberarzt has sent her to bring me to see my nephew. There he was, lying in a crib with another husky burger just born. It was funny and sweet to see the two enemy-brothers out of another world lying in that tiny bed, shoulder to shoulder. About five o'clock I stretch out on the couch and sleep, and before I do so Schwester Anna warns me that I can ask my sister questions should she awaken, but that I must tell her nothing, for they are interested in knowing just how much she remembers. At seven Schwester Anna enters. The room is still dark. She sits down in the chair where she has sat all night and asks, "Have you any idea that you have had the baby?"

The young mother makes a gesture of apology. "I am so sorry, the pains began but I fell asleep." She was accusing herself of shirking or postponing her duty!

"Put your hand here." Schwester Anna places her hand on her abdomen. My sister does so and something seems to begin to dawn on her, but she is still incredulous. The dimples come in Schwester Anna's cheeks. Her eyes shine. "You have a son!"

The Oberarzt and I are standing in the room where the baby lies, talking over what has transpired — as one always does after an event of magnitude or intensity. I do not attempt to express to him my gratitude or my reverence. Watching him those hours it seems to me I have for the first time received the revelation of science. There they were, he, the anesthetist and the nurses — every thought expelled from their minds, with all that they were, devoted to the need of their patient. This is all for the other, this is service, religion — this is the incarnation of the principle of the oneness of life. In this lies the inspiration of an experience the memory of which I shall carry with me forever, and I pour out blessings on these stranger-friends who all that night had lived in the need of my sister and her child.

The Oberarzt, turning to go, orders one-half a dose of "Kasein" for my sister. "We won't take any chances with fever," he says. I watch the young doctor inject the antitoxin in my sister's wrist.

Two orderlies bring in a stretcher, put it alongside the bed of the young mother and leave the room. Schwester Anna and her assistants lift my sister out of her bed and place her on it. The orderlies re-enter and carry the stretcher with its burden out of the room, across the court into the elevator, down which we came the night before. They carry my sister to her room, place the stretcher by her bed and withdraw. She is lifted by the nurses into her bed. They enter and carry out the stretcher. It is a triumphal procession, and as I follow I inhale long draughts of the keen air, look up at the sky where the stars have paled. Never has there dawned for me a day of such happiness.

At eleven o'clock the door opens and Schwester Anna enters with a pillow tucked under her arm. With a few steps she arrives with her bundle at the foot of the bed, puts it down and from within the folds of the pillow

lifts out something. It is the new-born. She holds him up for a moment in the air as if for us to admire her handiwork, then bends over and places it in the crook of the mother's arm. We behold the miracle!

My sister tells me that the only thing she remembers of the night in the birth chamber is the prick of the needle and a slight burning sensation, which followed the entrance of the fluid.

"You have borne five children," the Geheimrath says, turning to me. "You have a basis of comparison."

I answer his unfinished question. "My sister brought forth a child, but not in sorrow."

They have seen the "Little American," and they all come in to congratulate his mother — the Frau Oberin, the house physician and the nurses. A tray with solid food is brought in for my sister for breakfast. It is incredible. They mean this for me, I think, but the nurse sets me right. My sister laughs at my mistake and eats with appetite.

That evening Schwester Anna comes to do exercises in bed with her patient. This is the custom, she explains. She also tells us that on the second day the mothers who have normal deliveries take their meals out on the balcony if the weather permits. On the fifth day they walk up the Schlossberg half way. The Schlossberg plays a great rôle in the life of Freiburg. The true Freiburger never begins the descent until he has achieved the top. One finds there not only lovers, but old women with canes, and women pushing babies in perambulators. It is the fourth day before my sister goes out on the balcony. She sits and watches the sun setting over the Schlossberg and spins dreams for her baby, no doubt, her son who is sleeping peacefully in his little crib with six other newborn citizens in the sun-flooded room below. That day when I go to the florist's, to the telegraph post, to the applewoman's shop or to the blind man who is weaving a basket for our baby, I am met with the words, "Grüss Gott! Ein Mädchen oder ein Bübelein? Gute Besserung!"

In June, 1914, and again in October of that year, there appeared articles in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE on Twilight Sleep which created a sensation in the medical and lay worlds. It is not an over-statement to say that the introduction of Twilight Sleep in some of the big maternity hospitals of the country as well as in private sanitoria came as a result of these articles. The data for these was gathered at Freiburg and was received from the hands of the discoverers themselves, Kroenig and Gauss.

The *London Lancet* attacked these scientists on the ground that it was unprofessional to aid and abet a popular discussion of the medical subject. It charged that Kroenig and Gauss laid themselves open to the suspicion of having sought "reklam", or advertisement.

They tell me that in all the seventy-five years history of the Frauenklinik no one besides myself had ever been permitted to watch a birth there. This makes me bold to seek an interview with Professor Gauss, for it is one thing to meet him and another thing to ask him to forget Kroenig, McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, and the *London Lancet* and talk about Twilight Sleep to a woman who is not a doctor.

But rules can be broken, resolutions set aside even in German hospitals. Professor Gauss gives me an appointment. We mount from his office to his private study. On the table a row of plaster heads of babies obviously pathological attracts my attention. We sit at the window in the sun, often interrupted by the ringing of his telephone or the entrance of a colleague with a question that could not wait.

Professor Gauss is a slender, medium-sized man about fifty, with graying hair, a keen, refined, regular-featured face, the unforgettable beauty of which lies in the eyes with their expression of gray-blue brilliance and penetration.

Professor Gauss gives comparative statistics — less than one third as many still-born and blue babies with Twilight Sleep as without. Instead of endangering the baby Twilight Sleep is often the means of saving its life. If the labor is protracted and otherwise difficult the baby, being in a narcotic condition, is saved from drowning or being suffocated in birth since it does not begin to breath too soon. This is particularly significant owing to the fact that it is the older women or those with some physical difficulty who resort more frequently to Twilight Sleep — mothers whose babies are destined to have a harder struggle in coming into the world.

He reviews the work of his predecessors, Korff and Von Steinbuchel. Korff used scopolamin for general surgery, but he used too much; Von Steinbuchel, who was the first to use it in obstetrics, used too little. The prejudices against the drug were caused by the variability for one thing, and by the fact that in general surgery it fails since a larger quantity is necessary — a quantity which cannot be distributed over a long period of time. In Twilight Sleep a small dose is necessary to cover a long period. The difference is basic.

It was in 1904, quite by accident that Professor Gauss discovered Twilight Sleep. He found that he had given a parturient woman just the right quantity to induce the semi-consciousness of the Dämmerschlaf.

I pictured to myself that moment of intoxication when he found his patient sleeping through her agony, restless but without any apperception of what was passing within her. I picture his carrying his great discovery to Kroenig and how the two scientists undertook to make the perfection of this method their life work.

He talks at length about the dose, for that of course is the great question. The schematic dose, which they are now using and which is proving so satisfactory, is, however, not the last word on the subject. The future, he feels sure, will replace this by the individualized dose. So far the experiments have gone along the line of scopolamin with too much morphium and then of scopolamin with too little morphium. In the early experiments the Twilight Sleep was induced by scopolamin with morphium and continued with scopolamin. Now for the last two and one-half years in Freiburg the morphium has been abandoned altogether and only the scopolamin is used. In the same way, there has been a radical change in their method of the memory tests. Instead of holding up an object immediately connected with the patient's environment or referring to an incident native to the occasion in order to test the degree of the narcosis, the matter of whether another injection is needed is now rather left to the judgment and intuition of the nurse or physician. For it was found that the memory tests disturbed the effect of the drug.

Professor Gauss defines Twilight Sleep. It is a state between consciousness and unconsciousness. Sensation goes on, reflex action goes on, but though there may be a vague apperception of what is happening, a touch and go realization, the memory processes are halted. The consciousness is clouded — the sensation is felt and forgotten as soon as felt. There is sensation but it is apperceived rather than perceived — the distinction is as much psychological as physiological. The

sensation is felt obliquely, indirectly, and forgotten — a momentary awakening lapsing into a continued sleep. The Dämmerschlaf seems to me from this explanation to be nearer the nature of asphasia than amnesia, because the patient hears, responds, is capable of obeying suggestions and is in full possession of muscular power. So light is the sleep that semi-darkness and absolute silence are necessary in order to sustain it.

The restlessness of the Twilight Sleep patient, and sometimes even the apparent pain, are, according to Professor Gauss, only reflexes of physiological acts. It is like the convulsions of the body of the frog after decapitation. Others hold that there is pain which is forgotten as soon as felt. To me the question seems metaphysical. What possible difference could it make since the pain is not remembered and is felt in so attenuated a form that it bears no resemblance to actual suffering?

When Professor Gauss speaks of pain we come to the kernel of the subject. How much of the pain of childbirth is physiological and how much pathological? Childbirth for the modern woman is different from what it was to woman in the primitive state. The complex life with its increased call upon our energies and the nervous tension it creates has made modern woman incapable of bearing children without a degree of suffering which prostrates her and brings on nervous exhaustion. The agony of childbirth is, therefore, extraneous to physiology, and fulfills no function. Instead of helping it retards the progress of the labor and endangers mother and child.

Professor Gauss speaks of the use of the forceps, that beneficent interference which has become so strikingly frequent owing to the inability of modern woman to bear the agony of childbirth. With Twilight Sleep it is often possible to wait until there is spontaneous birth. An undue amount of pain in childbirth is like ascending a mountain with a nail in one's foot — a certain amount of effort is necessary, but more than that is a handicap and a danger.

Twilight Sleep has been used improperly, where conditions were wrong, or where the dosage was unscientific or where the attitude toward the method was in the first place unsympathetic and the experience with it limited. These are factors that would militate against success. In large hospitals the treatment cannot be given because of the necessity of increasing the staff to three times its size. Also the noise and the bustle of the large institution is deleterious. On the other hand, Professor Gauss does not believe that Twilight Sleep would ever succeed in private practice or in small clinics because of the prerequisite of a large experience with the method which can only be obtained where thousands of cases have been observed. The number of injections of the dose and the interval between varies with the needs of each patient. Judgment must decide, and knowledge of the relative individual need can only come from experience. Professor Gauss again, as he did in the article in 1914 of Marguerite Tracy and Constance Leupp, compares the Twilight Sleep to a narrow crest of a mountain ledge with the danger, on the one side, of too deep narcosis with cessation of pain and prolongation of the labor, and the danger on the other hand of too little consciousness with its consequent suffering.

It is a curious after effect of the war — coming from the desire or instinct to repopulate a devastated world, perhaps — that many women over forty are bearing children for the first time and others are beginning to rear families again whose children are grown. What a boon for these was Twilight Sleep. But far transcending this was the significance it had for the womanhood of the race. Was it the expression of the recognition, at last, of the sacredness of mother love. Women who could never bring themselves to have a second child now look forward with gladness and hope to the coming of their children. Twilight Sleep has come to stay — an achievement like this will never be abandoned and can never be forgotten. Women demand it and will continue to demand it more and more. He relates how he was about to establish with another physician a clinic in Seattle when the war came, how there was some possibility of his going to Mexico to found a Twilight Sleep hospital there. Professor Gauss is not troubled about the future of Twilight Sleep. His confidence is too absolute. In concluding his interview he speaks of his two great supporters in Freiburg: Straub, the head of the Pharmalogical Department, an authority on the nature of drugs, and the head of the Anatomical Department, an authority on human physiology, who have both said that they would never allow their wives to bear children without the Dämmerschlaf.

If it is true that you bring whatever you are to every experience, whatever you possess, whatever mystic belief in a divine law of compensation, whatever superabundance of optimism which may run in your blood, whatever genius for a harmonious acceptance of all the laws and the ways of life, then you not only resign yourself to suffering but you find something constructive and compensatory in it.

The immensity of the torture becomes the immensity of your being. To be at grips with a foe as great as this — it is something in itself. Then when you think yourself going down, triumphant, beaten, in that moment of agony more unbearable than all the others, comes the delivery, when you are caught up in the greatest joy your heart has ever known.

Returned to my country I sit with a gentleman at dinner who develops his philosophy. Men are always living on the fringe, in the outer circles — it is women who live within the heart of hearts of existence. It is women who fulfill the promise, to whom all is wonder, miracle and inspiration. This being so it follows that there is something sacred about the pangs of labor. He cannot conceive of maternity without them. The birth-throes are the source from which flows the tireless and endless torrent of mother-love. Without them the child might be born, but mother-love would be aborted.

This point of view is not as isolated as one might believe and not relegated to men who could perhaps not bear a toothache with great equanimity. How absurd to think that love has any relation to cost, and that the woman who endures the unendurable, loves her child more than the one whose strength is more commensurate with the ordeal!

The silver, the candelabra, the sparkling appointments of the dinner-table, the smiling faces, disappear — I am confronted by a memory of torture which my companion only knows by name — the torture of the heavy and the sorrowful hours of travail when the heart breaks with a kind of despair — when life calls with a thousand voices as never before, yet the doors of death stand wide open to receive. Only the prisoner who walks to execution can feel such inevitableness of misery. There can be no escape! The cup must be drained to the end — not one drop of the bitter draught may be left. As in Swinburne's Litany, the night of suffering must cover her like a cloak.

The House a Wop Built

By Garet Garrett

ONLY that when one is dead one does not know what to expect and cannot say from experience that anything is unusual, Fazio Gonefaroni would have thought it very strange that he should be attending his own funeral. He did wonder what people would think if they knew. They would probably say: "That's Fazio. Never can let well enough alone." But they didn't know and he had the joke to himself. However, it wasn't much of a joke because it wasn't much of a funeral.

"For a wop funeral," said Fazio, referring that way to his race, "iz'a bum. I wonder whazza matter?"

No music, no sad banners, no carriages full of Gallotis, Stefanos and Gambinos, nothing but himself rumbling along and one other person, not a wop, whose interest in the proceedings, although apparently personal, was unsympathetic.

It occurred to Fazio that he must have died in disgrace unawares. How else could be account for the absence of his friends? For the general disrespectability of his exit? Only two weeks ago Misraoli, the spaghetti merchant, had a band of fifteen pieces, two open hacks full of floral designs, twenty carriages drawn by black horses, the first four wearing plumes and all the drivers in high hats, whereas he, Fazio Gonefaroni, a builder, mind you, one who had built at least fifty houses, to be sent off in this disesteemed fashion — well! Misaroli was rich. Cynical people might suppose that made the difference. But Fazio, even though he was dead, could not believe so ill of the world. This was somehow his own fault. Everything that had ever happened to him had been his own fault. Therefore, what had he done at the last minute to forfeit the good will of his neighbors?

He tried hard to remember the end. At the crucial point his mind was blank. He could not remember having died at all. He could not recall anything that might be said naturally to have led up to it. It must have happened suddenly, on Tuesday, before supper. He had not eaten supper, or, if he had, there was no memory of it. The very last thing he could think of was the rage he had been seized with when Mrs. Gonefaroni, shaking him awake, on the green sofa, where he had fallen asleep, said: "Mr. Wolf is here."

There were no subsequent memories.

How did he get from the green sofa to the hearse? He could not imagine. Yet all of Tuesday up to that moment was vividly remembered, not only because it was the last day, perhaps not for that reason at all, but because of all his days on earth that had been the sorest one. It brought him suddenly to the pass of bankruptcy. That in itself was not so bad. Bankruptcy is like a sickness in which you forget your responsibilities, let everybody else worry for a change, and then enjoy getting well. Three times he had lost everything and started all over again; and paying off the old creditors in full by surprise was the best part of it, like getting your strength back in spite of the doctor.

No, that was not so bad. But a certain illusion, wrought in the heat of his pride, had failed in the moment of completion. Even that was not the worst. When it was too late this faithless illusion had restored itself, on purpose to torment him, and that as you would know is almost more than one can bear.

That Tuesday morning, — he remembered it as if he were living it over again, — he was high in his mind as he cranked the docile flivver, stopped at Scalpone's for the ten-foot sign, "High Class Apartments to Let," and went to open for the world's inspection the new twenty-family house into the building of which he had put all there was of Fazio, or more. Yes, much more. That was the trouble, really.

Every builder with a soul of his own does this kind of thing once. In the line of his work he is seized with a wanton desire to achieve perfection at any cost, — one complete triumph over the perverse properties of matter, over all the difficulties of his trade, a challenge and monument.

This new house was Fazio's masterpiece. It represented all that he knew of construction, — all but the tricks. Its excellencies were both apparent and hidden. For example, you couldn't guess by looking at it how tight it was. It was so tight that you couldn't get into it any way but through the doors, not if you were all the thirty-two fingers of the wind. That is much to say of a house nowadays. The window sash ran in metal grooves. On the inside of the walls, between the furring and the plaster, was a course of tar paper. That was his own patent idea. He had never heard of its being done before. The parquet flooring was not the customary 3/8-inch material; it was 7/8-inch stuff. You wouldn't know it to look at it; while it was new you wouldn't know it to walk on it; but with time and wear the difference would show. Besides, Fazio knew. The plumbing was like that in the Atlantic City hotel where the New Jersey Builders' Association held its annual convention. The bath tubs were tiled in, there were niches for soap, handholds in the wall, everything white and no dark corners. There was vapor heat, with 10 per cent excess boiler capacity. All the trim was pure chestnut, the natural grain showing. The hardware was brass. Every door closed and latched with a true, square sound, no pinch or play.

Well, it was a house like that all the way to the bone. And besides, it represented all the taste that Fazio knew. A house may be well made and still in bad taste. This was his first house without a name. He had observed that the very smart apartment houses in New York City no longer had names, such as Alpine, Gretchel, or Griswold Hall; they were distinguished by number only. So this was No. 1002 Park Avenue, to which the tenants might add: Guttenberg, New Jersey, which is on Palisade Heights, just across the river from New York, five minutes' ride by bus from the Weehawken ferry. What could be neater? He had noticed, too, that mail boxes in the vestibule were out of style. In place of mail boxes there was a brass panel for the tenants' names, with perforations at the top through which you conversed by telephone with the tenant after pushing his button. The janitress would

receive and distribute the mail. There was service for you! The janitress was already installed. Fazio disapproved of her in principle. She did her work in silk stockings and high heel slippers.

However, she gave the place a certain air and cost no more than any other. The rest concerned the tenants. They would have to clothe her vanities.

Thinking of the janitress caused him to remind himself that he must warn her again under no circumstances to accept deposits from people with children. He hated to do it. Children were all right. But what they can do to the house a man builds! — Fazio shuddered.

Such were his thoughts as he took the last corner with a flourish, — and there was the house itself, four stories high in the morning sunlight.

For once, in a sudden way, the sight of it did not thrill him. He did not know why. It just didn't. Instead of that velvety throb of satisfaction which he had learned to expect, there was the feeling of a small round weight in the bottom of his stomach. This sensation increased as he pulled up at the curb, took the rolled sign under his arm, and entered.

In the vestibule he stopped and stood gazing at a panel in the marble work as if that were what he had come to see. The panel was out of plumb, — or were his eyes deceiving him? He pressed his face against the wall and squinted. Sure enough. It was an eighth of an inch out. And he had found another thing. In the act of casting a squint line over the surface of the offending panel, he saw that the back of the big radiator was ungilded. Not that anybody would ever see it. That wasn't the point.

"Bum! Bum!" hissed Fazio. "I'm a bum if they do thiza to me."

He walked on in and up one flight, holding in his mind an impression of the vestibule not unlike a cubist drawing in which all the planes lean upon one another in a collective epileptic fit. As he was affixing the sign with stickers to the second floor front window, he was horrified to see hammer marks on the beautiful chestnut trim. Now the scales of illusion fell from his eyes. He went about looking for faults and found them everywhere. He found a door that dragged, shakes in the grain of the woodwork, a base board crawling away, paint daubs on the hardware, putty in the joints of the trim, incipient fissures in the plaster, a creaking square in the ½-inch parquet flooring, and in one of the kitchen sinks, — saints look here! — a cockroach. It eyed him with a leer and then scuttled away in a crack.

"Thiza house a bum," he sighed, and wondered why he had not seen it in that light before. Hitherto he had not looked for blemishes for fear of finding them. He had seen them of course, but in an oblivious, unconscious way, with that marginal faculty of vision which files a secret record of the things we wish were not so. All the time until now Fazio's mind had been obsessed with the thought of perfection; it excluded every denial. The other side of the picture, coming suddenly into view by a momentous trick of misconception, made him sick.

He came at last to the top floor, and there in the bath room of the front apartment, he discovered that the last three courses of tiling had been laid in plaster of paris, because the cement had run out and the tile setters were too lazy or indifferent to mix a teacup full.

"I give thiza bum dama house away," said Fazio, in a low, black whisper.

With a screw driver he was gouging the tiles out of the plaster of paris, flinging them right and left and making a sight of the place, when the janitress brought a man up to look at that apartment. She left him to Fazio and disappeared. The man ignored Fazio, down there on his knees mutilating the bath room floor, and walked all around three times, tracking white stuff over the parquet floor.

"What's that?" he asked, pointing to a brownish discoloration of the white wall above the picture molding. Fazio explained the idea of tar paper between the furring and the plaster. Something in the tar paper had come through a little. If you didn't know what it was, why, of course you might ask; but when you knew it was nothing. It only showed how well the house was built.

"You a builder and didn't know any better than that?" said the man. "Will you paint the woodwork white?"

"White!" said Fazio. "So much a-trouble to maka grain show lika that. Now you wanta it white."

"It's very ugly," said the man. Then he looked at the electric light fixtures and became as one hynotized. Fazio stood looking at them, too, thinking them very grand. He was about to make some modest comment, provocative of praise, when the man recovered from the spell he was under and said: "Well, anyway, that junk can be taken down."

One does not resent a mortal hurt. Never in his life had Fazio been so utterly crushed.

"How much?" the man asked.

"Eighty dollars a month," said Fazio.

"You must be crazy," the man replied. "It would be dear at seventy-five."

"All right," said Fazio, in a dull way. "Seventy-five."

He followed the man down stairs. The main hall now was full of women trying to find the janitress.

"She a bum," said Fazio, slightly out of his right mind. But they didn't know what he meant and asked him if he were the owner. He admitted it in the light of an incriminating fact.

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"How many houses have you built in that time?"

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"Twenty years, fifty houses, and going on a shoe string still."

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"That isn't the trouble," said the banker. "You are an honest enough builder and that's all. You don't get anywhere. Who is going to take a second mortgage on this house for thirty thousand? In the first place, the house cost too much. But leave that aside. It cost eighty thousand. There is a first mortgage for forty. Now you want to borrow thirty, making seventy, and where is your equity? It's on the roof. It can blow away over night. There's no margin of safety for a second mortgage at that figure."

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What did he do with it? The blessed saints behold! In the first place, that is, to begin with, one who builds houses doesn't have any capital, for if one had capital why should one build houses at all? And if one does make a few pennies on one house one loses ten, fifteen, maybe twenty thousand dollars on the next one. How? Well, it is to be related. Say you are a builder beginning. It is understood, for the reason given, that you haven't any capital, or very little. First you get the ground for a few cents down. That's easy. The way into something there's no way out of is always easy. Then you order a lot of material. That is easy, too, because material isn't worth anything until somebody is crazy enough to raise it hollow in three dimensions, and the material men are always looking for people afflicted with that form of insanity.

And now begins your dance with the seven trouble sisters. It rains out of a clear sky and 500 bags of cement are lost. Sometimes it doesn't rain; in that case the material mysteriously disappears. You hire a watchman. Then it disappears much faster than before. So on a dark night you change your hat and go up to your watchman and say, "Here's half a dollar. I need a few bags of cement." Your watchman says: "Sure. All right. Help yourself."

receive and distribute the mail. There was service for you! The janitress was already installed. Fazio disapproved of her in principle. She did her work in silk stockings and high heel slippers.

However, she gave the place a certain air and cost no more than any other. The rest concerned the tenants. They would have to clothe her vanities.

Thinking of the janitress caused him to remind himself that he must warn her again under no circumstances to accept deposits from people with children. He hated to do it. Children were all right. But what they can do to the house a man builds! — Fazio shuddered.

Such were his thoughts as he took the last corner with a flourish, — and there was the house itself, four stories high in the morning sunlight.

For once, in a sudden way, the sight of it did not thrill him. He did not know why. It just didn't. Instead of that velvety throb of satisfaction which he had learned to expect, there was the feeling of a small round weight in the bottom of his stomach. This sensation increased as he pulled up at the curb, took the rolled sign under his arm, and entered.

In the vestibule he stopped and stood gazing at a panel in the marble work as if that were what he had come to see. The panel was out of plumb, — or were his eyes deceiving him? He pressed his face against the wall and squinted. Sure enough. It was an eighth of an inch out. And he had found another thing. In the act of casting a squint line over the surface of the offending panel, he saw that the back of the big radiator was ungilded. Not that anybody would ever see it. That wasn't the point.

"Bum! Bum!" hissed Fazio. "I'm a bum if they do thiza to me."

He walked on in and up one flight, holding in his mind an impression of the vestibule not unlike a cubist drawing in which all the planes lean upon one another in a collective epileptic fit. As he was affixing the sign with stickers to the second floor front window, he was horrified to see hammer marks on the beautiful chestnut trim. Now the scales of illusion fell from his eyes. He went about looking for faults and found them everywhere. He found a door that dragged, shakes in the grain of the woodwork, a base board crawling away, paint daubs on the hardware, putty in the joints of the trim, incipient fissures in the plaster, a creaking square in the 7/8-inch parquet flooring, and in one of the kitchen sinks, — saints look here! — a cockroach. It eyed him with a leer and then scuttled away in a crack.

"Thiza house a bum," he sighed, and wondered why he had not seen it in that light before. Hitherto he had not looked for blemishes for fear of finding them. He had seen them of course, but in an oblivious, unconscious way, with that marginal faculty of vision which films a secret record of the things we wish were not so. All the time until now Fazio's mind had been obsessed with the thought of perfection; it excluded every denial. The other side of the picture, coming suddenly into view by a remorseless trick of undeception, made him sick.

He came at last to the top floor, and there in the bath room of the front apartment, he discovered that the last three courses of tiling had been laid in plaster of paris, because the cement had run out and the tile setters were too lazy or indifferent to mix a teacup full.

"I giva thiza bum damn house away," said Fazio, in a low, black whisper.

With a screw driver he was gouging the tiles out of the plaster of paris, flinging them right and left and making a sight of the place, when the janitress brought a man up to look at that apartment. She left him to Fazio and disappeared. The man ignored Fazio, down there on his knees mutilating the bath room floor, and walked all around three times, tracking white stuff over the parquet floor.

"What's that?" he asked, pointing to a brownish discoloration of the white wall above the picture molding. Fazio explained the idea of tar paper between the furring and the plaster. Something in the tar paper had come through a little. If you didn't know what it was, why, of course you might ask; but when you knew it was nothing. It only showed how well the house was built.

"You a builder and didn't know any better than that?" said the man. "Will you paint the woodwork white?"

"White!" said Fazio. "So much a-trouble to maka grain show lika that. Now you wanta it white."

"It's very ugly," said the man. Then he looked at the electric light fixtures and became as one hynotized. Fazio stood looking at them, too, thinking them very grand. He was about to make some modest comment, provocative of praise, when the man recovered from the spell he was under and said: "Well, anyway, that junk can be taken down."

One does not resent a mortal hurt. Never in his life had Fazio been so utterly crushed.

"How much?" the man asked.

"Eighty dollars a month," said Fazio.

"You must be crazy," the man replied. "It would be dear at seventy-five."

"All right," said Fazio, in a dull way. "Seventy-five."

He followed the man down stairs. The main hall now was full of women trying to find the janitress.

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All the same, in spite of weather, sin and labor unions you raise the material a little more than half way and then you can raise some money on a first mortgage. For that money you pay 6 per cent, plus a bonus, plus a commission, plus the cost of searching the title. There is a legal fee for search, so much per thousand, but the law forgot to say that the expenses which may be added, — the social, fraternal and private expenses of searching a title which has already been searched twenty times, — ought not in a normal case to exceed the value of the property. Well, the money you get on first mortgage is about half what the house is going to cost. Where is the other half to come from? You can find it in the street if you are lucky enough. You can squeeze it out of the air, maybe. Your own capital is all gone long ago. You have to finish the house and show the key before you can place a second mortgage. Maybe you can't place it then. Meanwhile every Tuesday there's a pay roll to meet and the material men send you seconds because they have waited too long for their money and the work is going wrong because you can't be there all the time saying, "Tear that out, you donkey head, and do it this way." No. You are running all over the place looking for an emergency loan. You go everywhere else first and then you come to Wolf. Do you know what Wolf does? He goes to church.

Suppose this is Friday. You get from Wolf an emergency loan of thirty thousand for three months at 6 per cent, according to law. That's at the rate of 6 per cent a year. Then he charges you a commission of 6 per cent flat. That is at the rate of 24 per cent a year, since the loan is to run only three months. Interest on the whole loan begins at once, on Friday. But you don't get the money then. A week from Friday you get five thousand, two weeks later five thousand more, and so on. All the time you are paying interest on thirty thousand. How much does that make Wolf's interest? It makes it double. Interest at the rate of 6 per cent a year amounts actually to 12 per cent because of the way he doles the money out to you, and then there was the flat 6 per cent commission to begin with, which would be 24 per cent a year, making altogether thirty-six per cent that Wolf gets on his money. That isn't all. While you are paying him interest on thirty thousand dollars, of which you get only five thousand every two weeks, some other builder is paying him interest at the same time on the money you don't get. In that way Wolf lends the same thirty thousand dollars to maybe three builders at once. How much is that? He makes seventy-five, eighty, one hundred per cent on his capital! He gets rich and does nothing. He gets all the profit and does not know how one brick is laid upon another.

The banker interrupted.

"This last house of yours — it cost eighty thousand dollars. That's right, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Fazio.

"And you have ten thousand of your own money in it?"

"Yes."

"If somebody came along and offered you one hundred thousand for the house, would you sell it?"

"Quick," said Fazio.

"A profit of twenty thousand on an investment of ten. That is two hundred per cent. Would you take it?"

"Why not?" Fazio said.

"I'm not thinking of any reason why you shouldn't," said the banker. "I'm illustrating the point that as a rule men make all they can on their capital. Builders like you remind me of the gambler who took a bet of a million to one that he couldn't jump a thousand feet. He jumped as far as he could, which was about sixteen feet, picked up his coat and said, "Well, anyhow, it was a good bet if I did lose." With a week's wages and a twine string you start a building to cost eighty, ninety, a hundred thousand dollars. You have to kite it all the way. You can't pay until you can borrow and you can't borrow at the bank until you've got something vertical to borrow on. So you have to go to men like Wolf. They take first the risk and then the profit."

"No risk," said Fazio. "I always paya back. Thiza Wolf lenda nothing till you get release from alla materials men."

"That's Mr. Wolf's business," said the banker. "There's plenty of risk in lending you thirty thousand up to the roof on this house of yours. You won't find anybody to do it."

The banker knew. At five o'clock that afternoon Fazio also knew. He had been to every place there was, and nobody would look at a thirty thousand dollar second mortgage above a forty thousand first mortgage on an eighty thousand dollar house, built with labor and materials at inflated prices.

He was through.

This fact when he reached it was so patent that it put his mind at rest and he drove homeward in a state of mild reverie. The car knew its own way home. It knew also the way to 1002 Park Avenue, and went there automatically. When Fazio came to he found himself gazing at the house from a spot on the opposite corner which gave him the view he liked best. That sensation of a small round weight was no longer in his stomach where it had been, but now in his heart. Such a beautiful house! How proud and important it looked in silhouette against a pewter sky shot with a streak of silver light! It seemed to know him, to understand why it would be necessary for them to part, and to be thinking, "No matter who shall own me; you made me." With a twinge he recalled the banker's remark, "Your equity is on the roof." At the same time it touched his sense of humor and he grinned. Wasn't it absurd that he, Fazio Gonefaroni, the bum, should have built a house so grand that he would hardly know how to live in it himself? As for the equity on the roof, well, it had blown away. He could see that. The forty thousand first mortgage came to about the second story window coping. Then if you took 15 per cent discount off the top for the high cost of building, which everybody did nowadays, and it was only fair, a thirty thousand dollar second mortgage would reach above the cornice line. There was nothing left for Fazio. But if he had not had to pay Wolf 36 per cent for an emergency loan, which now was due, it would be very different.

And still, until Wolf and the material men closed in on him, the house was his. He went in, walked all the way up to the roof and down again. All the blemishes were forgotten. The illusion of perfection was completely restored.

Then he went home. Supper was not ready and he flung himself down on the sofa.

The next thing he knew, as was said before, was also the very last thing he could remember to have happened to him on earth. Mrs. Gonefaroni shook him, saying, "Mr. Wolf is here."

So there was the question still: how did he get from the green sofa to the inside of a hearse? A dramatic possibility now occurred to him. What

if he had killed Wolf! Well, if that was it, worse things had happened in the world, and it couldn't be helped. The fact of being dead gives one a philosophical point of view. Still, he had no recollection of any such thing. He wished very much to know. Why not ask the solitary person, not a wop, who for reasons undisclosed was seeing him to the grave?

"Dida something happen to thiza bum Wolf?" he inquired discreetly.

Instantly on speaking he became aware of the person's identity. It was Parkinson, the banker. Therefore Fazio was not surprised that he did not answer and wished he had phrased the question differently. But the reason why Parkinson did not answer was that at just this moment he was startled by a sight in the rear.

"Heavens alive!" he said. "What's that?"

Fazio looked. A mourner had appeared behind the hearse. It was a two-family brick house, walking slowly with its head bowed down. Fazio couldn't imagine what should seem strange about that.

"Thaza all right," he said. "Don't aworry. Every housea I build cana walk."

"You recognize it, then?" asked Parkinson.

Did he recognize it! Why not? It was his first house. He went on to tell about it. His capital was four hundred dollars, saved from wages. He did all the work himself, — the excavating, the stone and brick laying, the carpenter work, the plastering, everything with his own hands, except the plumbing. When his four hundred dollars gave out he borrowed from his friends, fifty here, a hundred there. "Thaza one good thing about them wops," he said. "They lenda their money." When it was finished he put a first mortgage on it to clean up his debts, and then sold it, making a few cents.

As he was telling this a six-family house got up from its foundation and fell into step behind the first one.

"And do you know that one, too?" Parkinson asked.

Too well did Fazio know that one. He built it in partnership with a man who owned some property that he was going to mortgage to raise the capital they needed; but his wife went crazy and couldn't legally sign her name, and before anything could be done about it everything was lost. That was one of the times Fazio had to start all over again.

They were now passing through West New York. All at once a whole row of six houses rose and fell into line. Fazio was not in the least amazed; only very much delighted. He began to count on it, and he was not disappointed. Every house he had built got up as they passed and joined the procession. One very large house, thirty families at least, rose with great difficulty and came limping, and its three top stories fell off with a crash.

"What's the matter with that one?" Parkinson asked.

The explanation was simple. That was a house on which Wolf had promised beforehand to make a large emergency loan. When the work was two stories high he changed his mind and Patsy was ruined. He lost forty thousand dollars, which was all he had, and somebody else built the last three stories. No wonder they fell off.

Now they were coming into Guttenberg and Fazio began to be anxious about his last house, his fatal masterpiece, at 1002 Park Avenue. Would it rise and follow him? Of course it would. How could he doubt it? Then it didn't. It stood quite still, solemnly staring. Fazio was stricken.

"Bum house," he said.

"What did you say?"

"Nothing," said Fazio, quickly. "Nothing."

Without 1002 Park Avenue there were fifty houses in the procession when they came to the grave. One was a house Fazio had clean forgotten.

"Nota so bum for a Wop funeral, after all," he said, beginning to be mildly curious about what would happen next.

Then of a sudden, in a way that was fantastic yet altogether plausible and natural, the state of facts changed. He, Fazio, was not the one to be buried. It was quite another person, and that person, to be sure, was Wolf. Fazio began to feel sorry for him, also a little bit apologetic because all those fifty houses now stood in a circle around the grave clapping their hands. Fazio knew of no way to stop them, yet he felt somehow responsible. He tried to think of some good to say of Wolf. All he could think of was that once Wolf gave him a cigar. That would seem very little, only remember, this was Wolf. When Fazio told some other builders about it they called him a wop liar. Wolf, they were sure, never gave away a cigar in his life. Still, it was true.

"Maybe he lika me," said Fazio, thoughtfully.

The coffin was at the bottom of the grave and Fazio stood there looking down at it when Parkinson said: "Shovel the clods. That's your job."

"Canta," said Fazio.

"Oh, you can't, can't you!" said Parkinson. He seized Fazio at the chest, by his garments, and began to shake him. They scuffled, and Fazio fell sprawling on the mound of damp grave earth.

Then again he heard Mrs. Gonefaroni's voice saying, "Fazio, wake up. Mr. Wolf is here."

He sat up on the mound, — no, on the green sofa, and looked around. Supper was ready. He could see it on the table in the dining room.

"Shall I ask him to stay to supper?" Mrs. Gonefaroni inquired in a domestic whisper.

Fazio nodded his head.

He was very glad to see Wolf, for reasons that person knew nothing about, and greeted him warmly; but when Wolf agreeably accepted Mrs. Gonefaroni's invitation to supper Fazio was first surprised, then suspicious.

"I hear you are having some trouble about a second mortgage on that Park Avenue house," said Wolf.

"No," said Fazio, "I hava always trouble. Once, twice, I hava no trouble. Then I look for it. I lika trouble."

Nevertheless Wolf came to his point. He offered to take the house off Fazio's hands at cost, provided Fazio would give up building and become his agent, on a ten per cent commission, in the business of making emergency loans to builders. This business had become so large that he could not attend to it all himself. He needed a lieutenant. He had thought of Fazio because he was honest and knew all the tricks of the trade. Fazio need not put in any capital. Wolf's problem was how to keep his own capital employed and he would give Fazio a tenth of the profit for helping him to do that. But if Fazio had any capital of his own he could lend it independently of Wolf on his own account. It would pay much better than building.

Fazio shook his head. "I keepa the house," he said.

"But how about my other proposition?" Wolf asked.

Fazio shook his head again. "I'ma too soft for thata business," he said.

When Wolf was gone Mrs. Gonefaroni said, "Fazio, you are a fool!"

"Maybe Wolf lika me a little," said Fazio, grinning. "Nota so much. We see."

The next morning came a message from Parkinson. Would Fazio stop in if he happened to be passing? Half an hour later Fazio did happen to be passing.

"It's the same way still about that second mortgage," said the banker. "We can't consider it. That's business. We don't speculate in real estate. That's in your line. I only give you this hint. If you can hold on for two or three weeks as you are you may be able to get a good price for that house. It's proposed to make Park Avenue one link in a grand boulevard scheme. That would send everything up."

So that was what Wolf knew!

Two weeks later Fazio sold 1002 Park Avenue for ninety-five thousand dollars.

"I thought you were never going to sell that house," said Mrs. Gonefaroni. "Now what are you going to do?"

"Thaza bum house," said Fazio. "I build a gooda one in the next block. I gotta ground already."

Don't Be a Sap

By William Slavins McNutt

Illustrated W. C. McNulty

WHEN Tom Horton asked me to marry him and I told him yes, right away he began to worry.

"Will you always love me?" he asks, sorta sick.

"Sure," I says to him.

"Always?" he asks me.

"Sure," I says to him.

And then he got blue. He acted so down in the mouth I got mad.

"Listen," I says to him. "What's wrong? Don't we love each other and ain't we going to get married and everything? Before I promised to marry you you was the life of the party and now since I have said the words that make you the happiest man in the world you act like an actor acting. What's wrong?" I asks him.

"Oh, if I could only be sure," he says, like a man asking the dentist will it hurt.

"Sure of what?" I asks him.

"That you'll always love me," he says. "If I could only be sure!"

"Oh, is that what's making you old before your time?" I says.

"Yes," he says, "that's it — oh, if I could only be sure."

I felt kind of tickled that he was so worried about it. It made me feel kind of grand for awhile. I figured it showed how much he thought of me.

I was in the ladies' gloves at Madison's then and Tom was a book-keeper in the credit department in the same place. The girls there was all jealous when I told them how worried Tom was, would I love him always, or wouldn't I. Mamie Grady just as good as said right to my face that I was making it up when I told them about how worried he was.

"Listen," I says to her, "Tom's coming to-day to take me out to lunch. You take a look at him. Just use your eyes, that's all. If he ain't worried, you can call me a liar to my face and I wouldn't say a word. Just use your eyes," I says to her.

All the rest of the morning I was worried myself. I thought to myself what if he should come down to get me for lunch and happen to be happy and be laughing and act like he didn't have a care in the world. Then the girls would all think I had been lying and maybe Mamie Grady would call me a liar to my face and I couldn't slap her if she did, because I had told her she could if he wasn't. I mean I had told her she could call me a liar to my face if he wasn't worried.

I felt grand when I seen him. Was he sad? Say! He looked like a guy in a hearse with a one way ticket. Mamie Grady was sore. "The way he looks don't prove anything," she says. "Maybe he's sick. He'd look that way if he was sick, wouldn't he?"

"Well," I says to her, "I don't blame you for thirking that," I says, "because none of your fellows would ever look that way, unless they was sick," I says to her. I bet that made her sore.

I went out to lunch with Tom and all he had to eat was a cup of coffee and a cigarette.

"Do you love me?" he says.

"Sure!" I says. "What do you think?"

"Do you love me as much to-day as you did yesterday?"

"Well gee!" I says to him. "You don't pass up any bets, do you? Yesterday you was worried for whether I was going to love you as much as I did then and to-day you are all in a stew over whether I love you as much as I did yesterday. Ain't you going to eat any lunch?" I says.

"I can't," he says. "Listen," he says. "Did you ever love anybody else?"

I lied to him and he acted like he didn't believe me and I got mad and we had a fight.

That night he come to me when I got off work and asked me would I forgive him and said he believed me when I told him I didn't never love nobody else and he was happy for a minute and then he got sad again.

"What's the matter now?" I asked him.

"Could you ever love anybody else?" he asked.

So I lied again and before he had a chance to act like he didn't believe me — I says, "Listen!" I says. "Listen! I can never love a guy that don't trust me," I says. "You trust me, don't you?"

"Trust you?" he says. "You don't doubt me, do you?"

I was all mixed up. "Doubt what?" I says.

"You don't doubt that I trust you, do you?"

"No," I says. "Sure not! It's all right with me."

"Oh!" He says, groaning, "That would be terrible."

"Sweet Jazz!" I says. "What's wrong now?"

"Promise me you won't ever doubt me," he says. "Doubt," he says, "is the death of love."

He was a grand talker. That was one thing I liked about him. Hearing him talk was just like watching a movie. I don't know if it come natural to him, or if he was educated. Anyhow, it sounded fine.

The girls all got awful jealous. There wasn't a one of them that had a fellow that was as unhappy as mine and couldn't eat like Tom couldn't, or got thin like he did.

One day at lunch Rosie Meyer says to me: "Gee, Marion, maybe he's goin' to die for love of you. Wouldn't that be grand?"

I got to thinking about it and I thought maybe he would. One night I asked him would he. He begun to look worried and groaned some more.

"Would you ever get married again?" he asks me. I lied and he says: "Oh, if I could only be sure!" So after that he was unhappier than ever and the girls was all jealous of me and I was having a fine time, only I was getting kind of tired of hearing Tom groan all the while. It was nice to think he could be so unhappy for worrying did I love him or not, and would I always and all that, but sometimes I got to wishing he would laugh a little and be jolly, like some fellow you just met, instead of a guy you was engaged to.

When Spring came he got worse. The nicer the weather got, the more he worried. I thought maybe it would be nice if he took me to Coney Island and we would ride on the things and have a good time. Maybe he would feel better and laugh and be jolly and all, so I asked him would he take me on Sunday and he said he would. Then he began to worry all over again, an' look sick.

"What do you want to go to Coney Island for?" he says to me.

"Oh," I says, "I thought it would be nice."

And then he worried and groaned.

"What's the matter?" I says to him.

"Did you ever go to Coney Island before?" he says.

"Yes," I says. "Sure, I went before."

"Who did you go with?" he says.

"Sweet Jazz!" I says to him. "I don't know their names; just fellows," I says.

He worried and groaned some more. "Maybe you got memories of Coney Island," he says. "Was there some one fellow that you went with there a lot? And did you have good times with him? And is that maybe why you want to go back and live it over again?" he asks me.

"Sure, I got memories," I tells him. "Memories of live guys that I wasn't engaged to, that took me out and spent some money and gave me a good time. Them is memories," I says. "And believe me," I says, "I got to have some memory to think of them times, because it's a long time since they was."

"Are you sure there isn't any one man you think of more than the rest when you go to Coney Island?" he says.

So I told him no, and he said he had to go to Brooklyn and visit his aunt, Saturday night, and he'd meet me on the boat.

I got on the boat kind of early and set where I could watch the people coming up the little walk from the dock and I watched and I watched and Tom didn't come. I wondered if maybe he had committed suicide for love of me. I never knew nobody that had done anything like that, but lots of times I'd read about them. You never can tell. Sometimes people is liable to act like you read about in the books; so I sat there and wondered if maybe he had acted that way. I thought maybe he had written a note and then maybe the reporters from the newspapers would come and see me and ask me about it and maybe I would get my picture in the paper. I got to thinking how, if maybe it come out like that, I would cut the picture out of the paper and go and show it to the people that hires girls to be movie actresses and then I would get a job. You never can tell. Things come out funny, sometimes. So I sat there on the deck, thinking how bad I would feel if he had died for love of me and how maybe if he had I would get a good job and while I was thinking like that they blew the whistle on the boat. That was the loudest whistle I ever heard and it was near to me, too. Oh! What a whistle! It scared me like somebody had shot a gun off in my ear. You know them little stools you sit on in a boat? You don't ever want to sit on them if you're going to be scared. I was sitting on one when the whistle blew and I fell right over backwards, just like somebody pushed me. Everybody laughed and did I feel cheap! Oh, did I feel cheap!

A fellow took my arm and helped me up. He was an awful nice fellow. There was another fellow that was laughing at me and the fellow that helped me up give him a mad look. Gee, this fellow that helped me up could look mad fine! He looked mad at this fellow that was laughing at me and he says: "What are you laughing at?" You should have seen this fellow that was laughing at me shut up when he said that to him. I guess he didn't want to do any fighting with nobody that could look as mad as that fellow that helped me up!

The fellow that helped me up had on pants that was just the color of cream and had little stripes in them, and he had on a Bangkok hat that must have been pretty near genuine and he had on tan shoes with all little funny work around the toes, like I seen in the window of Willises on Fifth Avenue and they was sixteen dollars a pair; and he had on silk socks, nice gray ones with little green flowers all over them; and he had on a tie that had the same colors in it like his socks, only they was in wide stripes. And he had on a belt that was made of some kind of gray leather and had the loveliest big silver buckle I ever seen, with his initials carved on it. He was a swell looking fellow. He had a voice that was just as nice as his clothes, too.

"Are you hurt?" he says to me. The way he said it was fine; not fresh, or anything like that. Just like he was worried. "Are you hurt?" he says.

"No," I says, "I'm all right. The whistle scared me," I says. "I was all alone. I guess that's why it scared me."

"Oh," he says, "are you all alone? So am I," he says.

I started to smile and then I thought to myself: Sweet Jazz! Suppose Tom got on the boat somehow and I didn't see him come, maybe he would see me smiling at this fellow and nobody knows what would happen! I liked this fellow fine! I would liked to have got acquainted with him right away, but I was afraid maybe Tom had got on the boat and if I got acquainted with this fellow there would be a row.

So I says to him: "I'm not the sort of a girl that picks fellows up."

"Of course you ain't," he says. "And I ain't the sort of fellow that picks girls up, if it comes to that," he says. "Of course," he says, "if they get scared when a whistle blows and falls off a chair on their backs, that's different."

That kind of broke the ice and we both laughed. When he laughed, I could see he had lovely teeth. He had nice eyes, too, so I says to him, "Listen," I says, "I never done anything like this before," I says, "meeting a fellow and speaking to him without being introduced. I ain't that kind of a girl," I says. "And if I'm going to do it now," I says, "I got to think about it; so you wait right here for a minute," I says. "And I will go away by myself and think about it. And if I think it is all right after I have thought about it, I will come back," I says to him.

So I went all over the boat looking everywhere for Tom Horton, but I couldn't find him, so I thought it would be all right and I went back.

I says to the fellow, I says: "You won't think nothing wrong about me if I set down for a while and leave you talk to me without being introduced, will you?" And he says, Oh, no, certainly not, whatever made me think so? So we sat down together and he told me his name was Frank Otis and I told him what my name was. Then I thought I would better tell him a lie, because if I didn't do that, he would think it was funny how I come to be alone on a boat going to Coney Island and maybe he would think I was one of the kind of girls that couldn't get any fellow to go with them, and maybe if he thought that, he would hold me cheap.

"I did not think I would speak to anybody on the boat," I told him, "because how I come to be on the boat like this, I want to get away by myself, where I don't know anybody and would not have to talk to people. I get so tired being with people all the while," I says. "And the theater and supper parties and all such like as that get me terrible tired sometimes," I says. "So sometimes I do like this. I get away on a boat going to Coney Island, or maybe in the subway, or some place like that, where no one of my class usually goes and just set alone by myself and think."

It wasn't so much of a lie at that. I did get tired talking to fool dames that came around pretending they wanted to buy gloves and all the time all they wanted was to keep a poor girl busy showing them things they would buy if they had any money and pretending like they was so swell that they was nothing in stock that was good enough for them. If you are a saleslady in ladies' gloves at Madison's you do not have to go to a theater and pay money to see actresses pretending they are rich and come from a fine family.

Of course it was a little bit of a lie, but it wasn't much of one. This fellow kind of half got up from his seat and he says: "Well, if you had rather be alone, maybe I will be going."

I says, "No, I would rather be alone if I had not of met you." So he sat down again and told me about himself. He was a book-keeper at Reed and Fredericks.

"I suppose you must think that's a very humble walk of life," he says.

You see the way I had told him about how I sometimes go off alone on the boat or the subway, where none of my class went, that made him think I was a swell. I got a little bit scared then because he was an awful nice fellow and I liked him a lot from the first and I did not want him to think I was too swell, or maybe he would treat me too nice and we would not have any fun, so I says to him: "No, I don't think so," I says. "The kinds of walks people is in don't make any difference to me. Anyhow," I says to him, "live and let live," I says to him. "That's the way I feel about it. If a fellow was all right and got a good heart, what's the difference what kind of work he does?"

So we talked some more and all the fellows and girls sitting around us began getting kind of spoony and hugging each other and holding hands and one thing and another and the boat got further down the bay and I wondered was he going to get fresh. I thought to myself, I would call him down nice, if he started to get fresh, but didn't and the boat got on towards Coney Island and still he didn't.

There was another fellow that was laughing at me and the fellow that helped me up give him a mad look

He talked awful nice and said I had pretty hair and what lovely eyes and wasn't my nose beautiful and all such like, as though maybe the lie I had said to him about getting on the boat alone, where none of my class came, had scared him a little, so I moved my stool a little closer to him and kind of leaned on him when the boat rocked, and still he did not get fresh. So then I began to wonder if maybe he was a sap. He did not look like a sap, but sometimes you can't tell. I hoped he was not a sap, because I liked him fine. I never met any fellow I liked as much right away, and I kept on liking him better and better and by the time the boat got to Coney Island I liked him a lot and still he did not get fresh.

I made up my mind then that if he did get fresh, maybe I would better not call him down at all, but he didn't. I did not want him to get too fresh, but you

know if you like a fellow a lot, like I liked him, and he don't get fresh at all, you think maybe he don't like you like you like him and then you feel bad. So when this fellow, Frank, did not get fresh at all, not even a little bit, I thought maybe he did not like me and I felt bad. Then I thought maybe he was just a gentleman and that was why he did not get fresh, even a little bit, so I said to him: "Let's go and dance."

You know, if the reason a fellow does not get fresh is just because he's a gentleman and you go and dance, sometimes it breaks the ice a little bit. So we went and we danced and it did not do any good. I was beginning to get a little bit mad. Of course, I would have got mad if he had got too fresh, but I got a little bit mad because he did not get fresh at all. I began to wonder if maybe he did not like my looks. The way he danced with me, you would have thought I was a day's work.

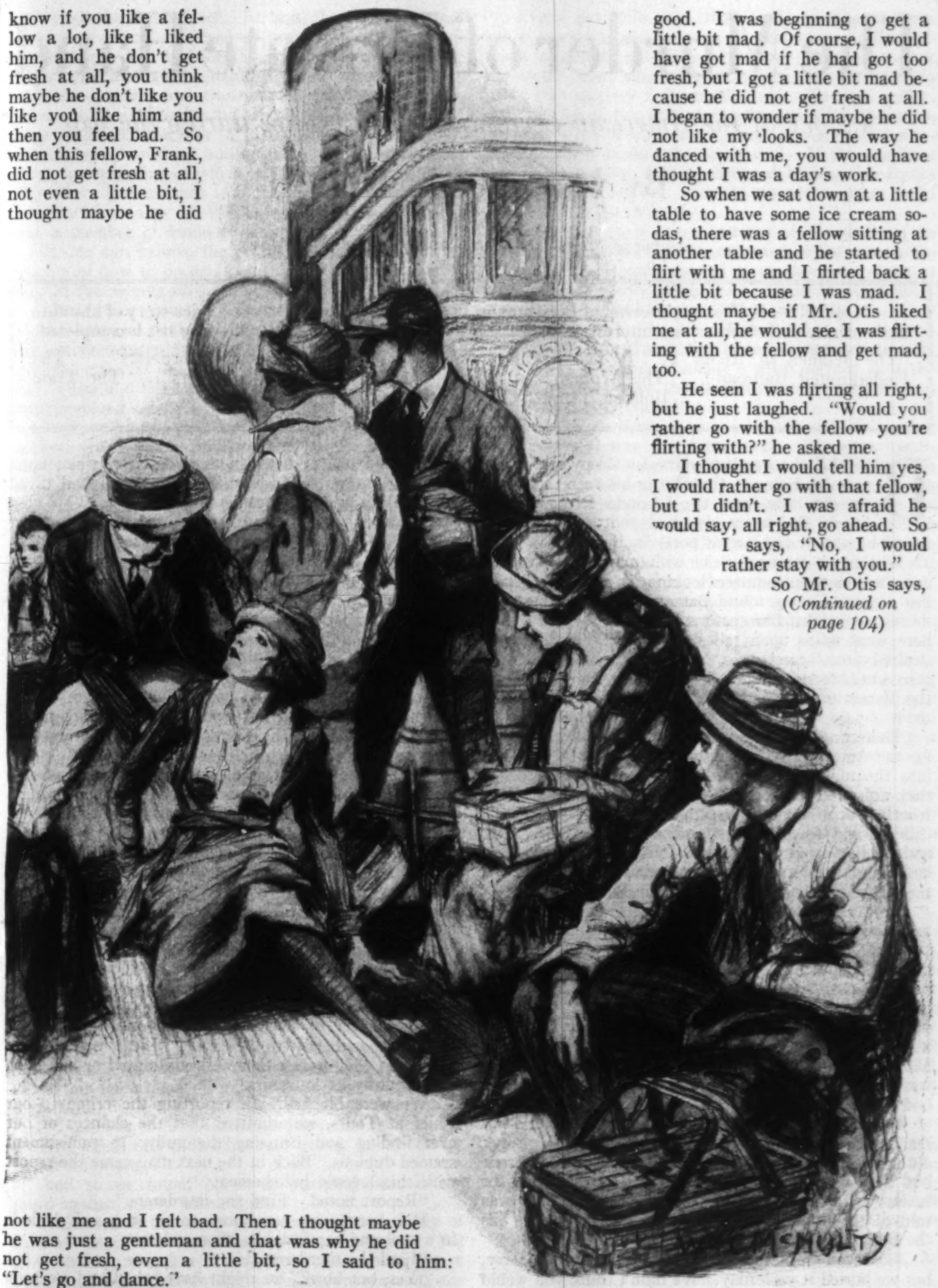
So when we sat down at a little table to have some ice cream sodas, there was a fellow sitting at another table and he started to flirt with me and I flirted back a little bit because I was mad. I thought maybe if Mr. Otis liked me at all, he would see I was flirting with the fellow and get mad, too.

He seen I was flirting all right, but he just laughed. "Would you rather go with the fellow you're flirting with?" he asked me.

I thought I would tell him yes, I would rather go with that fellow, but I didn't. I was afraid he would say, all right, go ahead. So I says, "No, I would rather stay with you."

So Mr. Otis says,

(*Continued on page 104*)



"Are you hurt?" he says to me, not fresh, or anything like that, just like he was worried, "Are you hurt?"

The Murder of Private Hand

A story of the American Secret Service in France during the war

By Major C. E. Russell

Author of "The Fire Bugs" in McClure's *for May*

Major Russell, Provost Marshal at Bordeaux in 1918, will contribute a secret service story of absolute authenticity and of absorbing interest to McClure's every month, until the following list is completed: "The Women in Room 27", "The Cocaine Smugglers", "The Algerian Murderers", "The Underground Railroad", "The Woman Spy of Biarritz", "The Wine Swindlers", "The Train Robbers", and "The Cheese Murder".

BEFORE the war Bassens was a sleepy little river town in France. Cuddled in between the ridges on one side, and the Gironde River on the other, she never dreamed that one day she would be one of the largest ports in France.

War plays strange tricks with maps and nations; and the American engineers looking for a place to establish a port of entry found Bassens still dreaming. Almost over night Bassens was changed — presto, and here were miles upon miles of docks with their galvanized iron warehouses, and thousands of colored stevedores, recruited and drafted from the levees and the plantations of the South, were in possession of the town.

There was a tremendous flow of all kinds of materials for the American Army passing through Bassens. Far into the night the negroes could be heard singing as they unloaded the supplies for the fighting units at the front. For the most part these stevedores were like children and discipline was hard to maintain. The only real soldiers were the non-commissioned officers who had been transferred to the stevedore companies from the colored regiments of the regular army.

In a camp of over 6,000 such units, chafing more or less under military discipline, the usual fights and squabbles incidental to camp life were common. But nothing serious had ever happened and the officers were proud of that. June 15, 1918, however, the Commanding Officer of the camp reported that two days before one of his men, Private Hand, had been found dead on a by-path that led from the ridge into camp. Hand had been killed during the night. A Frenchman who was going to work in his vineyard stumbled over the body next morning.

It is almost inconceivable that any officer would not realize the importance of quickly notifying the proper authorities as soon as such a crime had been discovered; but here was where the inconceivable happened, for it was two days before I, the Provost Marshal, was told of the crime, and then when I asked where was the body, this man naïvely replied:

"Did you want to see the body? I sure am sorry, but we buried it yesterday. We didn't think you would care to see it."

Then I blew up for fair. (Never again did that officer neglect to at once report even the most trivial happenings of his camp. In his anxiety to make good he reported one of his men as a deserter, when upon investigation we found that the poor devil had dived off the dock and never came to the surface.)

We had a most difficult case on hand; a murder two days' old, and the body of the victim buried. The only saving grace about the whole proposition was that military regulations required that an autopsy must be performed on all persons found murdered — and the "Medico" had done a thorough job. Hand had been shot twice in the back and the top of his head had been crushed in with some blunt instrument. The "Medico" proudly handed us the two bullets he had taken from the body and called our attention to the fact that the gun used was evidently of a French make. The two bullets, with Hand's uniform made up our total assets in the way of clues.

With these few shreds of evidence in our possession we hurried to the scene of the crime, hoping against hope that we might find a lead to work on.

Alas for our hopes! the path, for quite a distance each side of the spot where the body had been found, looked as if it had been well prepared for spring planting. Hobnailed boots tramping over one spot soon cut up the earth. Not only had the path itself been well dug up, but it was evident that a most minute search had been made of each spear of grass. The hedges lining the path were broken down in several places and even the vineyards adjacent to the spot looked as if a cyclone had struck them. Judging from the appearance of the ground every one of the 6,000 stevedores had visited the place. If there had been any clues, they were either well obliterated or had been carried away as souvenirs.

We were blocked. In reporting the crime to our Chief at Tours, we admitted that the chances of our ever finding and bringing the guilty to punishment seemed dubious. Back in the next mail came the report with this laconic indorsement:

"Report noted. Find the murderers."

It is very easy, you know, to sit in a swivel chair in a cool and comfortable office and say:

"Find the murderers."

"Yes, but how?" we might have asked had we been civilians, but we were in the army where "But hows" did not go.

Hunting for a needle in a haystack would be child's play compared to searching through a camp of 6,000

stevedores for a murderer. At best, these negroes were suspicious of us. To them an army officer represented the authority that had torn them away from a peaceful, happy life and after submitting them to the horrors of a sea voyage, had transplanted them to a foreign shore. Like all peoples far away from home they were very clannish, and our first investigation netted us nothing new; two lead bullets and a blood stained uniform, in the pocket of which we had found a pass, were still all we had to work from. The pass belonged to a man by the name of Williams. Williams we found was a member of Hand's company.

If one can believe the correspondence schools that teach you how to become a detective, there is no mystery in the solving of a crime.

"Just place yourself," they say, "in the position of the criminal. Decide what you would do under like circumstances and, in 90 per cent of these cases, the real criminal did exactly what you yourself would do. Then find the motive for the crime and the mystery is solved."

Here we had an easy case: Williams' pass in Hand's pocket. Get Williams and we would have the murderer; for it was self-evident that Hand had no right to Williams' pass. The stolen pass was the motive. Hand without doubt had stolen the pass, thus preventing Williams from spending his monthly leave in Bordeaux. Hand, realizing that with a stolen pass he could not hope to enter the camp through the main gate, was trying to slip into the camp over the ridge. Coming in he encountered Williams. Words and accusations followed. Williams in a rage at Hand for causing him to lose his evening in Bordeaux killed Hand.

It really resolved itself into a very simple case after all: Finding Williams was easy enough. He was in the guardhouse at Bassens — and had been there for two weeks! If the records of the guardhouse were correct, and they were, Williams could not have been on the ridge; not having been on the ridge the night Hand was killed, he could not have committed the murder. The guardhouse records proved a perfect alibi for Williams.

As long as we could not pin the crime on Williams we fondly hoped that an examination of Hand's history would provide us with the motive. How we hustled and dug into that man's past! The entire result, however, was a clean bill for Hand. Hand, we found, was one of the best men in the camp — never causing trouble — quiet — no wine — no gambling, nor did women enter into the well-ordered life of this black soldier, for Hand was a full blooded negro, one of the best of a race that produces some of the faithfullest, God-fearing humans in the world. His Bible was his best friend; he was always willing to assist the Chaplain in his religious work. Every one was singing the praises of the murdered man. Hand's captain summed it all up when he said:

"Hand was a good Christian boy. He lived clean, thought clean, and didn't have an enemy in this camp, to our knowledge."

And so we found ourselves bumping our several noses against a very blank wall.

Inasmuch as the camp was composed exclusively of colored troops we could not work under cover. We tried staining the skin of one of our men and we were congratulating ourselves that we had been very successful when one of the men called attention to our pseudo stevedore's lips and nose. We might turn a white man into a negro by staining his skin but we could not make over his lips or nose.

Every available man that could be spared from other cases was put to work on this case. It had become a matter of pride with our department, that encounter what obstacles we might, we intended to solve this mystery and punish those who were guilty. At the end of the first week's investigation, however, we were just where we had started; we were still bumping our noses against the blank wall. If the murderer was in that camp, and we believed he was, his tracks were carefully covered. For the stevedores either could not or would not help us.

It seemed as if every member of the staff at the Base Headquarters became interested in the case, questions were continually hurled at us about it. Even at the daily conferences with the Commanding General, I was always greeted by the "Old Man" with:

"Well, Major, who killed Hand?"

Our Chief at Tours also added to our irritation by continually prodding us about it till it seemed as if the very housetops were shouting the same question:

"Who killed Hand?"

But, try as hard as we could, the only thing that we discovered was that blank wall. We were handicapped because our white detectives could not mingle with the stevedores. Finally we realized that it was absolutely necessary to place a colored detective in the Bassens camp if we ever hoped to find the solution of this most baffling crime. Colored detectives do not grow on trees. The man we needed must be quick to act, for there was no telling what emergency might arise; keen of mind, so that he could eliminate suspicion from himself; observing, so that he could not overlook details, that while small in themselves might point to the way of the murderer; and brave enough to face and run to earth a desperate criminal, who having killed one man, would not hesitate to kill another if his life and liberty were in jeopardy. It required a painstaking search to find such a man. At our Central Records Office at Bourge a feverish examination of the records of the colored troops finally produced the man we were looking for.

His name was Wilson. Before the war he had been connected with the Texas Rangers. The records showed that the Chief of the Rangers spoke highly of Wilson's courage, determination and intelligence, and that meant a great deal coming from him, because the Rangers hold a place in military estimation, comparable to the distinction of the Northwest Mounted Police.

Wilson must be our man. He belonged to a combat unit and was with his company in training at the front, and the question was how to get him back to us. After carefully considering the matter, we were convinced that an open formal transfer would not do for we found that there was more or less correspondence carried on between the negro combat units at the front and the negro stevedores at Bassens. We must arrest Wilson on a trumped up charge and bring him back that way.

We took his captain into our confidence and explained to him the urgency of the case. He, in turn, agreed to assist us in every possible way. The company was paraded; and there, in front of all his buddies, Wilson was called from the ranks. The charges of the fictitious crime were read to him and he was formally placed under arrest. Wilson indignantly denied the accusations. Appealing to his captain, he said:

"Captain, you know that I am innocent of this charge. I did not do it! For Heaven's sake don't let them take me back to the rear and railroad me to jail! I want to stay here with my buddies!"

It was seemingly a most unjust thing to do, but if we were ever to find an answer to, "Who killed Hand?" we must have Wilson and this was the only way to secretly place him in the Bassens camp.

"I am sorry, Wilson," said the captain, "but I have examined the charges and they are in regular order. No doubt but you will be successful in disproving them, but you will have to go with the major. I will do everything possible to help you." To make a greater impression on Wilson's comrades we handcuffed him, and hustling him into the automobile, we drove away.

Miles away from his camp we stopped, and releasing Wilson, we told him the why and wherefore of it all. Naturally he was very angry at such a high-handed course, for we had humiliated him before all his buddies. He insisted that he did not want to be transferred to duty in the rear, but wanted a chance to get at the Boche.

It was necessary to explain the situation in detail and I placed myself in his hands, telling him that I had been unable to solve the crime and as far as the authorities knew he was the only man in France who could help us. He alone could find the guilty one and thus clear away the cloud of suspicion now resting upon the 6,000 of his fellow citizens, and an appeal was made to Wilson's pride of race. After a promise to return him to his company as soon as he had finished with the case, he was finally won over to our point of view, and he agreed to assist us.

Wilson was a fine fellow, a graduate of Tuskegee, and one of those brown negroes who seem not of mixed blood, but to come from a superior African tribe.

In Bordeaux, Wilson was confined in the guardhouse, with instructions to escape as soon as opportunity offered and make his way to the Bassens camp. If possible he was to join one of the stevedore companies. Major Henderson who was in charge of the guardhouse at Bordeaux facilitated the escape, and within a few days Wilson was safely hidden away in the Bassens camp. At first we were apprehensive that he might be arrested there as a deserter, but later on it was all made clear why he was permitted to remain there unmolested.

Not knowing how many pairs of eyes were watching our every movement, I was afraid to have Wilson either mail his reports or come to even our secret office to deliver them personally, so knowing the superstitious fears of the colored stevedores it was arranged that every night between nine and ten I or someone of my staff would be at the spot where Hand had been killed, and there Wilson could make his report. Several discouraging nights passed before Wilson put in his first appearance. But when he came to the rendezvous he had plenty to tell. For over an hour he poured out a tale that seemed almost incredible.

"Why Major," he began, "conditions at the Bassens camp are terrible! There are two sergeants who are running the camp just as they please, their names are Hodges and Pew. There is no attempt at rotation of the guard; instead of every man having a chance to do guard duty, Hodges and Pew select the men they want for the guard — and their word is law in the selection, and these two sergeants are making a fortune out of selling places on the guard. You understand, that if a man is doing guard duty he is released from work on the docks? Working on the docks is hard, and the men have to work eight hours and sometimes more. Those doing guard duty, however, walk post for four hours and then loaf or sleep the other eight, before they are required to do four hours more of guard duty. Compared with work on the docks guard duty is a big snap. The price for being assigned to guard duty is ten dollars per month, and those who do not pay are quickly returned to the docks. With three hundred guards in this camp these two sergeants are cleaning up big. However, that is only one source of income, or graft."

In repeating long conversations, of course, I make no pretense of remembering them verbally, but the gist of this and many of Wilson's explanations I will never forget. His news made too deep a dent.

"You issued orders," he went on, "that only three hundred men a week from the Bassens camp can come into Bordeaux on pass. All the stevedores want to get into Bordeaux, if possible, so the competition for passes is keen. These two crooks, taking advantage of your order, are selling the passes. The price is ten francs, per pass, per day. As all the men are required to report upon return and turn their passes in to the guardhouse, these sergeants have them for reissue.

"Hodges and Pew also have their stool pigeons present at all the gambling games going on, and these stool pigeons collect a rakeoff for the two sergeants. When one of the men is caught overstaying his pass or breaking the rules or regulations, they hold a mock court martial trial over the culprit and fine him all the traffic will bear, the fines of course going into their own pockets."

"But, Wilson," I said, "how can these two sergeants hold up and rob six thousand men? It does not seem possible! the men would rebel and complain to their officers."

"That's what I thought at first," replied Wilson, "but Hodges and Pew have a tremendous control over there; it came about in this way:

"Several months ago a man did rebel at being robbed and complained about it to his captain. Hodges and Pew, however, were successful in convincing this captain that the man was lying; and for punishment the man was sent to the guardhouse. That same night Hodges shot this squealer. When the investigation came up Hodges swore that the man attacked him with a knife and he had to shoot in self-defense. Pew corroborated Hodges, and the verdict was:

"Killed by Sergeant Hodges in self-defense."

"Ever since that all Hodges has to do is to recall the fate of the squealer to the mind of any gambler, and fear does the rest. And then the stevedores are firmly convinced that both Hodges and Pew practise the Voodoo rites and hold the power of life or death over them. It's fear of the Voodoo that makes the stevedores most mortally afraid of these two crooks. It is only by the liberal use of the money you gave me that I have not been turned in as a deserter. But I have bought Hodges' friendship all right."

Surely here was plenty of food for thought. Hodges and Pew running the camp and collecting tribute from all sides. If they were capable of such graft, were they not capable also of killing Hand? Naturally the idea that the murder was a part of this carnival of crime took its place in our minds, but that alone did not get us any further.

"But all things come to him who waits." The next day after we had received Wilson's report a French peasant, digging in his vineyard, uncovered a revolver. Luckily for us, this Frenchman realized what his find meant, and carefully wrapping the revolver in a newspaper, he brought it to us. It was of French make and was of the same caliber as the one used in the murder of Hand. There were two empty shells in the cylinder

and it was covered with what looked like rust. The trigger guard was all bent out of shape; and on it and on the butt we found several hairs. An analysis by the medical department told us that, without doubt, what we had thought was rust was blood, and that the hair came from a colored man. At last we had a real clue.

We carefully cleaned the revolver and were finally able to decipher the number and make. Fortunately for us there is a law in France which requires that a record be kept of the sale of all firearms. A book is supplied for the purpose; and in it the merchant enters the name and number of the gun and the purchaser signs the book. With the make and number of the revolver that killed Hand in our possession, we canvassed all the firearm stores. By the process of elimination we finally located the store that had sold the gun.

"Yes," the proprietor remembered the sale. "It seemed strange to me that an American soldier, especially a colored sergeant, would need to purchase a revolver."

Scrawled across the book we found W. S. Grant, the name given by the purchaser. When asked if he thought he could identify the soldier, the proprietor replied:

"I am sure that I can, for I remember him quite distinctly."

The proprietor was willing to assist us and he was taken to Bassens. There, secreted in a cafe which was frequented by the stevedores, the proprietor picked out Hodges. When asked his reasons for picking out Hodges, he stated:

"The soldier who purchased the revolver had a scar across his chin."

So had Hodges.

Moreover, Hodges was such a distinguished looking soldier that one naturally would remember him. He was over six feet tall, straight as an arrow, a real bronze giant. His color was light, and he could have passed as an Indian. For years he had been a soldier in one of the colored regiments of our regular army and as a result of those years of training, he was to all outward appearances every inch a soldier. To one who did not know the real fiend underneath this exterior, he appeared to be a "regular" who knew his job and his place, and when he was talking with any one, looking him straight in the eye, his manner at once inspired confidence in the man, and what he was saying. He made as good an impression as did "Honest Iago," another soldier, by the way.

To successfully prove before a court martial that Hodges was the actual purchaser of the revolver, it was necessary to compare the handwriting in the book with that of Hodges. We secured a copy of daily guard report written by Hodges, and with the page from the record book both were submitted to a hand writing expert. His report confirmed our suspicion — both had been written by Hodges.

Now we had two clues. They were useless, however, unless we could back them up, for it would be easy enough for Hodges to swear that he had lost the revolver, and then where would we be? However, we were now sure we were on the right trail.

Wilson was instructed to play strong on Hodges for a confession. But, even in his cups, Hodges never gave an inkling that he either knew about or had a hand in the murder. He was a wise one, was Hodges.

We were still fooling with the same blank wall. As a last resort, we finally decided to apply psychology to the case and see if that science would not help us to solve the crime. So calling Hodges and Pew into my office, I said to them:

"Boys, I am up against it. I cannot find a clue as to who killed Hand. If I don't find one pretty quick, I am going to hear from General Pershing. Your Captain tells me if any one can find the murderer, you two can. I want you to help me. I am going to appoint you special detectives; give you passes so you can go anywhere at any time; supply you with civilian clothes; let you carry guns, in fact, I am going to make you my confidential assistants."

If Hodges and Pew really did kill Hand, they were likely to know if there were any witnesses to the crime, or any men who suspected them, and it was morally certain that such deep dyed villains as these would move heaven and earth to pin the crime where it would do most good in doubly insuring the safety they were enjoying! and in trying to convict others I had strong hopes they would help me convict themselves.

Hodges and Pew were well pleased with their appointment. They thought they were dealing with a fool and they could easily pull the wool over his eyes. Then again, the passes and the civilian clothes would allow them to have some grand times in Bordeaux without fear of arrest by the military police.

Pew by the way was only a willing and useful tool for the engaging Hodges. He, too, had been a regular and in the same regiment with Hodges for several years, and though he had a good soldierly record — that he was made a sergeant showed that — he was a squat, pocked marked black fellow, who could never look the soldier, and had no such intelligence as made Hodges such a master.

With Wilson covering the activities of the camp, and Hodges and Pew working to convict the witnesses so they themselves would be free, I felt that it would be only a question of time before the necessary evidence would be in our hands and the trap would be closed. The answer to the question: "Who killed Hand?" seemed to be coming nearer and nearer.

My judgment was soon confirmed, for within a few days after Hodges and Pew had been appointed detectives, they came into the office with a colored stevedore.

"Major," said Hodges, "here is one of the murderers."

Turning to the man, Hodges demanded in a threatening voice: "Givens, didn't you help kill that boy Hand?"

And now, right in my own office, I was face to face with the uncanny power of these two men. Here was a poor ignorant colored boy, crushed under the mysterious influence of these two crooks, confessing to a crime which I was morally certain he did not commit, for Givens replied:

"Yes, Major, I helped kill Hand."

Carefully explaining to Givens that what he might say could be used against him, I again questioned him as to his guilt. Even in the face of the certainty that he must hang for the crime, he still maintained that he helped kill Hand. Voodoo was against me and would never get this victim to own his innocence with Hodges and Pew around.

I bestowed flattering praise on Hodges and Pew for their quick work, saying:

"Now that we have the guilty man I will have a court martial convened and we will quickly settle this boy Givens."

"But, Major," interrupted Hodges. "There is an-

other man in that camp that also had a hand in the killing. We will have him in here in a few days, then you can hang them both."

So, triumphant in their diabolical scheme, the sergeants departed to find another victim for the hangman. When they were gone I fell to trying to get the truth out of Givens, but it seemed a fear of something more than death hung over him like a pall. Even telling him that I knew he was innocent was of no avail; he still maintained his guilt. I knew Givens was not guilty; but the question was, how could the fear of Hodges and Pew be mastered?

He was sent to the guardhouse and I had to issue instructions to impress upon his mind the horrors of being hung so that the physical fear would overcome his fear of what Hodges could do to him with his Voodoo tricks. Two days later I had Givens brought back to the office and there, after hours of careful and hard work, the truth was finally wrung from him. With tears streaming down his face, trembling with a fear of the unknown, and pleading for protection from Hodges and Pew, Givens gave us the facts. Givens was a black chap who spoke like Uncle Remus, but reproduction of his dialect is beyond me.

"The night that Hand was killed," said he, "I had been in Bordeaux. I overstayed my leave and was sneaking into the camp over the ridge. While making my way along the path, I heard someone coming, so I jumped over the hedge and hid. I saw Hodges and Pew, with Hand between them, come up the path and pass by the place where I was hiding. A few seconds later I heard two shots. Then Hodges and Pew came running back along the path. As they passed me Hodges said:

" 'There, I have fixed that damned squealer.'

"I was so scared that I remained hiding for over an hour, and then slowly made my way into the camp. The other night I got drunk and boasted that I knew all about the shooting of Hand. Evidently Hodges heard of it for I was soon arrested. Hodges told me what to say, and said if I denied it when brought before you he would put a Voodoo spell on me and on all my relations. He can do it, too, so I confessed."

It was evident that even while he told this story Givens was as much afraid of Hodges as he was of hanging. Poor Givens believed that he was a doomed man whichever way he turned. That night, to allay his fears, he was secretly transferred to the prison at Tours.

Our net was slowly closing about Hodges and Pew. Now we were able to place them at the scene of the crime with the murdered man. We also were able to show that Hodges purchased the gun.

Still I was not satisfied and planned to await further corroboration before ordering their arrest. Being convinced in my own mind as to the guilt of any one and proving it before a court martial were two vastly different things.

The next man Hodges brought in was Williams. And again the farce was gone over. Hodges accused Williams of the actual murder and Williams admitted it. When asked how he could have been on the ridge when he was supposed to have been in the guardhouse he replied:

"I sneaked out and had been to the village for a drink. On my way back I met Givens and we both were slipping into camp the back way. We met Hand. He said he was going to tell on us so I shot him."

Once again the evil influence was at work. We were living in the 20th century, but the fear of a Voodoo was actually strong enough to cause two innocent men to swear away their own lives! They, in truth, were so thoroughly frightened that they believed what they said. If Hodges said they killed Hand, why they did, and that was all there was to it. The thing was almost inconceivable. But here it was staring us in the face. I knew in my own mind that both these boys had been lying; still if they had persisted in their confessions we should have been forced to hang them, which we were not eager to do.

Again it was necessary to resort to peculiar methods in order to overcome that terrible menace! Williams was sent to the guardhouse and the same sergeant who had been so successful in breaking down Givens was set to work on him. Finally successful, the sergeant brought Williams to the office. After giving him our solemn promise that we would send him away where Hodges could not find him, and giving him a charm that we swore was a sure protection against any Voodoo spell we got the truth from Williams:

"I was in the guardhouse the night Hand was killed," said Williams: "I remember it well though, for I saw Pew come in and get another uniform for Hodges; I saw Hodges wash his hands and the water was all red as if with blood. I reckon Hodges must have seen me watching, for yesterday he accused me of the crime and told me just what to say."

Faithful to my promise I spirited Williams away and put him in the prison at Tours where he and Givens could keep up each other's courage.

During the time that Hodges was corralling Givens and Williams, Wilson was busy on his end of the investigation. Among other things, he learned that Hodges was maintaining a woman in Spanish Town — Spanish Town was one of the worst parts of Bordeaux and had been "Off limits" for all Americans ever since their arrival in that city. Hodges would wait until the military police were withdrawn each night and then he would slip in from the river front.

Believing that Wilson had accomplished all that he could in the camp, he was instructed to allow the military police to pick him up. The orders were quickly obeyed and Wilson was soon back in the guardhouse. So that there would be no question about Wilson's standing and to clear his record, the farce of a court martial was gone through with. Wilson, of course, we found not guilty and released. He was then detailed as my chauffeur, and equipped with a pass that permitted him to go anywhere, he was instructed to make a play for the Hodges' woman. In this he was not as successful as we had hoped. True, he was able to induce her to go riding with him and though the opportunities for rides in the automobile were many the woman never wavered in her love for Hodges — she would not talk. There is an old and a true saying:

"If you want to make a woman talk, first make her jealous." So we planned to try by some means to create a feeling of jealousy between this woman and Hodges.

I took my troubles to my friend the Chief of the French secret police, as I needed his help in finding a woman that I could use for the purpose in mind. During the war the secret police of Bordeaux was a powerful organization, made up as it was of many nationalities, and comprising both men and women. Among the women was a girl whose father was a negro and whose mother was a half caste. Marie, the Chief volunteered, was just the girl for my work, pretty as a picture and absolutely fearless, and the Chief sent Marie to me. Her instructions were simple: She was

to frequent a cafe in Bassens where Hodges was in the habit of spending his spare time. An acquaintance with Hodges was to be formed and when she had accomplished this further instructions would be given her. Marie carried out her part of the plan promptly and before many days had passed she reported that Hodges was making ardent love to her.

The stage was now set for the jealous woman to appear. Marie was told that at four o'clock the next afternoon she must be walking along the La Palice road with Hodges. During the time that Marie had been working on Hodges, Wilson, in turn, was diligently planting the seeds of suspicion and jealousy in the mind of the woman from Spanish Town.

Spinning along the La Palice road the next afternoon, Wilson with the Spanish woman, passed Marie and Hodges.

"Look!" exclaimed Wilson. "Why there is Hodges right now and he sure has some good looking girl with him. It's just as I have been telling you, Hodges has a new sweetheart now! He doesn't love you any more!"

During the rest of the ride Wilson made the most of his opportunity and before he returned to Bordeaux he had succeeded in working his companion into a fine rage. He continued throwing out insinuations after their return to the house, and finally broke down her reserve. Turning on Wilson the woman cried:

"If I can't have him no other woman shall! I know enough to hang him! He can't throw me over like that and get away with it! Why, it was only a month ago that he came here in the middle of the night with a bundle containing one of his uniforms, all bloody. He asked me to have it cleansed. So I took it to the cleaner just around the corner and it is there yet.

"Hodges was in a terrible rage at the time. He even threatened to kill me if I ever told. Several nights later he came in drunk. During the evening, he boasted that he had killed one of his men for threatening to squeal. It was terrible, especially when he told me how he had beaten in the head of the man. Later he said, 'If you ever tell on me, I will strangle you with my bare hands.' I don't care now! He doesn't love me any more, but that other woman won't get him! Before I would stand for that I would kill him myself!"

As soon as possible after this, without exciting suspicion, Wilson left the house and reported to me. A quick visit to the cleansing establishment produced the uniform with Hodges' name stamped on it. The manager remembered the circumstances. He remembered, too, the trouble he had had in getting the blood stains out. He was willing to assist us by testifying to the facts as he knew them.

Our chain of evidence was now complete. We had the revolver and could connect Hodges with the purchase of it. Through Givens, we could prove that Hodges and Pew were with Hand just before he was murdered. Williams would testify that Hodges had changed his uniform on the night that Hand was killed. Also from Williams we could prove the fact that Hodges' hands were all bloody. We had the statement of the cleanser that he had received the American uniform covered with blood spots; that he had delivered the identical uniform to us. He would also testify that it came to him through the Hodges woman. The uniform in question had Hodges' name stamped on it. Lastly we had the questionable confession of the Spanish Town woman herself as she made it to Wilson.

The case was perfect. All that remained was to draw the net and take our prisoners. Knowing that Hodges and Pew were desperate men, we set a trap to catch them unawares. Sending word to both Hodges and Pew that I wanted to see them in order to go over the evidence against Givens and Williams, I had them come to the office.

They were not a pair to take any chances on, and when they came in four of my best men were stationed in the room. On some trifling excuse they were induced to go to a window to look out, and the first intimation that they had that their plans had gone astray was when they felt the muzzles of two automatics pressed into the small of their backs with a curt:

"Hands up!"

Hodges never gave a sign of fear or guilt! Pew was shaken, though he pulled himself together pretty well; but Hodges went to the guardhouse like a good soldier, carrying himself as though proud of his innocence, and falsely accused.

Securely ironed, they were kept in solitary confinement to await the action of a court martial. A few days after the arrest, Pew sent word that he wanted to see me. I believed that he wanted to confess, and since we did not as yet know the motive for the murder, I wanted that confession. Yet I knew that he would try to exchange his confession for his life and not having the power to promise him anything, I would not see him myself, but instead sent a sergeant to see him. The sergeant told Pew if he would tell him what he had on his mind, he, the sergeant, would do what he could for him with the major.

"I want to get it all off my conscience," said Pew. "On the night that Hand was killed he told Hodges that he knew plenty about the grafting. He was going to the colonel the next morning and tell him all about it. Hodges asked Hand and myself to take a walk up on the ridge so they could talk it over. During this walk, Hodges, knowing that Hand's word was as good as his bond, tried to get Hand to promise not to squeal. Hodges promised if he would not squeal he would stop the grafting. Hand refused. Then Hodges beat his head in with the butt of the gun."

I was transferred to the front before sentence was passed, and in March, 1919, I told this story at a dinner of the Adventurers Club in New York. I ended my story by saying I did not know what the court martial's verdict had been. A member of the Adventurers arose from his seat at a table, and said he could supply the end of the tale. He had served on the court martial that had sentenced Hodges and Pew to be hung, but the Reviewing Officer, believing no premeditation had been shown, had committed their sentence to life imprisonment at Fort Leavenworth.

She put on the grave clothes unassisted and took the phial of poison from his hand

Subject to Approval

By Hildegarde Angell

Illustrated by Bert Salg

THE unsigned contract lay on Stanton's desk, but it appeared it was not about the contract that General Wu had brought his secretary to talk to him this morning. Stanton was puzzled and a little apprehensive; the contract was a big affair if he could land it!

The General, dropped down like a bundle of old clothes in Stanton's swivel chair, gave no evidence of the wealth that Stanton knew him to possess. He was old and seemed to have dried up with the years, his yellow skin was stretched tight over the bones of his face, and his skull under the rusty little black silk cap ran to a narrow peak at the top. His gray silk coat showed much wear, was spotted, and frayed at the edges. Not a very impressive figure, the General! Opposite him, facing the light, was a very striking contrast. General Wu's secretary, tall for a Chinaman, with big frame, big hands, but handsome, and dressed in silks so rich as to make him conspicuous in any gathering. That he was a pompous fellow, full of pose and posture, Stanton knew from the two or three previous interviews he had had with him. He was curiously like a reflection in a mirror, Stanton thought, very perfect, very fine, but there was no substance to him, no force. But he was undisputably handsome!

"In the first place you must know that the General had only one wife and one concubine," this secretary was saying, "and the wife was the wife of his bosom! Always his first thought was for her. You must also know that it was the General's habit to travel extensively over the country, attending to his affairs, but always as the end of his journey approached, he commanded his secretary to telegraph to his wife the hour of his return. The General's secretary at that time, if I may be permitted to call Mr. Stanton's attention to so insignificant a point, was not myself — I was not always a secretary!"

Here the present incumbent of that post rolled a fine but furtive eye upon his employer. The General, however, sat with what looked like the immobility of stupidity, his hands folded in the sleeves of his coat and his eyes on the empty piece of green blotting paper on Stanton's desk. The secretary resumed his story. His voice was well modulated and the phrases poured out with the smoothness of a speech that has been committed to memory. Perhaps the statement concerning himself was an unauthorized interpolation.

"The General is a generous and considerate man, and always his first thought was for his wife. So it came about that when he went away from home on these journeys he took no precaution to safeguard her fidelity, but allowed her the utmost freedom. A wife in Mr. Stanton's own country could hardly enjoy greater liberty than did this lady in the absence of her husband."

There was a pause and the secretary looked at the green blotting paper till the General, advancing one small foot by two inches along the floor, aroused him. He came to with a start.

"It appears, however, that the lady in this case was unworthy of the trust reposed in her by her husband; that she misused his noble generosity and the freedom which he allowed her. The strictest guard should have been put upon one who was capable of such disregard of the honor of her husband!

"The eyes of the generous are closed to iniquity, the simple of heart suspect no evil. All Shanghai knew that the General's wife had a lover, the friends of the General knew this fact, but in China a man does not tell his friend that his wife is unfaithful. The lady had a lover and in the absence of her husband she went to him. This all Shanghai knew, but the General did not know. The General's secretary, however, knew, and——"

The General coughed slightly and the secretary stopped.

"The lady's lover was an actor at the Hankow Theater, a young man of personal attraction and considerable promise. His career as an actor has ended!" For a moment the secretary ceased to be the bland and handsome automaton, the impersonal mouthpiece, and became a human being. His face suddenly flared with an intense and genuine animosity.

"The General's secretary knew, however, and on one occasion he purposely omitted to telegraph to the General's wife the hour of her husband's return. It may be that a just punishment has already overtaken the servant who failed to execute the commands of his master!"

And then, for the first time, the General took his small and beady eyes away from the blotting paper and turned them upon his secretary; their glassy expression was sinister. Stanton quite unaccountably shivered, and the secretary, hurrying on with the story, struggled to regain his detached grandiloquence. His flare of refractory fire was subdued.

"When, therefore, on this occasion, the General stepped down from the train there was no automobile to meet him. He was forced to subject himself to the indignity of riding to his house in a public rickshaw!

"On arriving home he went immediately, as was his custom, to his wife's apartment. It was eight o'clock in the morning, and though he had expected to find that she had not yet arisen, he was amazed to discover that she was not there, that in fact she had not slept there that night! He went to seek news of her from his concubine, who told him his wife had gone to dine the night before with a friend, whom she named. Doubtless, she said, it had grown late before she realized and she had decided to pass the night there. The General agreed and, ordering out his automobile, drove to get her at the house of the friend. His heart still tenderly cherished the wife of his bosom, he was full of anticipation for their reunion.

"But the cruelty of disillusion was in store for the General. He was met by the husband of his wife's friend, who told him that his wife had not been there the night before, that, in fact, nothing of her had been seen there in the past two weeks! The General drove in turn to all the houses where his wife was acquainted, where she might possibly have found refuge for the night, but in none of them did he find any trace of her. Let Mr. Stanton picture to himself the slow dying of the faith that had made beautiful his life!"

Stanton obediently made the attempt, but looking at the wizened, imperturbable face of the little General, found it hard to believe that anything so spontaneous as faith had ever resided behind it. He sat there, his hands tranquilly folded in the sleeves of his somber gray coat, as detached, as indifferent, to all appearances, as if the story he had brought his secretary to recount concerned him not at all.

"The lady was at home when the General returned and he greeted her with all courtesy and consideration, as was his custom. She had had no word of his arrival, she explained, or nothing would have kept her from being on hand to perform her wifely duty, her pleasure, she said, in welcoming the return of her husband. She had gone to dine the night before with a friend and had remained the night. 'And with what friend?' inquired the General. And she named the same woman whom the concubine had named. 'That is very strange,' her husband told her, 'because I have just been there to inquire for you, but was told by your friend's husband that you had not been there at all these past two weeks.'"

The General stirred slightly and the secretary moistened his lips.

"No explanation was offered by the lady," he went on, "and the General demanded none. The issue was dropped, it was as if it had never been. The household resumed its normal ways under the return of the master, and the General's wife was treated with all the respect which the General judged to be due to the mother of his son."

Here was a pause and Stanton had time to project himself into the picture, to wonder with increasing bewilderment what was the connection between the amours of a Chinese lady and the installation of machinery for a salt mine, which he had previously thought to be his issue with the General. He had not proceeded far on any line of conjecture, however, before the General, moving back the foot which he had advanced fifteen minutes before, again aroused the secretary. The story went on.

"You must know that the General is in all things a dutiful and worthy successor of his ancestors. When, therefore, about ten days after his return, he commanded his wife to prepare for a journey, telling her that he desired to travel into the hills, to visit the tomb of his ancestors and to offer prayers, there was nothing out of the way in this to surprise the lady. And it is possible, that seeing the undeserved consideration with which she was treated, she began to suffer the pangs of remorse, that her heart softened and that humility which should be the portion of evil-doers, entered in—but she gave no sign. Repentance does not affect the remission of punishment but is a gratification to him who has been wronged. This gratification was most undeservedly denied to the General!

"When in due time they set forth for the hills the General's son accompanied his parents. He was at this time a lad of fifteen, and on the journey the General was moved to remark anew, now much to his sorrow, how great was his resemblance to his mother. Much attention has been given to the education of the son, to the formation of his views of life since this occurrence, and the General is now satisfied that the regrettable

resemblance does not extend beyond a matter of feature, if insignificant externals. The son will henceforth follow in the footsteps of his most illustrious father; the mother has been obliterated in the son!"

The secretary's voice, hitherto smooth and easy, broke with emotion. The fellow had learned his speech well, but this subtle exhibition of vicarious feeling only served to accentuate the cold blooded serenity of the old General. He never moved an eyelash.

"It was in the spring of the year when the hills, throwing off the pall of winter, break forth into new life. Blossoms were on the trees and birds made the air sweet with their song. It was the time when the most softening influences are abroad and the human heart opens to the sunlight. But still the lady gave no sign. At the end of three days' traveling the General, his wife and his son arrived at the tomb of his ancestors. They were made comfortable at the little house which the General maintains near by, and when they were rested from their journey, the ceremony of offering prayers was performed. Nothing was omitted on this occasion by the General to show all honor to his ancestors, nothing which might propitiate them and secure their sanction. But still the lady's heart remained untouched. At the end of several days the General — "

A soft, insistent cough came from the General. His head hung forward, slightly to one side, his mouth was open, he appeared to be waiting for something, possibly another cough.

"But still the lady's heart remained untouched!" the secretary repeated. "Let Mr. Stanton picture to himself the sufferings of an exemplary husband, waiting, in the solemnity of such an hour and such a place, for repentance to manifest itself in the heart of the wife who had wronged him, the wife of his bosom! Everything was done to encourage the lady in a confession of her guilt, but she remained obdurate, and the balm which might have soothed the heart of her husband was denied him. At the end of several days — "

The cough for which the General had been waiting overtook him. He shook feebly under the spasm and his protruding little eyes, relinquishing for a moment the green blotting paper, fixed themselves upon his secretary's face.

"Does he want water?" Stanton asked quickly.

"No! He is not choking!" said the secretary, and Stanton was amazed at the contortion of the fellow's features. He glared at the General, his face purple with anger. "The General even sacrificed his dignity so far as to visit his wife in her apartment one night, but still she gave no sign!" he snapped.

The General subsided. No longer shaken by spasms of cough or appearing to anticipate more, he was breathing with slow and undisturbed regularity, his little eyes were half shut.

"At the end of several days," the secretary said for the third time, "the General was forced to acknowledge that it was quite hopeless; there was nothing to wait for. Let Mr. Stanton picture to himself the disappointment of that last renunciation! He bade goodbye to his wife, telling her he would return in a few days, took his son and went back to Shanghai."

The secretary's anger had died, leaving his face like dead ashes, nerveless, ineffectual, flimsy. The last vestige of spirit had burnt itself out. He took a deep breath before going on; he was a tired and beaten man.

"The General has never seen again the house which he occupied with the wife of his bosom. During his absence the household had been moved, following his orders, from the house where they had lived in the British concession, to another, which he held in the German concession. The first has been wiped from his memory. But he did not sell it, it was made over by deed to a friend, given away, that he might in no way suffer contamination by profiting in the home where his honor had been betrayed. The concubine, incidentally, was not moved with the effects of the General to the new house!

"There were many things to be done and it was ten days before he was again ready to rejoin his wife. When at last he set out he went heavy-laden. As I have told Mr. Stanton, the tomb of the General's ancestors lies a three days' journey from Shanghai. Let him picture to himself how sad were the General's thoughts during these three days as he saw before him on the path four coolies bearing a coffin up the pass into the hills! It was white and made of the finest wood that could be found. On the backs of other coolies were the bundles of grave clothes which his tailor had sewed, according to his orders. Courage is given the great for their enterprise and the heart of the General knew no going back. In his girdle the General carried a small phial of very precious poison."

Stanton, feeling his hair pricking at the roots, turned to look out of the window. What had this lurid tale of poison and infidelity to do with the Anglo-American Trading Company, with himself, its manager? It was all unreal! Outside the sun shone with reassuring brilliancy on the snow, which lay thick on the sloping roofs of the adjacent native houses. But still the story went on!

"It was night when the General arrived at the little house, but a moon had come out to make light the last miles of his passing. A silver mist hung in the valleys, the air breathed the perfume of summer, and the General's wife, coming out to welcome him, caught the moonlight on her face."

The secretary stopped, but started again immediately. The General's baleful little eyes had shifted in his direction.

"Here was the severest trial put upon the General, for in the moonlight a spell was cast over the countenance of his wife, and she looked as she had looked fifteen years before, when, as a young bride, he had brought her for the first time to offer prayers at the tomb of his ancestors. But spells avail nothing to stay the hand of the just, and the General did not falter. Greeting her with his usual punctilious courtesy, he led her inside the house. Food was placed before him and after he had refreshed himself he passed the remainder of the evening, talking very agreeably, in his wife's society. The lady was curious for news of her friends in Shanghai, of the health and well-being of her son, and in all this the General satisfied her in so far as he was able. Of the change of residence which he had effected, however, he told her nothing. And then, feeling the desire for sleep overcome him, the General, bidding his wife good-night, retired to his own apartments, where he knew the sound and refreshing sleep of the righteous.

"He awoke the next morning, strong in the consciousness of virtue. When he had made himself ready for the day and had broken his fast he proceeded to his wife's apartment. A servant followed him, bearing the bundles of grave clothes."

He stopped, his lips stuck painfully to his teeth, perspiration had broken out on his forehead. And then something portentous happened: the General, taking a hand out of his sleeve for the first time since he sat

down, waved it gently in the air. The secretary looked at it like one hypnotized and the stream of proscribed words recommenced.

"The General gave his wife the grave clothes and commanded her to put them on. Her infidelity, he told her, was known to him, and infidelity in a wife may not be forgiven. Sorrow is the lot of humanity, but retribution falls on the head of the wilful wrong-doer.

"The lady made no protest. Protest would have been useless, for the servants would have been called in and the General's commands obeyed. The General, however, very graciously acknowledged the pleasing manner in which she had accepted his last command. She put on the grave clothes unassisted and took the phial of poison from his hand."

Stanton looked out again at the gleaming snow, the curving roofs and the hard blue sky. He, too, was breaking into a cold perspiration; the world that he had known was dropping away from him and he could not stop it!

"She took the phial of poison," the secretary repeated dully. "She fetched a small glass and poured it out, clear like sunlight. She drank it and lay down upon her bed and the General seated himself beside her."

The swivel chair creaked, the General had shifted his position by the fraction of an inch.

"The General is pre-eminently a just man, he does not withhold their due from those who have wronged him. Before she went to sleep, for the poison is that kind, merely a sleep from which there is no waking, the General told his wife that he had loved her, that he had enjoyed the fifteen years of their life together. He was indebted to her, he said, for having given him a son. That was all.

"The General fell asleep, sitting beside the bedside of his wife. The fatigue of his travel was still upon him. When he awoke she no longer breathed. That was all. In due time she was laid away with his ancestors. The lady was in the twenty-ninth year of her age.

"That was all," he said again, and his voice was hardly more than a whisper. "When the General returned to Shanghai letters were sent to the governors of all the provinces, telling them the details of the affair, precisely the action which he had taken. In every case the governors replied, commending the action of the General, lauding him as a worthy son of his ancestors. The General, they said, had proved himself in this affair so sensitive to the claims of justice as to be impervious to the appeal of sentiment. The General is a man in whom his country may repose all confidence!"

The whispering voice died away, the story was told, and the secretary collapsed in the heap of his fine clothes like a pricked bubble. There was silence in the room. The General still blinked at the green blotting paper. Stanton shook himself.

"But what has all this to do with me?" he demanded, a little fiercely. He suddenly resented the introduction of such a story into the background of his familiar life.

The secretary pulled himself together. "The General wants your opinion as to whether or not he acted rightly in this matter."

Generations of American straightforwardness boiled up in Stanton, and a blind impulse to hit out at an evil thing when he saw it. But grafted on this stock, on this inherent inclination to call a spade by its proper name, was the experience of several years in the devious ways of the Oriental mind. He had learned to think before he spoke.

"It would seem to me," he finally brought out, "that according to Chinese standards of ethics, the General's action was quite correct in this matter. Undoubtedly he was justified."

When, a few moments later, the General and his secretary had bowed themselves out, Stanton, wiping his forehead, drew a long breath. Then he sent for the comprador, that invaluable Chinese official in every company whose business it is to know everything.

"You know the story that General Wu brought his secretary here to tell me this morning?" he demanded. Here he shivered, for the story hung over his mind like a black pall.

The comprador nodded. Stanton laughed shortly. "I thought so! Tell me this, then! Why was the story told to me? The General cares nothing at all for my opinion. What was his real reason for wanting me told?"

"Because," said the comprador, "if you had disapproved of his action, the General would not have signed the contract. He will have no business dealings with anyone who expresses disapproval of his actions. The General can do no wrong!"

Stanton whistled. "So that's it," he said. "And he carries that secretary around to tell the story for him on all occasions? I should imagine he would relish the telling of it himself!"

"The General speaks as good English as does Mr. Stanton himself! He was one of the first Chinese students to go to America."

"Then what the deuce — ?" Stanton gave it up; after years of experience the Oriental mind was still inscrutable. "Well, the secretary does not act as if he relished the telling of it, at any rate!"

"No," the comprador agreed, and then added, apparently as an afterthought: "He was not always a secretary?"

"So he said himself! Every one seems to be somewhat concerned with that point!"

Stanton's mind suddenly did a little thinking on its own, with results that astonished himself. "He was an actor at the Hankow Theater!" he shouted.

The comprador smiled. Stanton whistled again. "I shouldn't think he would like the telling of that particular story! How did he happen to become the General's secretary?"

"He did not want the position. But the General is a very powerful man," the comprador remarked, gently.

Stanton was thinking. "And the other secretary, the predecessor, what became of him?"

"His body was found one morning on the General's door-step. He had been choked. The General instituted no inquiry. Shortly afterward the present incumbent was induced to take the position." The comprador waited, looking at the ceiling, and then, as Mr. Stanton asked him no further questions, softly opened the door and vanished.

Stanton did not notice; his mind was busy with unaccustomed thoughts, with honor betrayed, retribution, murder. He caught himself remembering how the blood had filled the big veins on the secretary's hands as they dropped limp over the arm of the chair, when the story was finished. Absurd! What had these abstractions, as he felt them to be, to do with him? Mining machinery was his concern! Then his eye, roving about the room, lit upon reality, and his mind cleared. The contract, calling for a bigger piece of business than he had ever before procured, lay, duly signed and sealed by the General, on the green blotting paper on his desk!

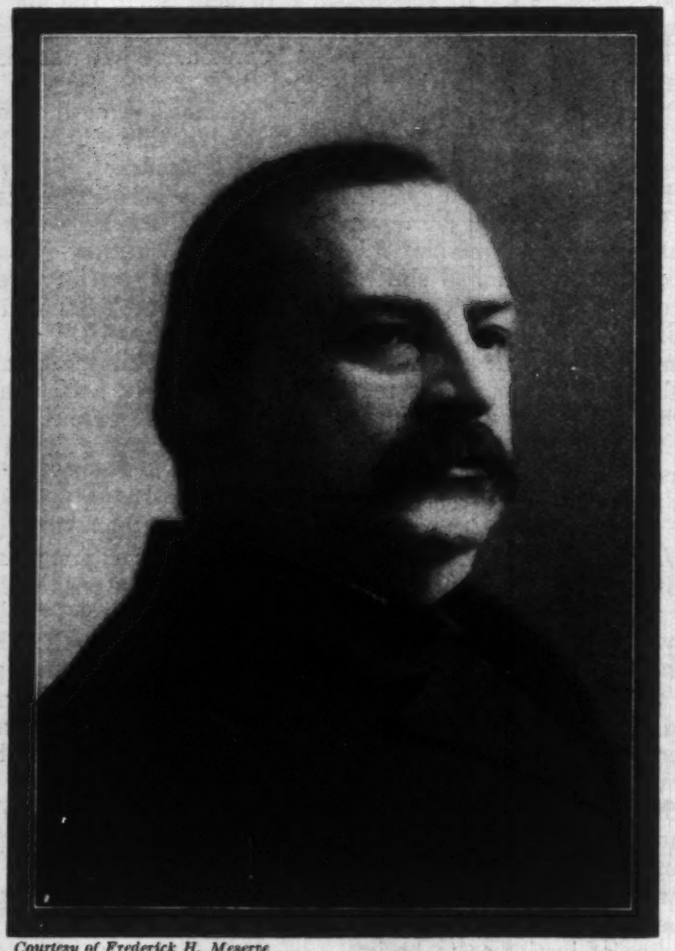
The Heart of America

Part III

Memoirs of A. B. Farquhar

DURING the period from 1870 to 1880, business, which had formerly been conducted by individuals or partnerships, began more and more to take corporate form. Before then when one spoke of buying stocks or bonds he meant railroad stocks or bonds, for there were practically no others. Now industrial securities began to appear, but it was many years before other than railway securities were regarded as safe investments.

It was not until the nineties that the corporations began to combine to any extent under trust agreements, and it was still later that the very large combinations of corporations into trusts were formed. I have always held that this progression has been of the greatest possible benefit to the country because the tendency was to eliminate waste and, in spite of the attempts at monopoly or interference with competition, the real growth of the truly big corporation was due to the fact that it could manufacture and sell goods more cheaply than could the less efficient small producer. And the more goods we get at low prices the better off is the country.



Courtesy of Frederick H. Meserve

Grover Cleveland

In this larger view I consider it bad business to attempt to get orders away from another man unless you can give as much or more for the money than he can. The growth of the larger corporation directly affected our business some years later. We had been manufacturing harvesting machinery, but when the International Harvester Company came into the field with its own sawmills, furnaces, rolling mills, etc., to supply its raw material, and with its great organization, they could give more for the money in harvesting machinery than could we, so I felt that it was necessary to discontinue such lines as the Harvester Company could make and sell more cheaply than I could.

Some years later, when the Harvester Company was sued under the Sherman Law, the counsel for the Government, knowing that I could not successfully compete with the big company in the manufacture of certain lines, called me as a witness for the prosecution. I readily testified my inability to compete and then I went on to say that I considered the Harvester Company a public benefactor because, by reason of its organization, the farmer was able to buy a better article for the money than he was able to buy from me. In the midst of my explanation an attorney for the Government arose and interrupted me:

"I do not want to hear another word from that witness," he exclaimed, glaring at me angrily.

"I propose to speak the truth," I replied. "You should have followed the very good rule of knowing what your witness was going to testify to before you called him."

The Judge directed me to continue and I told the court that I had always favored any policy which gave the greatest good to the greatest number and I felt that I should afford honor and not malice to any man who, by better methods successfully competed with me.

The depression of 1884, as I have noted, caused the election of Grover Cleveland. I usually voted the Republican ticket and besides I had a personal affection for Blaine, the Republican nominee, and therefore I did not vote for Cleveland in his first campaign, but afterwards I came to know Mr. Cleveland very well indeed and to esteem him as one of the greatest men that this country has ever produced. I did not know him personally before election, although I had known him through mutual friends and was particularly impressed by his veto of the five cent fare bill on the New York elevated railroads.

The franchise permitted the roads to charge a ten cent fare and Mr. Cleveland, although he was trying to get the roads to experiment with the five cent fare and believed that the five cent fare would pay under the conditions then prevailing, would not consent to make himself a party to breaking what he considered a state contract. A night or two after his veto he appeared in a New York theatre and the audience

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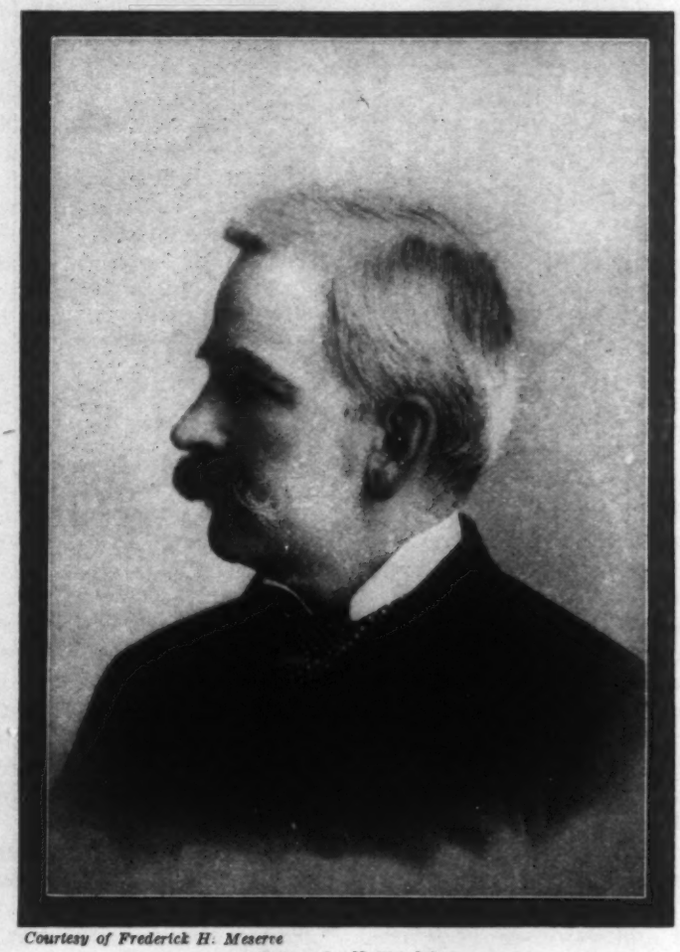
rose and hissed him. Yet they turned around later and elected him President. I was talking to Judge Black of this veto and he said to me:

"There is a remarkable man. He approves of the five cent fare and knows that it is popular and knows that signing the bill would have made him popular personally, but he vetoed it simply because it would be a clear breach of faith and he would rather antagonize every citizen in New York than break faith. That act is brave enough to make him President of the United States."

I called to see President Cleveland after his inauguration and he said to me:

"I feel simply overwhelmed with the responsibility of my position. I feel that I should like to shut myself up for a month and think over things and try to insure against mistakes. I am now President of the United States. I am no longer a party man except that I think he serves his party best who serves his country best."

During his two terms I saw Mr. Cleveland many times and he used to discuss public affairs with me with the utmost freedom. I had especially interesting conferences with him during the several crises that marked his administrations.



Courtesy of Frederick H. Meserve

Marshall Field

It seems not to have been generally realized in January, 1895, this country was on the verge of financial ruin. The advocates of unlimited silver coinage had succeeded in so thoroughly alarming the world that foreigners were selling our securities. All of the free gold was being exported and both banks and individuals were hoarding. A canvass of the financial institutions demonstrated the impossibility of floating a bond issue upon satisfactory terms in gold or of using any other means to get together a sufficient stock of gold to save the Treasury. The situation was critical. I made a special journey to Washington and had a long talk with the President. I found that things were even worse than I had feared. He had before him a telegram from Mr. Jordan, the sub-Treasurer of New York, saying that at the present rate of depletion the gold balance would be exhausted within forty-eight hours.

The President explained to me that he had a plan to raise the money to tide over the Treasury until September 1st, when our trade balance ought to turn and give us a supply of gold, by selling bonds to J. Pierpont Morgan in connection with August Belmont, the agent of the Rothschilds, with the understanding that they would pay gold for the bonds. Mr. Cleveland said they had made a very satisfactory offer. He further said that since all United States bonds would unquestionably be paid in gold at maturity there was no reason why the new bonds should not be so worded, but Congress was opposed to the issue of gold bonds and therefore he had to secure an offer for coin bonds.

It was estimated that this issue, made in Europe at the higher rate of interest, would cost the country about $16,000,000 more than Congress had authorized the issue as at first proposed. I strongly advised the issue of sufficient bonds to stop the export of gold, but said that the plan would arouse great opposition in Congress. The President agreed with me.

"But," he assured me, "I propose to protect our gold reserve and the financial honor of the country regardless of criticism. While I am President there will be no suspension of gold payments."

The President carried out his plan. He issued the bonds and they were sold in Europe. On the very day of issue the gold loaded on vessels in New York for transport to Europe was taken off and with the outflow of gold stopped, business at once revived. The President had favored a popular loan. He did not want anything else, but when he found that impossible he resolutely availed himself of the next best thing in spite of criticism.

Congress and not the President was responsible for the extra $16,000,000 of interest that the bonds cost because issued without Congressional authorization, but since the business of the country was suffering to the extent of a million or more dollars a day by the uncertainty about the maintenance of the gold standard, this $16,000,000 was recouped within three weeks.

I was at Woodley, the President's country residence near Washington, one Sunday afternoon, when some members of Congress came in and said:

"Mr. President, we wish to see you on an important matter." I got up, but he motioned me to keep my seat. They continued: "We have about decided to declare war against Spain over the Cuban question. Conditions are intolerable."

Mr. Cleveland drew himself up and said: "There shall be no war with Spain over Cuba while I am President."

One of the members flushed up and said angrily:

"Mr. President, you seem to forget that the Constitution of the United States gives Congress the right to declare war."

He answered: "Yes, it also makes me Commander-in-Chief, and I will not mobilize the army. I happen to know that we can buy the Island of Cuba from Spain for $150,000,000, and a war will cost vastly

more than that and will entail another long list of pensioners."

I called to see Wayne MacVeagh at this time to hear what he knew of the possibility of purchasing the island. We were good friends. He said:

"We can buy that island and it would be an outrage to declare war."

The *Maine* was destroyed. President McKinley felt the same way as Cleveland but he could not stop the rush to war. Spain may have had nothing to do with the destruction of the *Maine*.

President Cleveland's action at the time of the great Chicago strike was among the most noteworthy of his several large achievements. It will be remembered that Chicago was in a state of partial anarchy, the leader of the disorder being Eugene Debs, lately the Socialist candidate for President. Altgeld, the Governor of Illinois, seemed to be in sympathy with the strikers. There was apparently no ground for Federal interference until the United States mail was held up. The President instructed Governor Altgeld to see that the mails were not interfered with. Altgeld replied in effect that the affairs of the State of Illinois were exclusively his own business. To this Cleveland replied summarily.

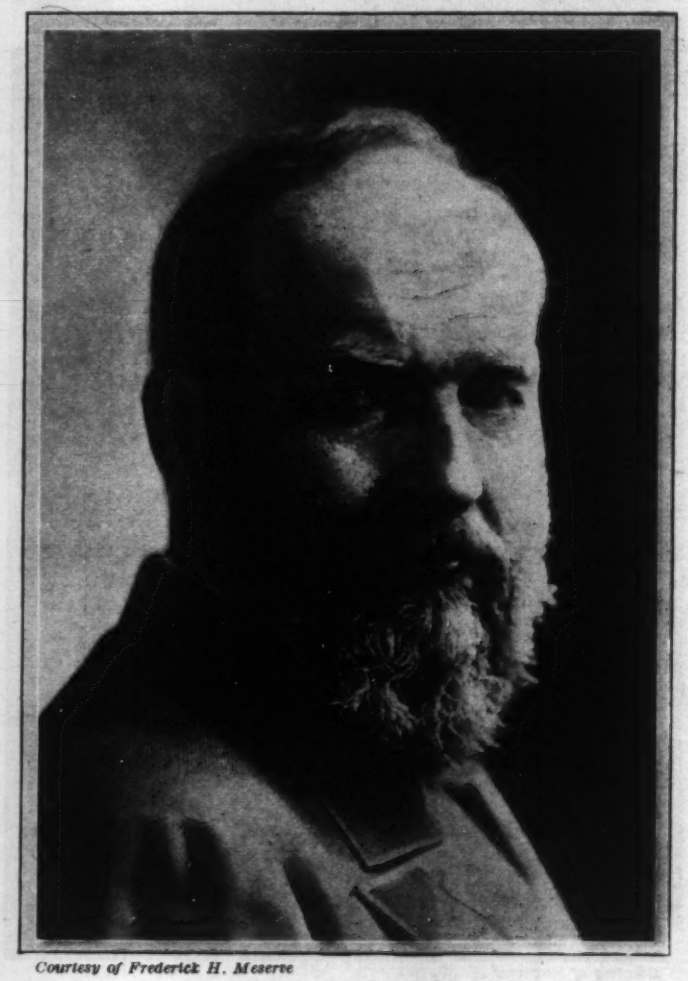
"I have ordered General Miles, accompanied by United States troops, to see that the laws are obeyed and the mails not interfered with."

Everyone knows the result. The transportation of the mails was resumed and they have never been interfered with since. The President told me that he looked upon his action in this case as one of the best moves he had ever made. Its psychological value was inestimable.

"It established," he said, "in the minds of the people the fact that the mails of the United States could not be interfered with by anyone."

Sometimes I am asked whether today we have as many great men as we had in times past and whether the comparatively few national figures today—men, say, such as Judge Gary and Charles M. Schwab—are as big as some of the older figures.

It is hard to make a comparison because of the change in conditions. For instance, Abraham Lincoln was a man who would have been remarkable anywhere, yet he was a child of the times and I greatly doubt if today he would ever have had the opportunity to become President and to become distinguished. Of course that is mere speculation. But I do know that not a few of the politicians of former times could not exist in public life today. For instance, take Daniel Webster. I met him first through W. W. Corcoran.



Courtesy of Frederick H. Meserve

James A. Garfield

Corcoran, who founded the banking firm of Corcoran & Riggs, which afterwards became the Riggs National Bank of Washington, was one of the large figures of the Capitol. At that time the difference between the banker or business man and the politician was very wide indeed. A member of Congress was usually a lawyer and he looked upon business as something rather lowly which it was not at all necessary to understand and which he rarely did understand. They have not quite recovered from that habit of mind! When, a boy of about twelve, I met Mr. Corcoran rather oddly. Strolling along a Georgetown street (now part of Washington), I heard someone playing *Cugus Ani Mam* of the *Stabat Mater*. It was being rendered magnificently. I stopped for a while and then the door being open walked in and sat down. The player was a girl of sixteen or seventeen. Walking into people's houses unannounced was not unusual in those days and especially in the South. Arriving late at the home of people whom I only knew by correspondence, but who had invited me to visit them, I have already told how once in a Southern mansion I was told by the major domo simply to walk in, hunt out an empty room, and occupy it.

The girl was not in the least surprised. She asked me if I liked her playing and I said I did and she gave me the *Stabat Mater* again. The room was hung with paintings. We got to talking about them. She told me they were copies of originals hanging in Mr. Corcoran's home, who long afterwards founded the Corcoran Gallery. I wanted to see the originals. She said she could easily arrange that because her father, Anthony Hyde, was cashier in the Corcoran Bank and she could go to the Corcoran home any time she liked and go anywhere in it she liked. She took me to see the paintings and then took me down to introduce me to her father at the bank because I also wanted to meet Mr. Corcoran. Corcoran was one of those men who turned into gold everything that he touched. He had made a great deal by buying land in Washington at a very low price. He was a keen, shrewd banker and wielded a large if not always an evident power. He was one of the big men of the country. We found her father, Mr. Hyde, in an animated conversation with Mr. Corcoran. Daniel Webster had just been in to borrow money and Hyde had given it to him and Corcoran had just finished giving Hyde a scolding for having done it.

"Senator Webster had asked me," said Mr. Hyde,

"to discount his note for one hundred dollars. I told him we did not usually lend on a note unless it were endorsed, so he went out and brought in a note for two hundred dollars endorsed by another Senator, who endorsed with the understanding that they should divide the proceeds. I gave him the money."

Mr. Corcoran remarked: "The only value of the note is as a curiosity — it will never be paid."

I heard afterwards that the note never *was* paid, and that the Riggs Bank still has it. Corcoran laughed about it but Mr. Hyde was dreadfully worried.

Daniel Webster was very careless about all of his personal affairs. He was said to be more scrupulous about paying his gambling debts but he did not bother with little bills. He thought it quite enough to give a creditor a copy of his signature without often bothering to honor the promise to pay ahead of it. He was such a powerful, leonine sort of man and his voice was so glorious and magnificent that I do not believe anyone in the country would have ventured to mention such a trivial thing as money in his presence. No more impressive man has ever lived — in fact, one of my friends called him a living lie because, as he said, "No man could possibly be as great as Webster looked."

He was exceedingly clever. Everyone knows about his gift of oratory but in addition to that he was versatile. His mind moved like lightning. A lawyer friend told me of a case he tried against Webster in a New Jersey court. In those days the speeches to the jury more frequently decided the case than now. Webster came into court to address the jury quite a little the worse for wear. He had been profoundly investigating the effects of wine, which was a habit that not a few of our leading figures indulged in. His voice was good, his manner was good, but as he started to address the jury he unfortunately forgot which side he was on and with surpassing eloquence presented my friend's side instead of his own. His associates when they found what was going on kept pulling at his coat tails and making signals but to no end. Once launched into an address nothing could interrupt Webster.

As he closed and started to sit down one of his colleagues gave him a particularly vicious poke and then all at once Webster remembered what he had done and without so much as cracking a smile he turned to the jury and said:

"Now, gentlemen, I think I have said and I think you will admit that I have well said everything that can be said for the other side of this case. Now I shall proceed to show you that there is nothing in it."

And then he demolished the case he had built up. Webster was a genius, there is no doubt about that, but he would not fit into present-day conditions.

On the first of May, 1893, the great Columbian Exposition was formally opened to the public by President Cleveland. I accompanied him to the platform when he made the opening address, which, by the way, was admirable in tone and substance and was well received. It was made without notes. He was the only President who ever made an inaugural address without a note in his hand.

The Chicago Exposition was a world event; there has never been anything to equal it in beauty before or since. Burnham, the great landscape architect, accomplished wonders. What was formerly a barren plain, without shrubbery or trees, he made rich with verdure almost overnight, moving large trees bodily and putting them in place as though they had grown there. The World's Fair was admirably managed by Harlow N. Higinbotham and a Council of Administration, headed by Judge Massey, Chief Counsel of the Pennsylvania Railroad. At a general meeting of the Executive Commissioners of all the states, I was elected president of the Executive Commissioners on the first ballot, which office I held till the close of the Exposition.

Harlow Higinbotham was one of the men whom the country could well have afforded to have known better. He was the practical manager of the whole Exposition and I think the secret of his management there as well as his remarkable rise in the Marshall Field store was due to an almost uncanny ability to estimate the character of men. He knew how to pick out men who were honest and reliable and who would do their work. I have always felt flattered that he believed in me.

I had frequent opportunity to judge this ability to appraise character. Marshall Field had taken him as a boy because, driving out through a country district, he asked about certain customers and he was referred to young Harlow Higinbotham who was then ploughing a field, as the one person in the neighborhood who knew all about everyone. That is why Mr. Field hired him away from his father and that is why he so quickly became the credit manager of Marshall Field & Co., and eventually a partner.

After talking five minutes with a man Mr. Higinbotham, asking practically no questions and keeping the conversation seemingly casual, would know exactly how far he could trust that man — he would know not only whether he was deserving of credit but how much credit he ought to have. I remember one quite embarrassing incident. An East Indian came to the fair in charge of an exhibit. Mr. Higinbotham met him and then flatly refused to have anything further to do with him. He would not permit him to exhibit. I asked him why and he simply said most decisively:

"He is no good, I know he is no good, and it does not pay to trust a scoundrel. That man is a scoundrel."

A very handsome woman — a princess, I believe — was in the Indian party and she appealed to me. We together went to Mr. Higinbotham and asked what in the world we would do about the exhibit. He was as a rock about the appointed commissioner but he suggested to the princess that she take charge. There was no other way out. She did take charge. A little while later the man who had been appointed and who was absolutely unknown to Mr. Higinbotham — he knew nothing about him when he turned him down — decamped with all of the jewels of the princess.

At another time in his office when I was present a man came in to tell him that his mortgage was about to be foreclosed. He said his property was worth three times as much as the mortgage but he could not raise the ready money. That was during the depression of 1893. Mr. Higinbotham heard him out and dismissing him said:

"All right I shall attend to that. Your mortgage will not be foreclosed."

"Do you know anything about that man?" I asked him.

"No," he answered, "excepting that I know he is telling the truth, and will pay if he can, and I will tell the holder of that mortgage that I will be personally responsible."

I learned afterwards that Mr. Higinbotham had saved the man from ruin, and that he did pay. I sat with Mr. Higinbotham some years later on the insurance investigation. A witness on the stand told a long and circumspect story which was apparently accurate. The counsel for the committee turned to Mr. Higinbotham and asked:

"Is that man telling the truth?"

"I know that he is not telling the truth," said Mr. Higinbotham.

Then our counsel, Mr. Samuel Untermeyer, accused the witness of perjury. The witness broke down and told an entirely different story.

Among the men I knew during this period was Wu Ting Fang, Chinese Minister to the United States. We became good friends. I could write a chapter about this remarkable man. We discussed religions during a long drive we took together. He admitted that the Christian religion reached higher ideals than any other, but said that the experiment of practicing Christianity had never been tried, and he thought that Confucianism really practiced was better than Christianity without a trial.

He compared our military preparations and battleships with the Confucian idea of building an expansive wall between China and its enemies. Christians, he said, wanted to kill enemies while Confucius counseled protection against them. He professed to believe that if Christ made a tour through China He would pronounce the Chinese as living more in accordance with His teachings than the America which professed to be following Him.

In June, 1900, William McKinley was renominated for President for a second term and Theodore Roosevelt for Vice-President. The politicians of New York were very uneasy over Roosevelt's growing popularity and wished to bury him in the vice-presidency. I was in Philadelphia during the convention. Mr. Roosevelt did not want the nomination. He protested against it, but the enthusiasm for him was even greater than that for the presidential candidate, and he was simply borne away by the tide and forced to accept. This was my first acquaintance with the great personality of Theodore Roosevelt, and my admiration for him grew every time I saw him. McKinley was elected by a great majority, a large portion of which was due to the popularity of the vice-presidential candidate.

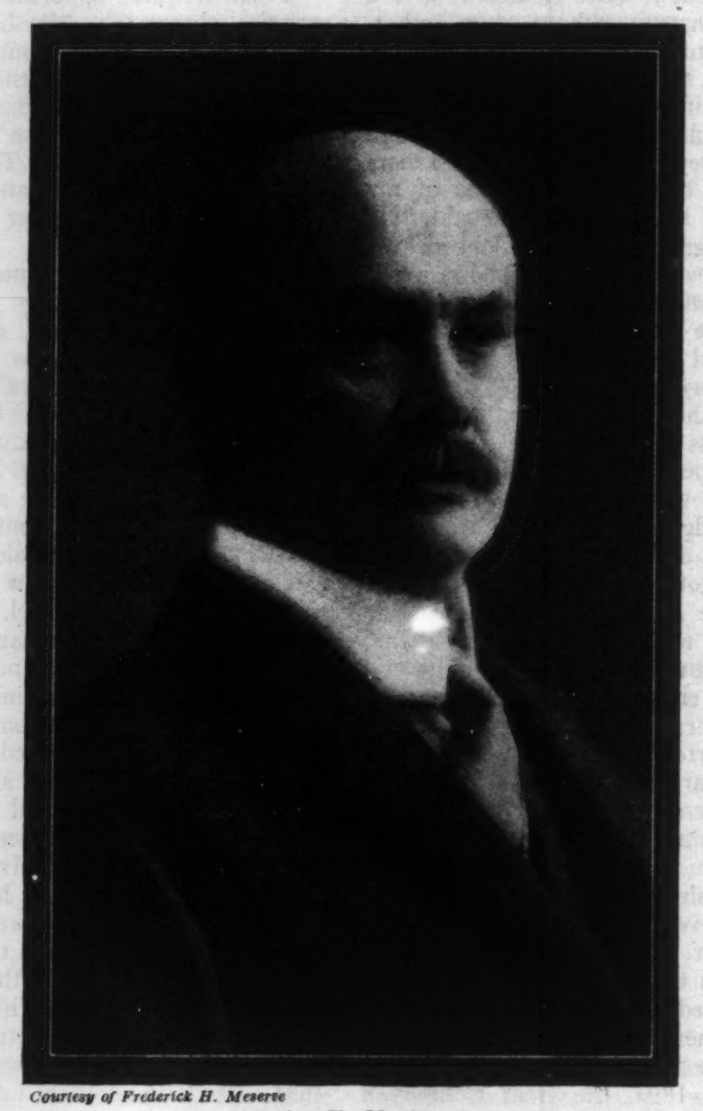
I had frequent contacts with this most admirable American. I did not personally know him well until he came into the presidency, but through Jacob Riis I knew a great deal about him when he was Police Commissioner of New York, for I have always been a student of criminology and penology — more particularly of penology. Afterwards I saw a great deal of him and rarely visited Washington without making an informal call.

In May, 1902, we had the great anthracite coal strike in Pennsylvania. This strike was settled by President Roosevelt, who called a meeting of the mine owners. President Baer of the Reading Coal Co. gave me a graphic account of this interview. He said:

"I took one look at Roosevelt's face and made up my mind we would have to go back and mine coal."

They did, making a satisfactory arrangement with the workmen, who had already been interviewed by the President's agent, and were in the mood for compromise.

In June, 1914, I went to Europe in a semi-public capacity as a member of the Southern Commercial Congress, under the auspices of the Secretary of State, to look into conditions of municipalities with a view to adopting some of the best practices here. I landed at Hamburg in July, traveled through Germany two or three weeks before the outbreak of the Great War and talked with bankers and business men. I did not meet a single one who had a word to say about war or had any idea, apparently, that the world's greatest catastrophe was so near at hand. A knowledge of the coming war and the plans for it seemed to be entirely confined to the Kaiser and his military clique.



Courtesy of Frederick H. Meserve

Judge E. H. Gary

Now, in conclusion, what does it all mean? What have these years taught me? Nothing of a startling nature — the incidents fade — but these principles remain:

(1) That it is as a rule safe to trust human beings. Comparatively few are unfair, if you are fair yourself.

(2) That troubles and apparent difficulties are but stepping stones to progress — the most practical way of learning — and as Salmon P. Chase wrote to Horace Greeley: "The way to resumption is to resume."

(3) That there is nothing that will take the place of work either to gain success or to gain happiness or to gain both — and I think it is possible to gain both if in the striving and working for success the dollar is not put above the man.

(4) That one can and must keep faith with and in one's self.

(5) That God is not mocked.

(6) That one's only enemy is one's self. In the ultimate no one can hurt you but yourself.

A Student of Men

By Edgar Wallace

OCCASIONALLY an author will create a character of such vivid personality, such charmingly human attributes, that he ceases to be a "character" and becomes, to the reader, an individual — a friend. Mr. Wallace has done this with *Mr. Augustus Tibbetts*, called "*Bones*," the hero of "A Cinema Picture," in the March issue and "The Lamp That Never Went Out," in the April. In this third story of the series *Bones* lives fully up to his reputation and still further endears himself to his friends.

MR. JACKSON HYANE was one of those oldish looking young men to whom the description of "man about town" most naturally applied. He was always well-dressed and correctly dressed. You saw him at first nights. He was to be seen in the Paddock at Ascot — it was a shock to discover that he had not the Royal Enclosure badge on the lapel of his coat — and he was to be met with at most of the social functions, attendance at which did not necessarily imply an intimate acquaintance with the leaders of society, yet left the impression that the attendant was at any rate in the swim and might very well be one of the principal swimmers.

He lived off Albemarle Street in a tiny flat and did no work of any kind whatever. His friends, especially his new friends, thought he "had a little money" and knew, since he told them, that he had expectations. He did not tell them that his expectations were largely bound up in their credulity and faith in his integrity. Some of them discovered that later, but the majority drifted out of his circle poorer without being wiser, for Mr. Hyane played a wonderful game of Piquet and seemed to be no more than abnormally lucky.

His mother had been a Miss Whitland, his father was the notorious Colonel Hyane who boasted that his library was papered with High Court writs and who had had the distinction of being escorted from Monte Carlo by the police of the principality.

Mr. Jackson Hyane was a student of men and affairs. Very little escaped his keen observation and he had a trick of pigeon-holing possibilities of profit and forgetting them until the moment seemed ripe for their exploitation. He was tall and handsome with a smile which was worth at least £5000 a year to him, for it advertised his boyish innocence and enthusiasm — he who had never been either a boy or enthusiastic.

One grey October day he put away his passbook into a drawer and locked it and took from a mantel pigeon-hole the materials of an immature scheme. He dressed himself soberly and well, strolled down into Piccadilly and calling a cab drove to the block of city buildings which housed the flourishing business of Tibbetts & Hamilton, Limited.

The preliminaries to this invasion had been very carefully settled. He had met Miss Marguerite Whitland by "accident" a week before, had called at her lodgings with an old photograph of her father which he had providentially discovered and had secured from her a somewhat reluctant acceptance of an invitation to lunch.

Bones looked up from his desk as the debonair young man strolled in.

"You don't know me, Mr. Tibbetts," said Jackson Hyane flashing his famous smile. "My name is Hyane."

It was his first meeting with Bones but by no means the first time that Jackson had seen him.

"My dear old Hyane, sit down," said Bones cheerfully, "what can we do for you?"

Mr. Hyane laughed.

"There's nothing you can do for me, except to spare your secretary for an hour longer than she usually takes."

"My secretary?" said Bones quickly and shot a suspicious glance at the visitor.

"I mean Miss Whitland," said Hyane easily, "she is my cousin, you know. My mother's brother was her father."

"Oh yes," said Bones a little stiffly.

He felt a sense of the strongest resentment against the late Professor Whitland. He felt that Marguerite's father had played rather a low trick on him in having a sister at all and Mr. Hyane was too keen a student to overlook Bones' obvious annoyance.

"Yes," he went on carelessly, "we are quite old friends, Marguerite and I, and you can't imagine how pleased I am that she has such an excellent job as this."

"Oh yes," said Bones, clearing his throat, "very nice old — very good typewriter indeed, Mr. Hyane . . . very nice person . . . ahem!"

Marguerite, dressed for the street, came in from her office at that moment and greeted her cousin with a little nod which, to the distorted vision of Bones, conveyed the impression of a lifelong friendship.

"I have just been asking Mr. Tibbetts," said Jackson, "if he could spare you for an extra hour——"

"I am afraid that can't — " the girl began.

"Nonsense, nonsense," said Bones raising his voice as he invariably did when he was agitated. "Certainly, my dear old — er — my dear young — er — certainly Miss Marguerite by all means, take your cousin to the Zoo . . I mean show him the sights . ."

He was patently agitated, and watched the door close on the two young people with so ferocious a countenance that Hamilton, a silent observer of the scene, could have laughed.

Bones walked slowly back to his desk as Hamilton reached for his hat.

"Come on Bones," he said briskly. "It's lunch-time. I had no idea it was so late."

But Bones shook his head.

"No, thank you, dear old thing," he said sadly. "I'd rather not if you don't mind."

"Aren't you coming to lunch?" asked Hamilton, astonished.

Bones shook his head.

"No, dear old boy," he said, hollowly. "Ask the girl to send me up a stiff glass of soda-water and a biscuit — I don't suppose I shall eat the biscuit."

"Nonsense," said Hamilton. "Half an hour ago you were telling me you could eat a cart horse."

"Not now, old Ham," said Bones. "If you've ordered it, send it back. I hate cart horses anyway."

"Come along," wheedled Hamilton dropping his hand on the other's shoulder. "Come and eat. Who was the beautiful boy?"

"Beautiful boy?" laughed Bones bitterly, "a fop, dear old Ham. A tailor's dummy! A jolly old clothes-horse — that's what he was. I simply loathe these people who leap around the city dressed for a funeral. It's not right, dear old thing. It's not manly, dear old sport. What the devil did her father have a sister for? I never knew anything about it."

"They ought to have told you," said Hamilton sympathetically. "Now come and have some food."

But Bones refused. He was adamant. He would sit there and starve. He did not say as much but he hinted that when Hamilton returned his famished and lifeless form would be found lying limply across the desk. Hamilton went out to lunch alone, hurried through his meal and came back to find Bones alive but unhappy.

He sat making faces at the table, muttering incoherent words, gesticulating at times in the most terrifying manner and finally threw himself back into his deep chair, his hands thrust into his trousers' pockets, the picture of dejection and misery.

It was three o'clock when Miss Marguerite Whitland returned breathless, and to Bones' jealous eye, unnecessarily agitated.

"Come, come dear old miss," he said testily. "Bring your book. I wish to dictate an important letter. Enjoyed your lunch?"

The last question was asked in so threatening a tone that the girl almost jumped.

"Yes — no," she said. "Not very much really."

"Ha, ha!" said Bones insultingly sceptical and she went red, flounced into her room and returned after five minutes, a haughty and distant young woman.

"I don't think I want to dictate dear old — dear young typewriter —" he said unhappily. "Leave me please."

"Really, my dear Bones," protested Hamilton when the girl had gone back, scarlet-faced to her office. "You're making a perfect ass of yourself. If a girl cannot go to lunch with her cousin —"

Bones jumped up from his chair, shrugged his shoulders rapidly and forced a hideous grin.

"What does it matter to me, dear old Ham?" he asked. "Don't think I'm worried about a little thing like a typewriter going out to lunch. Pooh! Absurd! Tommy rot! No, my partner, I don't mind — in fact I don't care a —"

"Jot," said Hamilton with the gesture of an outraged bishop.

"Of course not," said Bones wildly. "What does it matter to me? Delighted that young typewriter should have a cousin and all that sort of thing!"

"Then what the dickens is the matter with you?" asked Hamilton.

"Nothing," said Bones and laughed more wildly than ever.

Relationships between Mr. Augustus Tibbetts, Managing Director of Schemes Limited and Miss Marguerite Whitland, his Heaven-sent secretary were strained to a point of breaking that afternoon. She went away that night without saying good-bye and Bones in a condition of abject despair walked home to Wigmore Street and was within a dozen yards of his flat when he remembered that he had left his motor-car in the city and had to take a cab back to fetch it.

"Bones," said Hamilton the next morning. "Do you realize the horrible gloom which has come over this office?"

"Gloom, dear old Ham," said the dark-eyed Bones — he had spent the night writing letters to Marguerite, and had exhausted all the stationery in sight in the process. "Gloom, old thing! Good gracious no! Nobody is gloomy here!"

"I can tell you somebody who is," said Hamilton grimly. "That unfortunate girl you've been barking at all the morning — "

"Barking at her?" gasped Bones. "Gracious heavens, I haven't betrayed my worried condition of mind, dear old thing? I thought I hid it rather well."

"What on earth are you worried about?" asked Hamilton and Bones shrugged.

"Oh nothing," he said. "Nothing at all. A little fever dear old thing, contracted in the service of King — God bless him! — and country."

Hamilton's words had this effect that he brightened visibly and for the rest of the morning was almost normal. His spirits took a quick downward turn at five minutes to one when the debonair Mr. Hyane appeared most unexpectedly.

"I'm afraid you'll think I'm a most awful nuisance, Mr. Tibbetts," he said, "but there are so many things which I must really talk to my cousin about — family affairs you know."

"Don't apologize," said Bones gruffly.

"I shan't keep her beyond the hour," smiled Mr. Hyane. "I realize that you are a very busy man."

Bones said nothing and when Marguerite Whitland appeared, he had gained sufficient control of his emotions to indulge in a feeble jest. The girl's face was a study at the sight of her cousin. Hamilton, a disinterested observer, read astonishment, annoyance and resignation in the wide-opened eyes. Bones, who prided himself upon a working knowledge of physiognomy, diagnosed the same symptoms as conveying a deep admiration combined with the reawakening of a youthful love.

"Hello, Jackson," she said coldly, "I didn't expect to see you."

"I told you I would call," he smiled. "I must see you, Marguerite, and Mr. Tibbetts has been so kind that I am sure he will not mind me — "

"Mr. Tibbetts is not concerned about the manner in which I spend my lunch hour," she said stiffly and Bones groaned inwardly.

There was a silence which Hamilton had not the heart to break after the two had gone and it was Bones who uttered the first comment.

"That's that," he said and his voice was so quiet and normal that Hamilton stared at him in astonishment.

"Let's have lunch," said Bones briskly and led the way out.

Not even when Miss Whitland came to him that afternoon and asked for permission to take two days' holiday did his manner change. With a courtesy entirely free from that extravagance to which she had grown accustomed he acceded to her request, and she was on the point of explaining to him the reason she had so unexpectedly asked for a vacation, but the memory of his earlier manner checked her.

It was a very simple explanation. Jackson Hyane was a very plausible man. Marguerite Whitland had heard something of her erratic cousin but certainly nothing in his manner supported the more lurid descriptions of his habits. And Mr. Jackson Hyane had begged her in the name of their relationships to take a trip to Aberdeen to examine title deeds which, he explained, would enable her to join with him in an action for the recovery of valuable Whitland property which was in danger of going to the Crown and she had consented.

The truth was there had always been some talk in the family of these estates, though nobody knew better than Jackson Hyane how unsubstantial were the claims of the Whitlands to the title. But the Scottish estate had been docketed away in the pigeon-holes of his mind and promised to be more useful than he had anticipated.

That afternoon he packed his bag at his flat, put his passport and railway tickets together in his inside pocket and made his final preparations for departure.

An old crony of his called whilst he was drinking the cup of tea which the housekeeper of the flats had prepared and took in the situation revealed by the packed suit-cases and the burnt papers in the hearth.

"Hello, Johnny," he said, "you're getting out, eh?""

Jackson nodded. There was no need to pretend anything with one of his own class.

"Couldn't you square the bank?"

Jackson shook his head.

"No, Billy," he said cheerfully, "I couldn't square it. At this identical moment there are several eminent people in the West End of London who are making applications for warrants."

"Dud cheques, eh?" asked the other thoughtfully. "Well, it had to come, Johnny. You've had a lot of bad luck."

"Atrocious," said Mr. Jackson Hyane. "There's plenty of money in town but it's absolutely impossible to get at it. I haven't touched a mug for two months and I've backed more seconds than I care to think about. Still," he mused, "there's a chance."

His friend nodded. In their circle there was always "a chance" but he could not guess that that chance which the student of men, Mr. Jackson Hyane, was banking upon, answered indifferently to the name of Tibbetts or Bones.

At half past eight that night he saw his cousin off from Kings Cross. He had engaged a sleeper for her and acted the part of dutiful relative to the life, supplying her with masses of literature to while away the sleepless hours of the journey.

"I feel awfully uncomfortable about going away," said the girl in a troubled voice. "Mr. Tibbetts would say that he could spare me even if he were up to his eyes in work. And I have an uncomfortable feeling at the back of my mind that there was something I should have told him — and didn't."

"Queer bird, Tibbetts!" said the other curiously. "They call him Bones, don't they — "

"I never do," said the girl quietly, "only his friends have that privilege. He is one of the best men I have ever met — "

"Sentimental, quixotic, and all that sort of thing, eh?" said Jackson and the girl flushed.

"He has never been sentimental with me," she said, but did not deceive the student of men.

When the train had left the station he drove straight away to Wigmore Street. Bones was in his study reading or pretending to read and the last person he expected to see that evening was Mr. Jackson Hyane. But the welcome he gave to that most unwelcomed visitor betrayed neither his distrust nor his frank dislike of the young well-groomed man in evening dress who offered him his hand with such a gesture of good fellowship.

"Sit down, Mr. — er — " said Bones.

There was a cold, cold feeling at his heart, a sense of coming disaster, but Bones, facing the real shocks and terrors of life, was a different young man from the Bones who fussed and fumed over its trifles.

"I suppose you wonder why I have come to see you, Mr. Tibbetts," said Hyane, taking a cigarette from the silver box on the table. "I rather wonder why I have the nerve to see you myself. I've come on a very delicate matter."

There was a silence.

"Indeed?" said Bones a little huskily and knew instinctively what that delicate matter was.

"It is about Marguerite," said Mr. Hyane.

Bones inclined his head.

"You see, we have been great pals all our lives," went on Jackson Hyane, pulling steadily at the cigarette, "in fact sweethearts."

His keen eyes never left the other's face and he read all he wanted to know.

"I am tremendously fond of Marguerite," he went on, "and I think I am not flattering myself when I say that Marguerite is tremendously fond of me. I haven't been especially fortunate and I have never had the money which would enable me to offer Marguerite the kind of life which a girl so delicately nurtured should have."

"Very admirable," said Bones and his voice came to his own ears as the voice of a stranger.

"A few days ago," Mr. Hyane went on, "I was offered a tea plantation for £14,000. The prospects were so splendid that I went to a financier who is a friend of mine and he undertook to provide the money on which, of course, I agreed to pay an interest. The whole future which had been so black suddenly became as bright as day. I came to Marguerite, as you saw, with the news of my good luck and asked her if she would be my wife."

Bones said nothing; his face was a mask.

"And now I come to my difficulty, Mr. Tibbetts," said Hyane. "This afternoon Marguerite and I played upon you a little deception which I hope you will forgive."

"Certainly, certainly," mumbled Bones and gripped the arms of his chair the tighter.

"When I took Marguerite to lunch to-day," said Hyane, "it was to be — married."

"Married!" repeated Bones, dully, and Mr. Hyane nodded.

"Yes, we were married at half-past one o'clock today at the Marylebone Registry Office and I was hoping that Marguerite would be able to tell you her good news herself — perhaps," he smiled, "it isn't as good news to her as it is to me. But this afternoon a most tragic thing happened."

He threw away his cigarette, rose and paced the room with agitated strides. He had practised those very strides all that morning, for he left nothing to chance.

"At three o'clock this afternoon I called upon my financier friend and discovered that owing to heavy losses which he had incurred on the Stock Exchange he was unable to keep his promise. I feel terrible, Mr. Tibbetts. I feel that I have induced Marguerite to marry me under false pretenses. I had hoped to-

morrow morning to have gone to the agents of the estate and placed in their hands the cheque for £14,000, and to have left by the next mail boat for India."

He sank into the chair, his head upon his hands and Bones watched him curiously. Presently and after an effort, Bones found his voice.

"Does your — your — wife know?" he asked.

Jackson shook his head.

"No," he groaned, "that's the terrible thing about it. She hasn't the slightest idea. What shall I tell her? What shall I tell her?"

"It's pretty rotten, old — Mr. Hyane," Bones found his voice after a while. "Deuced rotten for the young miss — for Mrs. — for her."

He did not move from his chair nor relax his stiff expression. He was hurt beyond his own understanding, frantically anxious to end the interview, but at a loss to find an excuse until his eyes fell upon the clock over the mantel-piece.

"Come back at ten — no, half past ten, young Mr. . . awfully busy now . . see you at half past ten . . eh?"

Mr. Hyane made a graceful exit and left Bones alone with the shattered fragments of great romance.

So that was why she had gone off in such a hurry and she had not dared to tell him. But why not? He was nothing to her . . . he would never see her again! The thought made him cold. Never again! Never again! He tried to summon that business fortitude of his of which he was so proud. He wanted some support, some moral support in this moment of acute anguish. Incidentally he wanted to cry but didn't.

She ought to have given him a week's notice he told himself fiercely, then laughed hysterically at the thought. He considered the matter from all its aspects and every angle and was no nearer to peace of mind when at half past ten to the second Mr. Jackson Hyane returned. But Bones had formed one definite conclusion and had settled upon the action he intended taking. Mr. Hyane entering the study saw the cheque-book on the desk and was cheered. Bones had to clear his voice several times before he could articulate.

"Mr. Hyane," he said huskily, "I have been thinking matters out. I am a great admirer of yours — of your — of yours. A tremendous admirer of yours Mr. Hyane. Anything that made her happy old Mr. Hyane would make me happy. You see?"

"I see," said Mr. Hyane and he had the satisfaction of knowing that he, a student of men, had not misread his victim.

"Fourteen thousand pounds," said Bones turning abruptly to the desk and seizing his pen. "Make it payable to you?"

"You're too kind," murmured Hyane. "Make it an open cheque Mr. Tibbetts, I have to pay the agents in cash. These Indian merchants are so suspicious."

Bones wrote the cheque rapidly, marked it "Pay Cash" and initialed the corrections, then tore the slip from the book and handed it to the other.

"Of course, Mr. Tibbetts," said Hyane reverentially, "I regard half this as a loan to me and half as a loan to my dear wife. We shall never forget your kindness."

"Rot," said Bones. "Nonsense. I hope you'll be happy and will you tell her —" he swallowed something.

There was a faint tinkle of a bell in the hall and Ali his servant poked an ebony face round the door.

"Sir," he said, "the telephonic apparatus demands conversation."

Bones was glad of the interruption and with a muttered apology to his gratified guest he strode out into the hall. Ali had accustomed himself to answering the telephone but this time he had not understood the preliminary inquiry from exchange.

"Hello," said Bones into the transmitter. "Who's that?"

At the sound of the voice which answered him he nearly dropped the receiver.

"Is that Mr. Tibbetts?"

"Yes," said Bones hoarsely and his heart beat a wild rat-a-plan.

"I'm speaking from York, Mr. Tibbetts, I wanted to tell you that the key of the safe is in the drawer of my desk, the top drawer."

"That's all right, dear old — dear Mrs. Hyane."

"What is that you say?" asked the voice sharply.

"Congratulations, dear old missus," said Bones. "Hope you'll be awfully happy on your plantation."

"What do you mean?" asked the voice. "Did you call me Mrs. Hyane?"

"Yes," said Bones huskily.

He heard her laugh.

"How ridiculous you are! Did you really think I would ever marry my cousin?"

"But haven't you?" yelled Bones.

"What, married — absurd. I'm going to Scotland to see about some family matter."

"You're not — not a Mrs.?" asked Bones emphatically.

"And never will be," said the girl. "What does it all mean? Tell me."

Bones drew a long breath.

"Come back by the next train, young miss," he said. "Let that jolly old family affair go to blazes. I'll meet you at the station and tell you everything."

"But — but —" said the girl.

"Do as you're told, young miss," roared Bones and hung up the receiver with a seraphic smile. The door of his study was a thick one and it was, moreover, protected from outside noises by a large baize door and the student of men had heard nothing. Bones strode back into the room with a face so changed that Mr. Hyane could not but observe that something remarkable had happened.

"I'm afraid I'm keeping you up, Mr. Tibbetts," he said.

"Not at all," said Bones cheerfully. "Let's have a look at that cheque I gave you."

The other hesitated.

"Let me have a look at it," said Bones and Mr. Hyane with a smile took it from his pocket and handed it to the other.

"Half for you and half for her, eh? dear old thing," said Bones and tore the cheque in two. "That's your half," he said handing one portion to Mr. Hyane.

"What the devil are you doing?" demanded the other angrily, but Bones had him by the collar and was kicking him along the all too short corridor.

"Open the door, Ali," said Bones. "Open it wide, dear old heathen! Ooff!"

The "Ooff!" was accompanied by one final lunge of Bones' long legs.

At midnight Bones was sitting on the platform at Kings Cross alternately smoking a large pipe and singing tuneless songs. They told him that the next train from York would not arrive until three in the morning.

"That doesn't worry me, old thing. I'll wait all night."

"Expecting somebody, sir?" asked the inquisitive porter.

"Everybody, my dear old uniformed official," said Bones, "everybody!"

Some Delusions About Ireland

By S. S. McClure

IN the May issue of McClure's Magazine, I dealt with a vast body of delusions in regard to Irish prosperity and absolute economic freedom. The farmer, the merchant, the manufacturer of Ireland are on the precise footing of the inhabitants of any other portion of the United Kingdom in every single respect.

Among the fundamental causes for the present boundless prosperity of Ireland (I am dealing with the conditions as I found them in 1919, before the guerilla warfare had reached serious proportions) was the marvelous work of Sir Horace Plunkett. The Irish Separatists strongly opposed his work.

John Redmond, on the 4th of October, 1904, in a letter to Mr. Ford, editor of the *Irish World* of New York City, wrote:

The promotion of Irish industries is so praiseworthy an object that I am not surprised some of our people in America have been deceived in this matter. I myself, indeed, at one time entertained some belief in the good intentions of Sir Horace Plunkett and his friends, but recent events have entirely undeceived me, and Sir Horace Plunkett's recent book, full as it is of undisguised contempt for the Irish race, makes it plain to me that the real object of the movement in question is to undermine the National party and divert the minds of our people from Home Rule, which is the only thing which can ever lead to a real revival of Irish industries.

Mr. Redmond, as he increased his knowledge of larger affairs and interests, saw things more clearly, as shown by his words that I quoted in the May number. Justin McCarthy expressed the belief "that if Sir Horace's policy should be successfully carried out, the Irish people would cease to desire Home Rule," and he refused to support Sir Horace's policies.

Credulity, intolerance and violently contradictory opinions always characterize controversies that are based on beliefs rather than on facts.

"It is astonishing," Napoleon said, "what power words have over men."

Here are a few illustrations of credulity and delusion:

Irish Slain by British Fliers

Towns Bombed, Women and Children Murdered, American Delegates Charge

Paris, June 30, 1919 (by the Associated Press).—Irish-American delegates here in the interest of the Irish independence movement sent a new note to Premier Clemenceau to-day in which they charge the British with bombarding Irish towns from airplanes, "wantonly murdering women and children." They also said the British are issuing frequent orders of banishment. They asked the appointment of a special investigation commission.

I happened to reach Cork the very day this dispatch appeared — it was published in the Irish as well as the American papers. During two days in traveling the length and breadth of Ireland, I diligently sought for information on this point. I inquired mainly from Sinn Fein and Nationalist editors and men of prominence. No one in Ireland had ever heard of anything like this. It never happened. It was issued by the Associated Press in Paris on the authority of Mr. Dunne, formerly governor of Illinois, and Mr. Frank P. Walsh.

The *Sinn Feiner*, published in New York City, contains the following under date of May 14, 1921:

England and the Alabama—Wants United States Repay Indemnity

How Britain Intends to Pay Debts

(Special to the *Sinn Feiner*)

London—Your correspondent is informed on reliable authority that the British Government is preparing a long list of monetary claims against the United States. British "experts" are now busy digging up data on these claims, and already they have found what they consider a flaw in the Alabama Award of 1872 by which Great Britain was ordered to pay the United States $15,000,000 in gold as compensation for losses sustained during the Civil War through the depredations of the Confederate vessel *Alabama*.

The *Gaelic American*, on February 7, 1920, published this statement:

Washington, January 26.—The Rev. L. M. Powers, in a sermon on "What About Ireland," made this statement in the Universalist Church last night:

". . . 100,000 English find jobs in Ireland, most of them sinecures."

There are less than 10,000 Englishmen in public office in the entire British Empire outside of England itself. There are only 6,000 in India. There are less than 100 Englishmen in government offices in Ireland.

By way of comparison, there are a total of 286,459 persons on the public pay roll of New York State.

Professor Thompson, who writes a weekly article for the *Irish World*, in the issue of February 7, 1920, in which he discusses the proposal to nominate Mr. Hoover for the Presidency, says in part:

I very much doubt if Mr. Hoover has the hold upon the American voter which his friends suppose. It is true that he was a very successful manager of one part of the conflict, and that the one which came to our lives most closely. Many of us resent that distribution of grain supply which fed England with our wheat while we were obliged to eat our bread adulterated with much inferior and less wholesome grain. Many an American still feels the effect in the weakening of his digestive powers and cherishes no kindly feeling toward the author of that policy.

The *Irish World* of February 21, 1920, has an article by Mr. Frank P. Walsh, Chairman American Commission of Irish Independence. In this article he charges a certain government

with the most sudden and cruel reversal of policy in the history of nations, turned overnight from the sympathetic guardian of the rights of the producers of the nation into a labor-destroying and farmer-baiting organization. It surrendered abjectedly to the Tories and profit mongers. Instead of safe-guarding the elemental rights of freedom, its leaders became the generals in the army of assault.

So the responsibility of banishing human beings, shipping them to autocratic countries, perhaps to face death on the scaffold, disintegrating their homes, subjecting their innocent dependents to untold anguish and suffering, and plunging them into a blacker poverty, was squarely fixed upon the highest elected officer of the nation.

Mr. Walsh is not referring to Ireland but to the United States. If he had said these things about Ireland, most people would have accepted them as the simple truth. He adds:

Somewhere in America every day individuals are ravished of their liberty or property. The injured ones are usually those who are poor and defenseless.

Here is a picture of Canada published in Mr. Arthur Griffith's weekly in Dublin, the *Sinn Fein*, April 13, 1913:

The number of fools in Ireland can be calculated on the percentage of Irish emigrants who go to Canada. The position of the Irish farmers under landlordism is paralleled by that of the poor wretches who go out to get those 160 acre free farms. . . . There is a pretty tough force in Canada styled the North-west Police, one of whose duties is to keep 160-acre free farm slaves in their district from running away when they realize their position. . . . All in all, we do not hesitate to say that Canada is the worst country on the face of the globe for the average emigrant.

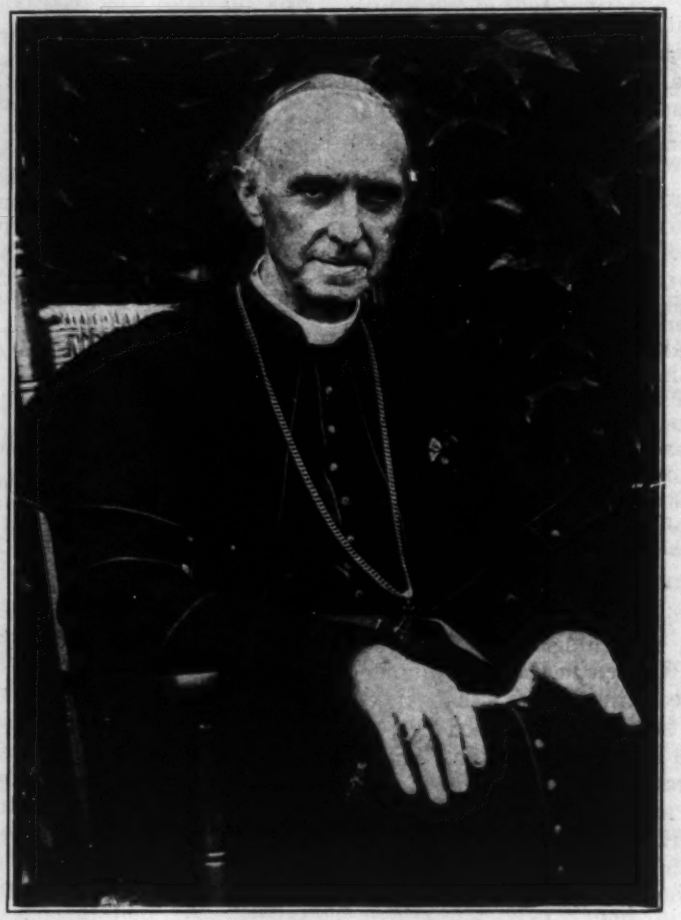
We know that for many years 200,000 Americans annually emigrated to Canada from the United States.

In his weekly, *Nationality*, February 17, 1917, Mr. Griffith describes Ireland in these words:

The most fertile country of Western Europe, inhabited by a people naturally intelligent, spirited, industrious and enterprising has been made a West European Desert.

One would think the *Irish World* (April 17, 1920) was writing about Ireland instead of America in an editorial headed, "Prussianized America." It says:

We are ruled by "Prussians" and "Huns," and we drift evermore under their control. . . .Where are we to-day? What rights does the individual possess as against the state? What has become of his constitutional guarantees? The individual no longer has definite rights. He is at the mercy of every simulacrum of law extorted from a jaded assembly, and administered by creatures of the interests. . . . It is time that the people regained control of their own affairs.



Cardinal Mercier

Mr. James K. McGuire, a leader in America of the Sinn Fein movement, in his book (1915), "King, Kaiser and Irish Freedom," says:

The exports from Ireland direct to foreign ports are reduced to some £6,500,000 (1910), while the imports were some £54,000,000. With such a balance of trade against her, Ireland must continue to suffer until she has manufactures to send abroad and bring back the money.

Mr. McGuire is sound in his deduction. No nation could prosper long if it had to buy from other nations nine times as much as it sold to other nations. There is, however, a fundamental error in his premises. When he deals with exports, he omits what was sold to Great Britain; when he deals with imports, he adds what was bought from Great Britain. If one took a state like Connecticut and set down in one column the cost of everything the people of the state bought from other states, and by direct importation from foreign nations, and against this set down only the amount received from foreign nations for exports, making no count of the sales to other states, he would have the same unsound premises as Mr. McGuire. Here is the truth:

	Imports Million Pounds	Exports Million Pounds	Total Million Pounds
1910.....	65	65	130
1916.....	105	107	212

In the report on conditions in Ireland, etc., made to the Peace Conference in Paris by Messrs. Dunne and Walsh, we find this:

. . . As quickly as the rich crops are garnered they are taken out of the country, and this immense food supply and almost infinite source of wealth is lost to her people forever.

England has cut off Ireland from the outside commerce of the world, allows no ships to come trans-atlantic to her ports, and thus controls the prices of the necessaries of life for her inhabitants.

The first statement is true, and it is also true that being near to the greatest food-buying nation in the world, the Irish farmer gets a higher price for his farm products than he could from any other country. It is also true that the food left in Ireland is abundant. The Irish people were the best fed people in the world during the war. Ireland was the only country I know where there was no rationing in any article of food excepting sugar. And, finally, what is true of the Irish farmer is true of the farmers of all other countries in this respect: that when a farmer sells his crops, they are lost to him forever.

As to the second statement that England has cut off Ireland from the world and controls the prices of the necessaries of life for her inhabitants, this is almost too absurd to deny.

In studying the Sinn Fein propaganda, one frequently notices illustrations of what is known as the mania of persecution. For example, the *Irish World*, New York City, for March 20, 1920, states:

Since the day that England lost the revolted colonies she has never ceased plotting to bring the United States once more within the Empire. Once she tried open war; again she planned disruption; to-day she works more insiduously and—more effectively. She owns our newspapers, she owns our movies, she works her way into our schools, our colleges, our pulpits. She has thousands of agents. She has scores of methods of employing them. She stirs up

racial and religious strife amongst our citizens, she encourages reaction, imperialism, she employs every method to weaken us and then boldly calls upon us for assistance in her schemes against others. By embroiling us at home and abroad she counts upon forcing us either into destruction or to take refuge within the Empire. As long as the Empire lasts so long will England scheme against us.

There is not the slightest basis of fact behind any of these assertions. Nevertheless, people who can believe that Ireland has not absolute political and economic freedom can believe almost anything in line with their delusions.

The prime cause of these delusions is brooding over the past, and it may be said that there are few peoples in the world whose past has not been filled with cruelty and oppression.

The best summary of the Irish situation is contained in the following extract from a speech delivered by John Redmond, October 14, 1914, in Wexford.

People talk of the wrongs done to Ireland by England in the past. God knows, standing on this holy spot, it is not likely any of us can ever forget the wrongs done to our fathers a hundred or two hundred years ago. But do let us be sensible and truthful people. Do let us remember that we to-day of our generation are a free people.

The teaching in the Catholic schools of Ireland, and the text books, are of a nature to keep the memory of ancient wrongs very vivid. As one man shouted once, "The blood of Vinegar Hill is still green."

Cardinal Logue in the center

The *Irish Independent*, May 15, 1905, contained a letter from Mr. Seamus Macmanus, formerly a school teacher and prominent member of the Gaelic League, which contains this passage: "The Irish youth who quits school without realizing his duties as a rebel, is, or would be, a discredit to his schoolmaster. . . . He felt his conscience easy in the knowledge that his salary was well and easily earned, so far at least, as the stirring of discontent and the dissemination of rebellious opinions were concerned."

Facts have no meaning to men living in the realm of obsessions and delusions. The *Gaelic American* of January 16, 1915, published the following:

London, Friday.—At the request of the Belgian Legation in London the British Press Bureau to-day issued detailed allegations of the maltreatment of Catholic clergy in Belgium and the destruction of their institutions by Germans.

The statement declares members of the clergy have been exposed to special indignities by German soldiers, and that in the diocese of Liege, Namur, Malines and Ghent many priests and others connected with the churches were either shot or hanged.

Why No Names Are Given

It will be noted in the above statement, not one name, either of a priest or nun who was murdered or maltreated, or of a witness who told the story, is given. The reason is plain. The whole story is a fabrication from beginning to end. All these charges were made months ago and refuted.

In Mr. Arthur Griffith's weekly, *Sinn Fein*, October 17, 1914, appears this statement:

The Atrocity Mongers

The joy-bells of Cologne Cathedral were ringing for German victories when Mr. Redmond stood up in Waterford, and with inimitable audacity repeated his falsehood that "priests were being hunted down by the Germans." At that moment the protest of Cardinal Beddinger, the distinguished German Prince of the Church, was being printed in the press of every country except the press of England and those countries whom she controls.

Sinn Fein for October 3, 1914, contains the following:

Rheims—The Louvain lie having been worn out, the Rheims Cathedral lie is now pressed in. The English story that Rheims Cathedral has been destroyed wantonly by German shell-fire is a gross perversion of fact. . . .

Here are the words of Cardinal Mercier:

. . . I looked upon Jesus, most gentle and humble Lamb of God, crushed, clothed in His blood as in a garment, and I thought I heard from His own mouth the words which the Psalmist uttered in His name: "O God, my God, look upon me; why hast Thou forsaken me? O my God, I shall cry, and Thou wilt not hear."

For we, through direct experience, know and declare that the German army gave itself up in Belgium, in a hundred different places, to plundering, incendiarism, imprisonment, massacres and sacrileges, contrary to all justice and to every sentiment of humanity.

I have traversed the greater part of the districts most terribly devastated in my diocese, and the ruins I beheld, and the ashes, were more dreadful than I, prepared by the saddest forebodings, could have imagined.

The Destruction of Louvain

In this dear city of Louvain, perpetually in my thoughts, the magnificent Church of St. Peter will never recover its former splendor. The ancient College of St. Ives, the art schools, the consular and commercial schools of the University, the old markets, our rich library with its collections, its unique and unpublished manuscripts, its archives, its gallery of great portraits of illustrious rectors, chancellors, professors, dating from the time of its foundation, which preserved for masters and students alike a noble tradition, and were an incitement in their studies, all this accumulation of intellectual, of historic and of artistic riches, the fruit of the labors of five centuries—all is in the dust.

Hundreds of innocent men were shot. I possess no complete necrology; but I know that there were ninety-one shot at Aerschot and that there, under pain of death, their fellow citizens were compelled to dig their graves. In the Louvain group of communes 176 persons, men and women, old men and sucklings, were shot or burned.

List of Some Priests Killed

In my diocese alone I know that thirteen priests were put to death. Their brothers in religion or in priesthood

will wish to know their names. Here they are: Dupierreux, of the Society of Jesus, Brothers Sebastian and Allard, of the Congregation of the Josephites, Brother Candide, of the Congregation of the Brothers of Mercy, Father Maximin, Capuchin, and Father Vincent, Conventual; Lombaerts, parish priest at Boven-Loo; Goris, parish priest at Autgaerden; Carette, professor at the Episcopal College of Louvain; de Clerck, parish priest at Bueken; d'Argent, parish priest at Gelrode, and Wouters Jean, parish priest at Pont-Brulé. We have reason to believe that the parish priest of Herenta, Van Bladel, an old man of seventy-one, was also killed. Until now, however, his body has not been found.

One of these, the parish priest of Gelrode, suffered, I believe, a veritable martyrdom. I made a pilgrimage to his grave, and amid the little flock which so lately he had been feeding with the zeal of an apostle, there did I pray to Him that from the height of Heaven He would guard His parish, His diocese, His country.

. . . Fifty innocent priests and thousands of innocent Catholics were put to death; hundreds of others, whose lives have been saved by circumstances independent of the will of their persecutors, were in danger of death; thousands of innocent persons, with no previous trial, were imprisoned; many of them underwent months of detention, and, when they were released, the most minute questioning, to which they were submitted, revealed no guilt in any of them.

These crimes cry to heaven for vengeance.

When the Associated Press, on the highest possible Irish authority, spread broadcast the statement that English aeroplanes were bombarding Irish villages and killing women and children no one took the trouble to deny this absurd charge. When the Sinn Fein organ in New York City endeavored to arouse hostility to England by charging that country with designs to nullify the Alabama Award the assertion was allowed to pass unchallenged.

And who would have imagined that many Americans suffered weakening of their digestive powers because Mr. Hoover so successfully planned to feed the Allies? Why should a minister of the gospel state that 100,000 of the English held office in Ireland, mostly sinecures? Probably because he knew that no one would question his statement.

Mr. Walsh's charges against the American government in the *Irish World* of February 21, 1920, and Mr. Arthur Griffith's description of Canada and of the Northwestern mounted police are just as inaccurate as their descriptions of conditions in Ireland. The editorial arraignment of our government in the *Irish World* (April 17, 1920) is just as inaccurate as its arraignments of the British government in Ireland.

Mr. McGuire's statistics as to the exports and imports of Ireland show how passion and prejudice can blind men to the most obvious facts. But no one ever denied his assertion.

Nor has any one ever denied the statement in the *Irish World* of March 20, 1920, that England was continually plotting to bring the United States once more within the Empire. The actions of our own Congress, of many state legislatures, and of various labor organizations in relation to Ireland are based upon a mass of assertions that are as baseless as the samples I have given. However, there was one document that aroused the English Catholics, and brought forth a denial. This document was a letter bearing the name of Cardinal Mercier, received by Cardinal Logue.

Letter Sent by Cardinal Mercier and the Bishops of Belgium to Cardinal Logue and the Bishops of Ireland

The letter which your Eminence and your Lordships have been pleased to address to us has deeply moved us. We hasten to tell you that our hearts are with you, sharing not only your anxieties and sorrows, but also in your invincible hopes. The eyes of the Catholic Belgians have always turned to Ireland in admiration and gratitude.

What then is your history but the long Calvary of a people incessantly betrayed, despoiled, starved; but ever unfailing in its faith and in its passion for liberty? Yes we admire you, dear and venerated Colleagues, we bless you, and let me tell you in all simplicity, we love you.

Your people has our sympathies; it has a right to our respect; and that people, it is you who have made.

Do we not hear this morning the Church entone in her liturgy these words of the Prophet: "I know the thoughts that I think towards you, said the Lord, thoughts of peace and not of affliction, to give you an end and patience."

We shall ask our priests and our faithful to remember at the altar and in their prayers, their brethren of Ireland. They owe that charity. They owe it to you from gratitude. For, while we were oppressed by the stranger, deprived of provisions, of coal and of clothing, you have come generously to our aid. Hundreds of our refugees have known the benefit of your hospitality; they have not forgotten it.

Your Eminence, dear and Venerated Lords, in the name of our Belgian Catholics in the name of our clergy and ourselves, we beg you to accept the homage of our ardent sympathy and the assurance of our fraternal devotion.

The Catholics of England were roused to active protest against Cardinal Mercier's statements and Admiral Lord Walter Kerr, President of the Catholic Union of Great Britain, addressed a long letter to Cardinal Mercier, December 13, 1921. In the course of this he says:

No question of religion is involved. The Church in Ireland enjoys the fullest liberty, there is no restriction on Divine Worship, the Catholic faith is freely taught to Catholic children in the public schools, while the Government offices and the learned professions are open to Catholic and non-Catholic alike. Moreover, in the measure now being passed through Parliament the Catholic and Protestant parts of Ireland are to be given their own legislative bodies on precisely the same terms.

In the beginning of 1916, the internal condition of Ireland was profoundly quiet. In Easter of that year, however, a rebellion instigated by German machinations broke out in Dublin and a great part of that city was for some days in the hands of domestic enemies at a time when the fate of the war was undecided and your Eminence's own country was bleeding under the yoke of our common foe. The rising was suppressed, and with the exception of certain leaders, the utmost clemency was shown to the rebels; but from that time unceasing efforts have been made to bring about a separation of Ireland from Great Britain. A second plot with German aid at the crisis of the war in the spring of 1918 was happily frustrated, but the rebellious movement went on unremittingly and has this year entered upon a campaign of murder.

It would not be fair to say that all the partisans of this movement are instigators or abettors of murder, but in the pursuit of their designs they profit by its recurrence, and all are rebels against lawful authority.

The Murders

During the past eleven months 152 policemen have been murdered, 50 officers and soldiers, and two officials. They have been ambushed in lonely roads or shot in the back in crowded streets, and in some instances butchered in their beds. Many have been mutilated by expanding bullets; one was killed from behind as he knelt at Mass . . . Many—probably a majority—were Catholics, like the three officers murdered in Dublin.

Your Eminence will doubtless have heard much of these charges of reprisals and outrages against innocent persons by soldiers and police. These charges were circulated throughout the world by an unsleeping propaganda, and included in them is every instance of persons killed when resisting or disobeying lawful authority, every death

by accident during a tumult, and not a few cases, there is good reason to believe, of private vengeance and of murder by rebels themselves disguised in uniforms which they had stolen. At the same time I do not deny that there have been cases in which policemen and soldiers, maddened by the slaughter of their comrades, have fallen into deplorable excesses, of which no defence is possible. . . . Your Eminence should know, however, that 41 policemen and officials had been murdered this year before the first case of retaliation was even alleged, and justice will award the greater condemnation to the rebels alike against God and Cæsar, from whom the provocation and the example came.

The Roman Catholic Church

Scarcely less of a scandal than the crimes themselves is the indifference with which public opinion in Ireland regards them, and the unwillingness or inability of the better disposed to aid in their detection and punishment. And saddest of all, my Lord Cardinal, is the fact that no corporate effort has been made by the spiritual leaders of Ireland to stamp out the murderous spirit which is a reproach to their people and their faith. . . . There is no oppression of nationality in Ireland any more than there is oppression of religion, and on neither ground can sympathy with the Irish revolutionary movement be justly claimed from a free Catholic people like the Belgians.

In a postscript Admiral Lord Kerr says:

In writing as I have done I do not ignore certain words deprecating crime in the pronouncement of the Irish Bishops of October last. This document, however, cannot be regarded as a corporate effort to stamp out the murderous spirit which animates the Irish revolutionary movement.

In an article by W. S. Lilly in the Catholic Encyclopedia (Vol. 5, pp. 457-8) is this statement:

The Catholic Union of Great Britain, was founded in 1871, to promote all Catholic interests, especially the restoration of the Holy Father to his lawful, sovereign rights.

On its list of members will be found most British Catholics of position and influence.

The Ulster People

If the Irish were not a free people at the time of the establishment of the present government of Ireland the Ulster people were not free, for the Ulster people this year, had precisely the same political and economic conditions as the rest of Ireland. The laws are identical for all Ireland.

It would be impossible to impose any handicaps on the manufacturers, merchants, shippers and farmers of Ireland without causing the Unionists, which include the Ulster people, to suffer. In fact, inasmuch as Ulster produces half of all the oats and fruit and two-fifths of all the potatoes, and 99 per cent. of all the flax grown in Ireland, any oppressive laws would bear more heavily on the Ulster farmer than on the average farmer outside of Ulster.

In 1911 Ulster paid in custom dues £2,373,000, and all the rest of Ireland £914,000. For customs and inland revenue Belfast paid £4,915,000, more than double the contribution of all the rest of Ireland, and exceeded in the United Kingdom only by Liverpool, London and Bristol.

If Ireland is robbed by the British Government, Belfast and Ulster are the prime sufferers. Belfast has one-eighth of the coast-wise shipping trade of the United Kingdom, being surpassed only by London, Liverpool, and Newcastle. Belfast has 70 per cent. of all Irish export trade, and 50 per cent. of all foreign shipping trade from Ireland. So that, if Ireland suffers from hostile laws as to shipping, Belfast is by far the greatest sufferer in Ireland.

Would the ship-builders, and rope-makers, and the other manufacturers of Belfast, who must compete for the markets of England and the rest of the world with the ship-builders and manufacturers of England and Scotland, submit to economic handicaps, whereby they could not compete on equal terms? They would not.

In the period under discussion all Ireland was under the same identical laws. There could be no injustice or oppression or economic disabilities that would not affect all the people, Catholics and Protestants, Home-Rulers and Unionists.

At the present time, the attitude of the Ulster people is generally criticized. Especially are they charged with bigotry and unreasonableness. But it would be another delusion to imagine that the Ulster people are of the sort to tolerate injustice at the hands of the British Government.

Ulster People in Past Centuries

Redmond referred to the wrongs of one or two hundred years ago. How did the Ulster Protestants endure these wrongs? In an address in Carnegie Hall in April, 1920, Judge Cohalan said: "For a century and a half past the leaders of the great public movements among the Irish people have been Protestants, with but few exceptions."

And the *Irish World* in an article about Ulster published these statements:

The Ulster Protestants of that day, 1782, the men who formed the Irish Volunteers, the men who forced Free Trade from a hostile English Government, the men who voted against the union of England and Ireland in one Imperial Parliament—these men, as Christians and Protestants, proclaimed their sympathy with Catholics and their desire for a union of Irishmen of all creeds in what was probably the most historic public document ever issued in Ireland. Since the days of Henry Tudor and his daughter Elizabeth when Protestantism got a foothold in Ireland, Ulster Protestants have been in the van of every revolt against the supremacy of England. While the leaders of such revolts in other parts of the country have been at least nine-tenths Protestants, the Ulster leaders were nearly all of that religious faith. Wolfe Tone was an Ulsterite and Protestant.

And in the *Irish World* of January 17, 1920, the Rev. Patrick J. Temple wrote:

The Ulster Protestant counties went into open rebellion against England and the following were proclaimed under martial law in 1797: Down, Antrim, Donegal, Derry and Tyrone. Indeed, on the first rumors of this Act of Union the Protestants of Dublin, in wild riot, broke into the Irish House of Lords in 1759. More than this, what is known as the Republican Movement, advocated by Sinn Fein, goes back to a Protestant from Belfast, Theobald Wolfe Tone, who originated in that city the "United Irishmen" in 1791. The leaders who met death in the early attempts to establish an Irish Republic were Protestants whose names are to this day household words with every Irish patriot. Such are Theobald Wolfe Tone, Rev. William Jackson (a Protestant clergyman), Oliver Bond, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Bartholomew Teeling, Matthew Tone, William Orr, the brothers Sheares, Robert Emmet, Thomas Russell and Henry Joy McCracken. Other famous Protestants had to seek refuge in exile to save their necks: Henry Monroe, Anthony Perry, Napper Tandy, Hamilton Rowan, Dr. McNevin, Samuel Neilson and Arthur O'Connor.

Protestant Young Ireland

The Young Ireland party of 1848, which advocated the sword as against peaceful agitation, had for its first leaders John Mitchell and John Martin, two Ulster Protestants. Who can assert that the Protestants have not done a noble part in the cause of Ireland? Or who can say that the

movement to establish a Republic in Ireland has not had the support of Protestants?

In the course of a lecture delivered by John Redmond in the Rotunda, Dublin, the 29th of November, 1886, he said:

All trade between Ireland and the colonies was prohibited by the Navigation Laws. Mr. Lecky says in his *History of Ireland in the Eighteenth Century:*

Protestants then began to find that they were as little thought of as the Catholics. The suppression of the woolen trade brought ruin upon twelve thousand Protestant families in Dublin, and thirty thousand in the rest of the country. By her commercial laws England deliberately ruined the prosperity of the Protestant colony of Ireland, drove thousands of them into exile, arrested the influx of Protestant population from Great Britain, and inspired the Presbyterians of the north with a bitter hatred of her rule.

In point of fact, a deliberate system was established to put down alike the political pretensions and the commercial prosperity of the Protestants of Ireland, who then found themselves in this extraordinary situation:

Beginning with the Protestants of the North, the movements soon spread to other parts of the island. . . .

But Irishmen do not forget that Protestants won the Parliament of '82; Protestants organized the Society of United Irishmen, and filled its ranks both before and after it became a revolutionary body; Protestants gave the franchise to Catholics in 1793; Protestants led the rebel armies in 1798; Protestants gallantly but vainly defended Irish constitutional liberty in 1800.

I shall quote from the historians showing how the Ulster people revolted against oppression as follows:

Lecky—*History of Ireland in the 18th Century.* Vol. 1, pp. 245-7; Vol. 2, pp. 50-1.

Froude—*The English in Ireland.* Vol. 1, pp. 392-393; Vol. 2, pp. 124-141.

Bancroft—*The History of the United States.* Vol. 5, page 76.

Henry Jones Ford—*The Scotch-Irish in America.* Pp. 204-208; pp. 458-473.

Theodore Roosevelt—*The Winning of the West.* Pp. 122-130.

In making quotations I will use only the name of the historian.

The Ulster People in Revolt

Lecky: The conduct of Lord Donegal brought the misery of the Ulster peasantry to a climax, and in a short time many thousands of ejected tenants, banded together under the name of Steelboys, were in arms. They were mainly, at first almost exclusively, Presbyterians. Their distress was much greater than that of the Oakboys, who preceded them, and, as is usually the case, their violence was proportioned to their distress. They destroyed or maimed great numbers of cattle. They attacked many houses, and were guilty of many kinds of violence, and they soon administered illegal oaths, and undertook the part of general reformers. One of their number being confined at Belfast, a large body of Steelboys, accompanied by many thousands of peasants, who neither before nor after took any part in the insurrection, marched upon that town and succeeded in obtaining its surrender.

In December, 1773, Parliament retraced its steps and repealed the obnoxious act.

Ford: Usually the address to the Throne at the opening of the Irish Parliament passed unopposed, but at the session of October, 1775, an amendment was proposed and was warmly advocated, strongly urging the necessity of "conciliatory and healing measures for the removal of the discontent which prevails in the colonies." In his report to the English government Harcourt, Viceroy of Ireland, wrote that "the Presbyterians in the North (who in their hearts are Americans) are gaining strength every day." In a later report Harcourt complained of "the violent opposition made by the Presbyterians to the measures of Government" and he described them as "talking in all companies in such a way that if they are not rebels, it is hard to find a name for them."

. . . The United Irishmen movement, which was the prelude to the rebellion of 1798, started in Belfast, and the chief strength of the rebellion was in Ulster. The union of Ireland with England was originally intensely unpopular in Ulster.

Scotch-Irish Emigration to America

Lecky: The Protestant emigration, which began with the destruction of the woollen manufacture, continued during many years with unabated and even accelerating rapidity. For nearly three-quarters of a century the drain of the energetic Protestant population continued.

The famine of 1740 and 1741 gave an immense impulse to the movement, and it is said that for several years the Protestant emigrants from Ulster annually amounted to about 12,000. More than eighty years later, Arthur Young found the stream still flowing, and he mentioned that in 1773, four thousand emigrants had sailed from Belfast alone.

As a result of his inquiry Young concluded:

The spirit of emigration in Ireland appears to be confined to two circumstances, the Presbyterian religion, and the linen manufacture. I heard of very few emigrants except among manufacturers of that persuasion. The Catholicks never went; they seemed not only tied to their country but almost to the parish in which their masters lived.

Froude: Flights of Protestant settlers had been driven out earlier in the century by the idiocy of the bishops. Fresh multitudes now winged their way to join them, and in no tender mood towards the institutions under which they had been so cruelly dealt with. . . . The next year they had to hear from the Linen Board that "many thousands of the best manufacturers and weavers with their families had gone to seek their bread in America, and that thousands were preparing to follow."

Those who went carried their arts and their tools with them, and at the rate at which the stream was flowing the colonies would soon have no need of British and Irish imports. In the two years which followed the Antrim evictions, thirty thousand Protestants left Ulster for a land where there was no legal robbery, and where those who sowed the seed could reap the harvest. . . . "The emigration was not only depriving Ireland of its manufactures, but the sinews of its trade."

What the Irish could do as enemies we were about to learn when the Ulster exiles crowded to the standard of Washington.

The Scotch-Irish emigrants especially had their suspicions on the alert, whose grievances were more recent, and whose bitter feelings were kept alive by the continued arrivals from Ulster.

The Protestant settlers in Ireland at the beginning of the seventeenth century were of the same mettle with those who afterwards sailed in the *Mayflower*—Presbyterians, Puritans, Independents, in search of wider breathing space than was allowed them at home.

During the first half of the 18th century, Down, Antrim, Tyrone, Armagh and Derry were emptied of Protestant inhabitants, who were of more value to Ireland than Californian gold mines. Their national prepossessions in favor of liberty were strengthened by their religious opinions. They were Presbyterians, and therefore mostly Whigs.

The Scotch-Irish and American Independence

Bancroft: Just after the peace of Paris, "the Heart of Oak" Protestants of Ulster, weary of strife with their landlords, came over in great numbers. . . . They brought to America no submissive love for England; and their experience and religion alike bade them meet oppression with prompt resistance. We shall find the first voice publicly raised in America to dissolve all connection with Great Britain came, not from the Puritans of New England, or the Dutch of New York, or the planters of Virginia, but from the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians.

FROUDE: And now commenced the Protestant emigration which continued until the spell of tyranny was broken in 1782, annual shiploads of families poured themselves out from Belfast and Londonderry. The resentment which they carried with them continued to burn in their new homes; and, in the War of Independence, England had no fiercer enemies than the grandsons and great-grandsons of the Presbyterians who had held Ulster against Tyrconnell.

But throughout the revolted colonies, and, therefore, probably in the first to begin the struggle, all evidence shows that the foremost, the most irreconciliable, the most determined in pushing the quarrel to the last extremity, were the Scotch-Irish whom the bishops and Lord Donegal and Company had been pleased to drive out of Ulster. "It is a fact beyond question," says Plowden, "that most of the early successes in America were immediately owing to the vigorous exertions and prowess of the Irish emigrants who bore arms in that cause."

LECKY: They went with hearts burning with indignation, and in the War of Independence they were almost to a man on the side of the insurgents. They supplied some of the best soldiers of Washington.

FORD: In 1771 the counties of Antrim and Down were thrown into disorder by rack-renting practices of landlords, in which the Marquis of Donegal, as absentee landlord, took the leading part; as leases expired he made exactions for renewal so exorbitant that the total is estimated at £500,000. The tenant farmers were utterly unable to pay so they were dispossessed, losing the value of their improvements. What is known as the Steelboy insurrection resulted. Its subsidence was attributed by the English historian Lecky to the great Protestant emigration which had been long taking place in Ulster. The way had been opened, and the ejected tenantry, who formed the Steelboy bands and who escaped the sword and the gallows, fled by thousands to America. They were soon heard of again. In a few years the cloud of civil war which was already gathering over the colonies burst, and the ejected tenants of Lord Donegal formed a large part of the revolutionary armies which severed the New World from the British Crown.

Joseph Galloway, than whom there could be no better informed witness, held that the underlying cause of the American Revolution was the activity and influence of the Presbyterian interest.

Galloway, whose attitude to the English Government was that of the candid friend, held that it was the Presbyterians who supplied to colonial resistance a lining without which it would have collapsed. In testimony before a committee of the House of Commons in 1779 he declared that at the beginning of the revolt not one-fifth of the people "had independence in view" and that in the army enlisted by the Continental Congress "there were scarcely one-fourth natives of America—about one-half Irish, the other fourth were English and Scotch."

The historian Bancroft notes as a striking coincidence that on the day on which Lord Chatham was making his peace proposals to the House of Lords, January 20, 1775, the people of a remote frontier settlement, "beyond the Alleghanies, where the Watanga and the forks of the Houston flow to the Tennessee" were meeting to make formal protest against British policy. They were, says Bancroft, most of them, Presbyterians of Scotch-Irish descent.

SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH

ROOSEVELT: Along the western frontier of the colonies that were so soon to be the United States, among the foothills of the Alleghanies, on the slopes of the wooded mountains, and in the long trough-like valleys that lay between the ranges, dwelt a peculiar and characteristically American people.

The backwoodsmen were Americans by birth and parentage, and of mixed race; but the dominant strain in their blood was that of the Presbyterian Irish—the Scotch-Irish as they were often called. . . . It is doubtful if we have wholly realized the importance of the part played by that stern and virile people, the Irish, whose preachers taught the creed of Knox and Calvin. These Irish representatives of the Covenanters were in the West almost what the Puritans were in the Northeast, and more than the Cavaliers were in the South. Mingled with the descendants of many other races they, nevertheless, formed the kernel of the distinctively and intensely American stock who were the pioneers of our people in their march westward, the vanguard of the army of fighting settlers, who with axe and rifle won their way from the Alleghanies to the Rio Grande and the Pacific.

Among the dozen or so most prominent backwoods pioneers of the West and Southwest, the men who were leaders in exploring, settling the lands, and in fighting the Indians, British, and Mexicans, the Presbyterian Irish stock furnished Andrew Jackson, Samuel Houston, David Crockett, James Robertson; Lewis, the leader of the backwoods hosts in their first great victory over the Northwestern Indians; and Campbell, their commander in their first great victory over the British. The other pioneers who stood beside the above were such men as Sevier, a Shenandoah Huguenot, Shelby, of Welsh blood; and Boone and Clark, both of English stock, the former from Pennsylvania, the latter from Virginia.

The Presbyterian Irish were themselves already a mixed people. Though mainly descended from Scotch ancestors—who came originally from both lowlands and highlands, from among both the Scotch Saxons and the Scotch Celts—many of them were of English, a few of French Huguenot, and quite a number of true old Milesian Irish extraction.

They were a truculent and obstinate people, and gloried in the warlike renown of their forefathers, the men who had followed Cromwell, and who had shared in the defence of Derry and in the victories of the Boyne and Aughrim.

They did not begin to come to America in any number till after the opening of the eighteenth century; by 1730 they were fairly swarming across the ocean, for the most part in two streams, the larger going to the port of Charleston. Pushing through the long settled lowlands of the seacoast, they at once made their abode at the foot of the mountains, and became the outposts of civilization.

That these Irish Presbyterians were a bold and hardy race is proved by their at once pushing past the settled regions, and plunging into the wilderness as the leaders of the white advance. They were the first and last set of immigrants to do this; all others have merely followed in the wake of their predecessors. But, indeed, they were fitted to be Americans from the very start; they were kinsfolk of the Covenanters; they deemed it a religious duty to interpret their own Bible, and held for a divine right the election of their own clergy. For generations their whole ecclesiastic and scholastic systems had been fundamentally democratic.

Long before the first Continental Congress assembled, the backwoodsmen whatever their blood, had become Americans, one in speech, thought and character, clutching firmly the land in which their fathers and grandfathers had lived before them.

The Catholic Encyclopedia, Volume VIII, page 135, estimates that the total number of Catholics in the American colonies in 1775 was 25,000, a little more than one per cent of the total population. The Encyclopedia further states that "the stream of Irish emigrants, which before 1815 had been largely Presbyterians, was changed so that Catholic Irish predominate.

But the emigration from Ulster did not cease with the earlier years. In 1841 the population of Ulster was 2,387,000 and 1911 it was 1,581,000. Mr. Arthur Griffith calculates that Ulster lost 1,500,000 inhabitants by emigration between 1841 and 1911.

In an article contributed several years ago to the *North American Review* by Henry Cabot Lodge is an analysis based on an American Encyclopedia of Biography. He gives the origin of the 14,300 Americans who had achieved enough fame to be entitled to a place in this encyclopedia. He found that one-tenth were Scotch-Irish. The Scotch-Irish from the six coun-

ties that now form Ulster furnished six of the twenty-nine presidents of the United States. Alexander Hamilton was of Scotch-Irish origin.

The Irish Nation (Dublin, July 15, 1916) rather exaggerates the contribution of the Irish (who were as we have shown mostly Scotch-Irish) in founding the United States in these words:

Irishmen have built up the greatest existing state in the world: the United States of America. Our countrymen shed their blood that America might shake off the pestilential dragon. It is one of our glories as a nation that the document of the States' Declaration of Independence bears the signatures of so many Irishmen.

It is but fair to say that the statements of Bancroft and others are not accepted by the Irish Separatists. From an article in the *Irish World* for August 23, 1919, entitled "A New Star in History," I quote the following which I think presents fairly the opinions of those who demand the independence of Ireland:

The most repulsive snake in popular opinion is the cobra, famous in stories of East Indian life. With his hooded head and his poisonous fangs terror seems to emanate from him. Yet a little animal of the ferret type can kill him in a brief fight, and terrify the terror beforehand—a frail but daring creature known as the mongoose. Many writers have described the battle of a cobra and a mongoose in a cage, the fright of the snake, the indifference of the mongoose, the preliminaries, and then the catastrophe. In the historical order we have the cobra, the repulsive serpent who makes history a fountain of lies, whose fangs poison the human race for centuries, whose history of the so-called Reformation is the cobra of the past four centuries. The Anglo-Saxon history of this continent is a cobra of the same species. It has poisoned the life of the American people. . . . All the Anglo-Saxon writers, from Bancroft on, suppressed, ridiculed where they could not suppress, mutilated where they could neither suppress nor ridicule, everything Irish in American history. The universities of Harvard, Yale and Columbia have been conspicuous in spreading the poison, for that matter in cultivating and intensifying its virulence, as their historians are the best illustrations of the cobra's viciousness and malignity. The Catholic faith at this moment cannot get a hearing from them. . . . All the disgusting features of the Indian cobra appear in their nature, character and methods. Without honor, honesty or sense, they strike only with their terrible poison. It was absolutely necessary to the welfare of this nation that the great enemy of this snake should be imported here and set to work upon the extermination of this Anglo-Saxon pest of American life. It is pleasant to announce that the mongoose has arrived and is already at work. His name is Michael J. O'Brien and he holds the position of historiographer of the Irish-American Historical Society. His essays have appeared from time to time in the society's publications, but now he has brought out a book through the firm of Dodd, Mead & Co., called "A Hidden Phase of American History." I shall say nothing now about that great book, because it must have a large space to itself. It is the antidote to the cobra poison. Wherever it is used the poison will vanish, and the effects disappear gradually but surely. It will be acclaimed later on as one of the greatest historical books of America because it will have begun the destruction of the rampart of lies built up by the Anglo-Saxon conspiracy against truth and the republic. O'Brien is a young man with a method as wonderful as the method of the mongoose. He can snap the spine of the cobra with one leap and one bite. How he came to his work and his method he will tell us in due time. It will be sufficient here to describe a few of the results. The first is an account of the battle with George Bancroft, looked upon as our great historian, our most dignified, honest and truthful writer, who is quoted impressively by orators and writers of the Anglo-Saxon tribe as a very Daniel come to judgment. Saturated with the poison of the cobra George Bancroft could not more see and tell the truth about the Catholics or the Irish than Sir Edward Carson or Tom Watson. O'Brien exposes him in this fashion which I summarize. . . .

George Bancroft is regarded as the leading American historian but I regard him as the greatest defamer of the Irish race in America.

. . . Nothing in the current life of this republic has been more significant and brilliant than the arrival of Michael J. O'Brien, and his long and fruitful study of the records. He will kill the Anglo-Saxon cobra in this country. He is more important than twenty cathedrals, and one million orators. He should be provided with a pension of one hundred dollars a week and let loose upon the libraries and records of the Anglo-Saxon while his life continues, and he should be persuaded to found the tribe of the O'Briens, to teach them his powers, with a leap and a snap to crack the spines of the cobra snakes fattening and poisoning in the soft, shady, high places of this nation.

And to account for the attitude of the Ulster people to-day, an article was published in a weekly in Dublin called the *New Ireland* on August 16, 1919. The article is entitled "The Men of Ulster." The writer says in part:

For though Ulster is predominantly Gael, it is a community of Irishmen which lives from day to day and from hand to mouth on material values while, south of Ulster, the outlook of the Gael begins with the birth of his race and stretches to the ultimate end of it. . . . And until the broader vision of the South inspires the barren materialism of the North it will continue to exist when English domination is but a memory.

The fatalistic mind of Ulster, moulded as it has been by the pressure of feudalistic commercialism, is psychologically incapable of statesmanship.

Ulster is not the enemy, it is the unfortunate victim, just as was all Ireland, of the insidious forces of the enemy. Stripped of all its independence, it has been placed upon a treadmill until it has acquired the treadmill mind. Hitherto it has been unconscious of its slavery.

In 1914 the Ulster people seemed to exhibit the identical qualities of their ancestors as revealed in history, when they defied all the forces of the British Empire to compel them to secede from their country. If there is one sure fact in Ireland, it is this: that the Ulster people have not changed in character, that they will submit to no injustice or oppression of any kind, and that no power available will expel them from their allegiance to their flag. If the Ulster people dwelt upon the wrongs of the past, and shaped their policy accordingly, they would be the leaders of secession to-day in Ireland.

The American people are justly proud of the great achievement of President Harding and Mr. Hughes in negotiating the series of treaties dealing with the Pacific and the reduction of naval armaments. These treaties were bitterly fought by the entire Sinn Fein forces in the United States.

We need consider only the official acts of Congress, State legislatures, and city authorities under the influence of the current delusions about Ireland.

If any one is inclined to underestimate the power of delusions, beliefs and obsessions let him look at Russia. And he can look nearer home.

Five years before the outbreak of the war, in April, 1909, Mr. Matthew Cummings, supreme head of the "Ancient Order of Hibernians in America," said in a speech in New York City:

What he stated there that night he was prepared to say boldly wherever he went on the other side. The Irish now represented a large portion of the citizens of America. They had made a compact with the Germans, who made a large factor in American life. He wished England to

clearly understand that, in the event of war with Germany, the Irish and Germans in America would be united in opposing them. That also he was ready to state on the other side. He hoped their mission would be a success.

When he landed in Queenstown, April 11, 1909, Mr. Cummings said:

Let them remember this, that in America Irish nationality meant the freedom and independence of Ireland and nothing else. There were twenty-five millions of the Irish race in America: they were allied with the great German race. The German people were thirty per cent. of the population of the United States, those of Irish blood were twenty-seven per cent. making a total of fifty-seven per cent. of the population of America, and while England was looking for alliance and arbitration treaties, that fifty-seven per cent. was looking after the interests of Ireland.

It becomes a matter of the utmost concern to Americans when this delusion introduces dangerous elements in our relations to other nations. Every attempt to arrange a treaty of arbitration between the United States and England has been fought by the Irish Separatists. They always call such a treaty an alliance.

In the *Sinn Fein* for January 21, 1911, Mr. Arthur Griffith wrote:

Would it be to the advantage of Ireland, even under Home Rule, that an Alliance should exist? . . . No Irishman who believes in the future government of Ireland by the Irish can be otherwise than bitterly opposed to the conclusion of any cordial understanding, Treaty or Alliance between the two English-speaking powers now.

In the circumstances, the Irishman who labors under the delusion that Ireland can without effort thwart English foreign policy in America lives in a fool's paradise, and the Irish politician who goes to America and talks to Irishmen of the blessed spirit of conciliation influencing British Governments and the British democracies is the unconscious agent of that English foreign policy which pays for empire by unsleeping vigilance.

In 1911, President Taft undertook to secure a treaty of arbitration with England. This was defeated in the United States Senate. It was bitterly fought by certain interests in the United States. In *Sinn Fein* for September 16, 1911, Mr. Griffith wrote:

We have before us the Official Report of the Committee on Foreign Relations appointed by the Senate of the United States on the proposed Arbitration Treaty between that country and England. The extracts we print to-day will make it clear that the Treaty is practically defeated. If this result is due to any one man it is due to Mr. John Devoy, who had worked night and day for months past to prevent the accomplishment of the cherished aim of British diplomacy. . . .

On the 13th day of March, 1911, during the debate on the Naval Estimates, the Foreign Secretary, Sir Edward Grey, after speaking in a rather despondent tone of the growing burden of military and naval expenditures, and of the difficulty of checking it under existing conditions of Europe, said:

Supposing two of the greatest nations of the world were to make it clear to the whole world that by an agreement of such a character as under no circumstances were they going to war again, I venture to say that the effect on the world at large of the example would be one that would be bound to have beneficent consequences . . . I have spoken of that because I do not think that a statement of that kind put forward by a man in the position of the President of the United States should go without response. Entering into an agreement of that kind, there would be great risks. It would entail certain risks for us to refer everything to arbitration, and as the President of the United States has said, we must be prepared to take certain risks and to make some sacrifice of national pride. When an agreement of that kind, so sweeping as it is, is proposed to us, we shall be delighted to have such a proposal. But I should feel that it was something so momentous and so far-reaching in its possible consequence that it would require not only the signature of both governments, but the deliberate and decided sanction of Parliament, and that, I believe, would be obtained.

This, it will be seen, agrees exactly with Mr. Roosevelt's statement given in the first article in this issue of McCLURE'S.

In a speech January 13, 1916, in Cork, the Reverend Michael O'Flanagan said:

If the Germans were beaten we in Ireland would have to contend with an England that would have no rival in Europe. She saw this war coming for twenty years, and tried to make an alliance with the United States, but the Irish prevented it. (The cheering here was deafening) . . . If the balance of sea power was adjusted (as a consequence of the war), then Ireland would be an independent country in alliance with Germany; as it must be, and as I believe it will become possible some day. Unless England altered a great deal she would be an enemy, and the harbors of Ireland might become submarine bases, and they would rush out a short distance from the North coast and destroy the commerce of England and starve that country in a few months. I believe that day is coming with the big navy they are building in the United States.

In a hearing before Congress, on December 1919, Judge Cohalan was asked by Senator Goodwin whether as an American citizen he would be willing that the United States should go to war to free Ireland. The answer of Judge Cohalan is reported in the *Gaelic American* of December 20, 1919, in these words:

"In any contingency, whether we were weak or strong, when a situation has been presented to the American people that appeared to them to be just, they have not hesitated to take a stand in favor of justice, even though it meant war."

"Then I understand you to answer my question in the affirmative?"

"Undoubtedly," replied Judge Cohalan, "under those circumstances."

"If the action of the United States in this regard should eventuate in war with Great Britain, you are in favor of the United States going to war with Great Britain to liberate Ireland?" Goodwin again insisted.

"I say 'yes,'" declared Judge Cohalan.

The New York *Nation*, September 4, 1920, in its International Relations Section department, reprints from the London *Morning Post* of August 10, 1920, certain resolutions of the Parliament of the Irish Republic held in June, 1920. I quote the following:

1—That the decision of the Ministry authorizing the President, De Valera, to expend at his discretion such sum not exceeding $500,000 as he may require in connection with the election campaign for the presidency of the United States of America be and is hereby ratified.

2—That the President be empowered to expend a sum not exceeding $1,000,000 to obtain the recognition of the Irish Republic by the Government of the United States.

A dispatch to the New York *Times* on June 24, 1920, dealing with the Democratic Convention at San Francisco, states that Tammny Hall, besides urging a plank declaring for Irish freedom, will also present a plank calling for the placing of Fiume under Italian sovereignty, there being 93,000 Italian voters in New York City. The dispatch continues:

Senator Cotillo stated that he intended to present the plank to the Committee on Resolutions, and said:

"I am of the opinion that the settlement of the Adriatic question, particularly of Fiume, is as important as the freedom of Ireland. The Democratic Party cannot let go un-

noticed the rights of smaller nations, particularly those who contributed so much to the victory in the recent World War. The valiant Irish contributions to the world struggle cannot be easily forgotten any more than can the part Italy played, overcoming extreme obstacles and giving all she had to the cause of liberty.

"If we would have peace and prosperity in America we must think in terms of altruism, and not of egotism. The rights of smaller nations should be recognized and safeguarded, because their peace is our peace, their prosperity our prosperity.

"I shall appear before the Resolutions Committee at San Francisco and see that a plank is put in the platform lending America's support to the settlement of the Adriatic question in order that Italy, the mother of art and civilization, may enjoy a just peace, turn away from strife and turmoil and center all her energies upon a reconstruction program. Four million Italians in the United States, who are contributing to the making of a finer America, look to San Francisco with hope that just recognition will be given to their mother country's supreme efforts for civilization."

In August, 1920, there was held a mass meeting of Negroes in Madison Square Garden under the lead of Marcus Garvey. At the beginning of the meeting the following cable was sent:

Hon. Eamonn De Valera,
Pres. Irish Republic,
c/o Irish World, 127 Barclay Street, New York City.

Twenty-five thousand Negro delegates assembled in Madison Square Garden in mass convention representing four hundred million Negroes of the world send you greetings as President of the Irish Republic. Please accept sympathy of Negroes of the world for your cause. We believe Ireland should be free as Africa shall be free for the Negroes of the world. Keep up the fight for a free Ireland.

MARCUS GARVEY,
President General of the Universal Negro Improvement Association.

After the passage of the Four-Power Treaty there was a meeting of the National Council of the representatives of Friends of Irish Freedom at the Hotel Astor, New York, on March 28, 1922.

The Gaelic American of April 8, 1922, reports this meeting as follows:

In relation to affairs in Washington, there was no discouragement whatever at the ratification of the Four-Power Pacific Treaty, but, on the contrary, a determination to punish the men who voted for it by defeating those of them who will seek re-election next November.

FOUR-POWER TREATY RESOLUTION

The National Council of the Friends of Irish Freedom, in regular meeting assembled at New York, desires to record our appreciation of the splendid action and true Americanism of those United States Senators who fearlessly, ably, and regardless of party ties, defended this country against the peril of foreign alliance, and who, by their repeated votes showed what in our opinion will be the unaltered opposition of the vast majority of the American electorate to all Alliances with Imperialistic Powers.

JUDGE COHALAN TELLS OF THE STRUGGLE

Judge Cohalan gave a full account of the campaign in Washington to defeat the Four-Power Treaty and of the desperate efforts of the British agents and the big financial interests which do England's work to hold the pro-Treaty Senators in line.

IRISH VOTERS SHOULD STAND BY REED

All the Senators who voted against that infamous treaty, no matter to which party they belong, who happen to be up for election next November should receive the hearty and energetic support of every real American in their various States, and every Senator who voted for it should be beaten. In Missouri every citizen of Irish blood should give the utmost support to Senator Reed. The Irish are especially strong in St. Louis and Kansas City, and if they work with the proper energy they can sweep the State for him.

The combination against La Follette is also very strong, but if Democrats of Irish and German blood, who are very numerous in the chief cities of Wisconsin, put America before party, they will vote for La Follette.

This calls to mind an article which appeared in *Irish Freedom* March, 1914, from which I give this extract:

Were the Anglo-Saxon alliance ever consummated it would be the biggest crime in human history. . . . The emanations of Thames sewage are all over the world, and the sewers are running still. The penalty for the pollutions of the Thames is a high one, but the prize for the pollution of the Mississippi is higher still. . . . *The "Anglo-Saxon" Alliance means a compact to ensure slavery and to beget war.* . . . The true alliance to aim at for all who love peace is the friendly union of Germany, America, and Ireland. These are the true United States of the world. Ireland, the link between Germany and America, must be freed by both.

There is all the difference in the world in a treaty of arbitration and a treaty of alliance. An agreement between a man and a woman to bring their disputes before a court of justice differs utterly from a marriage contract.

Mr. De Valera had every reason to hope for the utmost success when he came to America in 1919. Here are a few encouraging events in his visit to America:

The Boston *Globe* of July 1, 1919, gives the following account of De Valera's reception by the Massachusetts legislature:

Both branches of the Massachusetts Legislature listened attentively for nearly thirty minutes yesterday afternoon to an address by Eamonn De Valera, President of the Irish Republic. The greeting extended the distinguished visitor was a most enthusiastic one. The public galleries were crowded and all spectators' seats on the floor were occupied.

Nationality, Arthur Griffith's weekly in Dublin, August 9, 1919, published the following:

The State of Montana officially received President De Valera recently in its legislature, and adopted a resolution in favor of Irish independence. The other American States whose legislatures have up to the present officially declared for Irish independence include:

Vermont, population 600,000; New Hampshire, population 500,000; Connecticut, population 1,300,000; Illinois, population 6,500,000; Massachusetts, population 4,000,000; Missouri, population 3,700,000; New Jersey, population 5,200,000; Ohio, population 5,200,000; Pennsylvania, population 9,000,000; Wisconsin, population 2,700,000.

The New York *Times* of March 19, 1920, published the following dispatch from Washington:

TEXT OF NEW RESERVATION ON IRISH SELF RULE AND THE PREAMBLE THAT REQUIRES BRITISH ASSENT

Washington, March 18.—The reservation regarding Ireland and which was proposed by Senator Gerry, Democrat, Rhode Island, and adopted by the Senate tonight reads:

In consenting to the ratification of the treaty with Germany the United States adheres to the principle of self-determination and to the resolution of sympathy with the aspirations of the Irish people for a government of their own choice, adopted by the Senate June 6, 1919, and declares that when self-government is attained by Ireland, a consummation it is hoped is at hand, it should promptly be admitted as a member of the League of Nations.

On October 23, 1920, in Madison Square Garden, New York City, Governor Cox, the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, said:

If I become your President and the Irish question has not been settled by the early part of next year, I will exer-

cise the executive authority of the nation (which I am sure will be a member of the League) and myself, if necessary, present at the bar of public opinion and the conscience of the world the cause of the Irish people.

These definite facts and acts are given to show the possibilities of serious danger to the peace and welfare of the United States. Many members of Congress have made speeches, both in the Senate and the House, that have been utterly absurd in view of the realities of the situation in Ireland, but, nevertheless, they are dangerous, for actual facts have little chance against words, beliefs, obsessions and delusions.

Every true American ought to take to heart the words of the real statesmen of America from Washington to Roosevelt. In his book, "The Foes of Our Own Household," pages 62 to 64, President Roosevelt wrote:

We can have no "fifty-fifty" allegiance in this country. Either a man is an American and nothing else, or he is not an American at all. We are akin by blood and descent to most of the nations of Europe; but we are separate from all of them; we are a new and distinct nation, and we are bound always to give our whole-hearted and undivided loyalty to our own flag, and in any international crisis to treat each and every foreign nation purely according to its conduct in that crisis.

This nation was founded because the Americans of 1776, although predominantly English by blood, fought their own kinsmen to establish their liberty and to make this nation the hope of the world. Again, over a century ago, our forefathers once more fought England; and the men in this country who were of English blood stood with absolute loyalty by America and against England. It is not merely our right but our duty to insist on exactly the same full-hearted loyalty by all Americans of other descent, whenever we are at war with the country from which their ancestors came.

In his book "American Ideals," pages 42 to 48, President Roosevelt speaks clearly to American common sense in these words:

We welcome the German or the Irishman who becomes an American. We have no use for the German or Irishman who remains as such. We do not wish German-Americans or Irish-Americans who figure as such in our social and political life; we want only Americans and, provided they are such, we do not care whether they are of native or of Irish or of German ancestry. We have no room in any healthy American community for a German-American vote, or an Irish-American vote, and it is contemptible demagogy to put planks into any party platform for the purpose of catching such a vote. We have no room for any people who do not act and vote simply as Americans, and as nothing else. . . .

Moreover, he must not bring in his Old-World religious race and national antipathies, but he must merge them into love for our common country, and must take pride in the things which we can all take pride in. He must revere only our flag; not only must it come first, but no other flag should even come second.

He must learn to celebrate Washington's birthday rather than that of the Queen or Kaiser, and the Fourth of July instead of St. Patrick's Day. Our political and social questions must be settled on their own merits, and not complicated by quarrels between England and Ireland or France and Germany, with which we have nothing to do; it is an outrage to fight an American political campaign with reference to questions of European politics. Above all, the immigrant must learn to talk and think and *be* United States.

The immigrant of to-day can learn much from the experience of the immigrants of the past, who came to America prior to the Revolutionary War. We were then already, what we are now, a people of mixed blood.

Many of our most illustrious Revolutionary names were borne by men of Huguenot blood—Jay, Sevier, Marion, Laurens. . . . One of the leading Revolutionary generals, Schuyler, and one of the Presidents of the United States, Van Buren, were of Dutch blood; but they rose to their positions, the highest in the land, because they had become Americans and had ceased being Hollanders.

If they had remained members of an alien body, cut off by their speech and customs and belief from the rest of the American community, Schuyler would have lived his life as a boorish, provincial squire, and Van Buren would have ended his days a small tavern-keeper.

So it is with the Germans of Pennsylvania. Those of them who became Americanized have furnished to our history a multitude of honorable names, from the days of the Muhlenbergs onward; but those who did not become Americanized form to the present day an unimportant body of no significance in American existence.

So it is with the Irish, who gave to Revolutionary annals such names as Carroll and Sullivan, and to the Civil War men like Sheridan—men who were Americans and nothing else; while the Irish who remain as such and busy themselves solely with alien politics can only have an unhealthy influence upon American life, and can never rise as do their compatriots who become straightout Americans. Thus it has ever been with all people who have come hither, of whatever stock or blood.

The Next Article on Ireland will deal with the Ulster Question. — The Editor

Gipsy's Weather

(*Continued from page 25*)

berries in it, a wild bird's feather. But he would never stop. He would never come in. Even when she called to him.

Rosina had a lot of time to think in those days. Once her mother found her, with all those strange unpriced gifts of Willy's spread before her, weeping over them as if her heart would break. The old woman took the girl in her arms, and what they said I shall not say here. But presently Rosina wiped her eyes and said firmly, "Ma, I got to get this fixed. Give me the mail-order catalogue."

Three weeks later a small packet came by mail for Rosina. When she looked inside, two roses came back to her pure pale cheeks, and in her pure brave eyes shone two stars. She put on the prettiest of all the dresses that had ever come to her from back East, and her mother led her through the woods and past the shingle mill to the arbutus grove, where Willy Faa lived. Here Rosina kissed her mother very tenderly, and went on alone.

She walked very slowly through the lovely rose-stemmed trees till she came to Willy Faa's tent. Willy was there, listlessly washing the jitney. He saw Rosina coming, and something leapt in the wild, dark eyes that are like no other eyes in the world. But he did not say a single word. He just pulled forward an old box, and Rosina sat down, panting a little, and looked at the sun on the trees, and knew she'd have it all to do. . . .

At last she said, "You saved my life, Willy Faa."

"Yes," said the foreigner in his noncommittal way, "I — well, maybe I did."

"I didn't give a dollar toward the jitney," said Rosina suddenly.

"Didn't you? I — maybe I'm just as glad."

Rosina looked away from the foreigner's eyes. But she was brave. Only her voice shook as she said, "You've given me — presents — too."

Willy Faa said nothing. But he made a gesture which seemed to show Rosina just how little, just how much, he had to give; would ever have. . . .

"Yes," whispered the girl, as if he had spoken, "I know. . . . But I ordered you a present from back East, Mr. Faa. Something I thought you'd like me to give you."

Willy Faa came a step nearer.

Rosina, white as a sheet, stretched out one quaking fist towards him. She opened her hand. On the palm lay a tiny golden heart.

The next day the jitney was due to run. Rosina went down to Arrowhead in it. And no one knew a single thing.

And now comes the conscienceless, the graceless touch of the race, the outcast's trademark. And, considering she never contributed one dollar toward the new jitney, I'm ashamed of Rosina for allowing it.

For she and Willy Faa were married by the justice, and as if that wasn't enough, they went right off *on* their honeymoon, *in* the jitney, and never came back to Passing River at all.

For two weeks the storm of rage, curiosity, jealousy and despair broke on Rosina's mother, who took it very calmly. When Mrs. Teague said, "I'd be afraid for my girl to take up with a foreigner that way," Rosina's mother said earnestly, "Mrs. Teague, happiness comes to some one way, and to others another, and sooner than miss it altogether I'm willin' my girl should take the risk. And you take my word for it, Willy's a good boy if he is restless, kind of. And they'll be back and settle down when they're good and ready."

Well. Maybe. But that honeymoon's lasted a good while now, and Rosina's letters don't fix any date for coming back. Anyway, if you meet them anywhere on the western trails, you tell them that all Tomlin's cigars were lost overboard at the rapids, and Molly Teague's wedding-cake the week before, and a dozen chocolate bars the week before that; and Passing River is thinking of instituting proceedings for the recovery of its jitney.

It may do some good. But I don't know. A maroon jitney with yellow facings is as good as a caravan any day for a Romany chal with his love beside him and the Gipsy's weather holding fair over the world.

Don't Be a Sap

(*Continued from page 73*)

"All right!" And he laughed again and got up from his chair and hit this fellow I had been flirting with, in the jaw and knocked him down and then he came back to me and he was laughing some more. He said, "Come on, let's beat it before we get pinched." So we beat it before we got pinched. I kept liking this fellow, Frank Otis, better and better. The more I thought maybe he didn't care, the more I liked him.

We rode on all the things you ride on and we went bathing in the ocean and we had a fine time, only I could not make him act like he liked me. And all the time he acted like he did not care whether I liked him or not. I was kind of mad about that, but I had lots of fun. I had so much fun that I forgot all about Tom Horton. I forgot about him most of the time. I was getting so I liked this fellow, Frank Otis, a lot better than I had ever liked Tom Horton.

When it came night time a big moon came up in the sky and me and this fellow, Otis, we sat on the beach and still he did not get fresh, even a little bit; and after we sat there awhile, I felt like I wanted to cry, because I thought that if he did not get fresh, even when there was a big moon, and we was sitting on the beach, he did not like me even a little bit.

After a while he said to me: "You're not a bad sort of a kid."

And I said to him: "Anybody would think I was poison, the way you act."

And he said to me: "You like me?"

And I said to him: "What do you care?"

He says: "You suit me better than anybody I've met yet. What do you say we get married?"

I says: "What?"

He says: "What do you say we get married?"

I begun to cry a little bit and I says. "What do you want to kid me for?"

He says: "Why, I ain't kidding, I'm strong for you. Let's get married."

"If you ain't kidding," I says, "why do you ask me a thing like that? You don't know anything about me."

"Don't I?" he says. "Any old time I don't. I been listening to Tom Horton tell about you for the last three months."

Was I scared! Was I scared then! "Do you know Tom Horton?" I says.

"Sure, I know him," he says. "He's a sap!"

I begun to cry hard then. I was in an awful fix.

"Why do you say will I marry you?" I asked him. "Don't you know I'm engaged to Tom?"

"Do I know it?" he says. "I'll say I know it! He's done nothing but tell me about it for the last three months! Anybody that's been engaged to Tom Horton for three months ought to have a change. Will you marry me?" he says.

"How do you know I like you?" I says.

"Don't you?" he says.

I says: "Sure!"

"Well!" he says. "What's to hinder?"

"But I ain't known you very long," I says.

"Known me long enough to like me?" he says.

"Sure!" I says.

"Then why worry?" he says.

"How do you know I'll always like you?" I says.

"I don't," he says. "Neither do you. We got to take a chance on that. It's all a gamble, anyhow. Maybe we win, and maybe we lose. Take a day off to-morrow and get married and have it done with."

"But what about Tom?" I says.

"I'll tell Tom," he says. "He thinks I know something about girls. He's right, I do. He missed the boat to-day on purpose and had me come down to see if I could get acquainted with you and test you out. He wanted me to find out if I thought you was the kind of a girl he ought to marry. I don't think you are," he says.

"What!" I says to him.

"No!" he says. "You ain't the kind of a girl he ought to marry. You're the kind of a girl I ought to marry. How about it?"

"Not to-morrow morning!" I says.

"Why not?" he says. "All mornings are pretty much the same."

I couldn't think of any reason why not. "Well, gee," I says. "Ain't you going to kiss me, even?"

"Oh, sure!" he says, like he's just remembered something he's forgot and he did.

About half an hour later I thought about Tom again. "What'll he do?" I asked Frank. "I'm afraid he'll kill himself. Ever since we got engaged he's been worrying about whether would I always love him or not. I don't know what he'll do when he finds out."

"Well, he's been wanting to know whether you would," Frank says. "He's going to get his wish."

"But how can you ever trust me?" I says. "You know I've thrown Tom over for you; how do you know I won't throw you over for somebody else?"

"Maybe I'll beat you to it," he says.

"What do you mean?" I asked him.

"Maybe I'll throw you over before you get a chance to ditch me," he says.

I got scared then. "You wouldn't do that, would you?" I says.

"Probably not," he says. "But if you want something to worry about, go ahead."

"You know I wouldn't throw you over, don't you?" I says.

"Sure! I know it," he says. "Then why should I worry about it?"

"Gee!" I says to him. "You're so different from Tom Horton."

"Sure," he says. "That's why you're going to marry me; because I'm different from Tom Horton."

So the next morning I didn't go to work, but I went down town and met Frank and we went to the place where you get a marriage license and we got one and then we got married. When it come lunch time, we went back uptown to the store and met Tom Horton. I was scared he would kill himself when he found out what happened, but Frank just laughed about it. He told Tom we was married and I got ready to cry, because I thought maybe Tom would kill himself. You know what? The big slob got all happy looking all of a sudden. It was the first time I'd seen him look happy since we got engaged.

"I knew it," he says, like as if he was cheering because he'd won a bet. "I knew she didn't love me. I knew it all the time."

Well! Sweet Jazz! I didn't want him to kill himself, but I do think if he was a gentleman, he might have groaned a little and looked sorry, but no! All he seemed to care about was finding out he was right about thinking I would throw him over some day.

"He's a sap!" Frank told me when we went away and left him. "A sap is a guy that keeps himself so busy worrying for fear he'll get indigestion he never gets up appetite enough to eat."

So we went into a movie and I got feeling kind of spoony while we was sitting in the dark and I says to Frank, I says: "Honey, will you always love me?"

And he says, "Listen," he says, "don't be a sap."

"The Real Czarina," by Madame Dehn, Coming in July

The tragedy of Ekaterinburg, with the murder of the Imperial Family of Russia, contradicted and reiterated by turn, came when the world was steeped in its own agony. Nevertheless it arrested, shocked into sympathy, men of whatever allegiance. That those very qualities of grace, affection, domesticity and loyalty which endear to us our own should have bred enemies for the Empress of all the Russias, is the bitter paradox that wrings the heart. Men and women the world over watched day by day until absolute confirmation came — detail, any light on the blotting out of those lovely children whose only crime was to be born of the Romanoffs.

With the family, till forced to leave them for a prison, was "Lili," the beloved and most intimate friend of them all. "Lili," or Madame Dehn, is the daughter of a noble family rooted in the traditions of Southern Russia and the Russian Court, yet a woman of simple tastes and deep affections. From her home in England to which with her boy she made her final escape, she writes of those she loved. We see the Romanoffs as we would see our neighbors: little Alexis' toys strew the garden path: Marie varies her perfume but likes lilac best . . . almond bran in her bath. The children have the measles! They all play Halma evenings: the Empress wears blouses . . . makes a layette with her own hands for "Lili's" baby. And by the aristocrats she is despised for these simple tastes. She has disgraced the Court Traditions! They begin a cult of hate which never ends till they themselves end.

There are close glimpses of Gregori Rasputin, whose hands perform miracles. We see Kerensky thump his cane for attention, lolling in the Royal Suite, filled with roses and carnations in midwinter.

At Tzarkoe-Selo we are torn with Madame Dehn from her friends whom she will never see again, for we know that the Czarina and her lovely children were marked for destruction.

The Breaking Point

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

"I'D like to go back to the ranch at Norada to clear up things, to fill in the gap in my memory and find out whether I'm a free man, before I ask Elizabeth's father for his consent to our marriage." Young Doctor Dick Livingstone was talking to Doctor David Livingstone, whom he knew as his uncle. The latter showed a dogged obstinacy and irritability that were oddly like fear. "You let well enough alone, Dick. There's no reason why you should not marry."

Lucy Crosby, David's widowed sister, who presided over his household, had mothered Dick from the time when, as a lad of twenty-two, David had brought him East to his home in the tree-shaded suburb of Haverly and sent him to medical college. She had always deplored David's course in the shaping of the boy's life and had warned him that some day Dick would have to be told.

Dick had taken Elizabeth Wheeler to see Beverly Carlysle in "The Valley." The actress' brother, Gregory, who happened to be standing at the rear of the theater with Bassett, a reporter, discovering Dick in the audience, behaved as if he had seen a ghost. Bassett learned later that Gregory believed Dick to be Judson Clark! The name brought back to Bassett the memory of a notorious murder case of ten years before: Clark, the reckless young millionaire, whom Beverly Carlysle, the actress, rejected for Howard Lucas; the murder of Lucas at Clark's ranch in Norada, Wyoming; Clark's escape and the general acceptance of his death in a mountain storm.

Bassett's sympathies were with "Clark" in spite of the "big story," and he was seriously considering whether he ought to drop the whole thing when a newspaper's headlines the next morning started him toward Wyoming. "Is Judson Clark Alive? Wife of former ranch manager makes confession!" Maggie Donaldson on her death bed confessed that she and her husband and a stranger had cared for Jud Clark, who was ill from exposure, in a mountain cabin near Norada, immediately following the murder of Lucas. She had died leaving her confession unfinished.

The search for Clark was on again with scores of reporters heading for Norada, among them Bassett. From the moment of his arrival the latter was amazed at the ease with which he linked up all his evidence to prove beyond doubt that he had found Judson Clark.

Following a visit from Gregory, Dr. David collapsed from a stroke. Dick knew that his illness was due to some great shock, and he had a shrewd suspicion that it had to do with himself, especially since Clare Rossiter, a young girl who had secretly admired him greatly, but to whom he had paid scant attention, through pique at his indifference to her charms had foolishly gone to him with some unsavory gossip that was being whispered about his parentage.

His suspicions were confirmed by the receipt of a mysterious telegram addressed to Doctor David which Dick withheld from him. The telegram warned David that Bassett was on the trail and advised that "the person" be gotten out of the way. It was signed "G."

Dick went quietly to Norada where he encountered Bassett. Bassett was about to offer his help when Dick became seriously ill, soon lapsing into unconsciousness. Leaving him in the care of a chambermaid, Hattie Thorwald, Bassett went in search of a doctor and on returning found the sheriff (who had learned that some one resembling Clark was in the hotel) in charge, and Dick gone. On a tip from the chambermaid Bassett followed, overtaking him in the hills, but all remembrance of his identity as Dr. Richard Livingstone was gone. He believed himself to be Jud Clark, fleeing from the scene of a murder committed the night before. With some difficulty Bassett won his confidence and convinced him that all he remembered happened ten years ago. But while his reason was convinced it was impossible for Dick, or Jud as he now was in fact, to realize conditions. They camped that night far in the hills and while Bassett slept, Dick, leaving a note for him, mounted his horse and rode away. His return to the identity of Jud Clark was complete, even to an inordinate craving for liquor and his blind love for Beverly Carlysle. From a passing prospector he got several drinks, which with the mental strain soon overcame him; he tumbled out of his saddle and stretched himself on the ground. All day he slept lying out in the burning sun, his face upturned to the sky.

WHEN he wakened it was twighlight, and the horse had disappeared. His face burned from sun, and his head ached violently. He was weak, too, from hunger, and the morning's dizziness persisted. Connected thought was impossible, beyond the fact that if he did not get out soon, he would be too weak to travel. Exhausted and on the verge of sunstroke, he set out on foot to find the trail.

He traveled all night, and the dawn found him still moving, a mere automaton of a man, haggard and shambling, no longer milling his progress, but somehow incredibly advancing. He found water and drank it, fell, got up; and still, right foot, left foot, he went on. Some time during that advance he had found a trail, and he kept to it automatically. He felt no surprise and no relief when he saw a cabin in a clearing and a woman in the doorway, watching him with curious eyes. He pulled himself together, and made a final effort, but without much interest in the result.

"I wonder if you could give me some food?" he said. "I have lost my horse and I've been wandering all night."

"I guess I can," she replied, not unamiably. "You look as though you need it, and a wash, too. There's a basin and a pail of water on that bench."

But when she came out later to call him to breakfast, she found him sitting on the bench and the pail overturned on the ground.

"I'm sorry," he said, dully, "I tried to lift it, but I'm about all in."

"You'd better come in. I've made some coffee."

He could not rise. He could not even raise his hands.

She called her husband from where he was chopping wood, off in the trees, and together they got him into the house. It was days before he so much as spoke again.

So it happened that the search went on, Wilkins from the east of the range and Bassett from the west; went on at first with furious energy, then spasmodically, then not at all, while Dick lay in the bed made of young trees in a mountain cabin, and for the second time in his life watched a woman moving in a lean-to kitchen, and was fed by a woman's hand.

He forced himself to think of this small panorama of life that moved before him, rather than of himself. The woman was young, and pretty in a slovenly way. The man was much older, and silent. He was of better class than the woman, and underlying his assumption of crudity there were occasional outcroppings of some cultural background. Not then, nor at any subsequent time, did he learn the story, if story there was. He

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began to see them, however, not so much pioneers as refugees. The cabin was, he thought, a haven to the man and a prison to the woman.

But they were uniformly kind to him, and for weeks he stayed there, slowly readjusting. In his early convalescence he would sit paring potatoes or watching a cooking pot for her. As he gained in strength he cut a little firewood. Always he sought something to keep him from thinking.

Two incidents always stood out afterwards in his memory of the cabin. One was the first time he saw himself in a mirror. He knew by that time that Bassett's story had been true, and that he was ten years older than he remembered himself to be. He thought he was in a measure prepared. But he saw in the glass a man whose face was lined and whose hair was streaked with gray. The fact that his beard had grown added to the terrible maturity of the reflection he saw, and sent the mirror clattering to the ground.

The other incident was later, and when he was fairly strong again. The man was caught under a tree he was felling, and badly hurt. During the hour or so that followed, getting the tree cut away, and moving the injured man to the cabin on a wood sledge. Dick had the feeling of helplessness of any layman in an accident. He was solicitous but clumsy. But when they had got the patient into his bed, quite automatically he found himself making an investigation and pronouncing a verdict.

"I wonder if you could give me some food," he said, "I have lost my horse and I've been wandering all night."

Later he was to realize that this was the first peak of submerged memory, rising above the

flood. At the time all he felt was a great certainty. He must act quickly or the man would not live. And that night, with such instruments as he could extemporize, he operated. There was no time to send to a town.

All night, after the operation, Dick watched by the bedside, the woman moving back and forth restlessly. He got his only knowledge of their story, such as it was, then when she said once:

"I deserved this, but he didn't. I took him away from his wife."

He had to stay on after that, for the woman could not be left alone. And he was glad of the respite, willing to drift until he got his bearings. Certain things had come back, following the night of the operation; David clearly, Lucy not so clearly; bits of his experience in France. But David came first; David in the buggy with the sagging springs, David's loud voice and portly figure, David, steady, and upright and gentle as a woman. But there was something wrong about David. He puzzled over that, but he was learning not to try to force things, but to let them come to the surface themselves.

It was two or three days later that he remembered that David was ill, and was filled with a sickening remorse and anxiety. For the first time he made plans to get away, for whatever happened after that he knew he must see David again. But all his thoughts led to an *impasse* at that time, and that *impasse* was the feeling that he was a criminal and a fugitive, and that he had no right to tie up innocent lives with his. Even a letter to David might incriminate him.

Mixed up with his determination to surrender, the idea of atonement was strong in him. An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. That had been his father's belief, and well he remembered it. But during the drifting period he thrust it back, into that painful niche where he held Beverly, and the thing he would not face.

That phase of his re-adjustment, then, when he reached it, was painful and confused. There was the necessity for atonement, which involved surrender, and there was the call of David, and the insistent desire to see Beverly again, which was the thing he would not face. Of the three, the last, mixed up as it was with the murder and its expiation, was the strongest, for by the very freshness of his released memories, it was the days before his flight from the ranch that seemed most recent, and his life with David that was long ago, and blurred in its details as by the passing of infinite time.

When Elizabeth finally came back to him, it was as something very gentle and remote, out of the long-forgotten past. Even his image of her was blurred and shadowy. He could not hear the tones of her voice, or remember anything she had said. He could never bring her at will, as he could David, for instance. When she did come it was mostly at night, while he slept. Then the guard was down, and there crept into his dreams a small figure, infinitely loving and tender; but as he roused from sleep she changed gradually into Beverly. It was Beverly's arms he felt around his neck. Nevertheless, he held to Elizabeth more completely than he knew, for the one thing that emerged from his misty recollection of her was that she cared for him. In a world of hate and bitterness, she cared.

But she was never real to him, as the other woman was real. And he knew that she was lost to him, as David was lost. He could never go back to either of them.

As time went on he reached the point of making practical plans. He had lost his pocketbook somewhere, probably during his wanderings afoot, and he had no money. He knew that the obvious course was to go to the nearest settlement and surrender himself, and he played with the thought, but even as he did so he knew that he would not do it. Surrender he would, eventually, but before he did that he would satisfy the craving that was in some ways like his desire for liquor that morning on the trail. The reckless, mad, and irresistible impulse, to see Beverly again.

In August he started for the railroad, going on foot and without money, his immediate destination the harvest fields of some distant ranch, his object to earn his train fare east.

The summer passed slowly. To David and Elizabeth it was a long waiting, but with this difference, that David was kept alive by hope, and that Elizabeth felt sometimes that hope was killing her. To David each day was a new day, and might hold Dick. To Elizabeth, after a time, each day was but one more of separation.

Doctor Reynolds had become a fixture in the old house, but he was not like Dick. He was a heavy, silent young man, shy of intruding into the family life, and already engrossed in a budding affair with the Rossiter girl. David tolerated him, but with a sort of smouldering jealousy increased by the fact that he had introduced innovations David resented; had for instance, moved Dick's desk nearer the window, and instead of doing his own laboratory work had what David considered a damnably lazy fashion of sending his little tubes, carefully closed with cotton, to a hospital in town.

David found the days very long and infinitely sad. He wakened each morning to renewed hope, watched for the postman from his upper window, and for Lucy's step on the stairs with the mail. His first glimpse of her always told him the story. At first he had insisted on talking about Dick, but he saw that it hurt her, and of late they had fallen into the habit of long silences.

The determination to live on until that return which he never ceased to expect only carried him so far, however. He felt no incentive to activity. There were times when he tried Lucy sorely, when she felt that if he would only move about, go downstairs and attend to his office practice, get out into the sun and air, he would grow stronger. But there were times, too, when she felt that only the will to live was carrying him on.

Nothing further had developed, so far as they knew. The search had been abandoned. She was no longer so sure as she had been that the house was under surveillance, against Dick's possible return. Often she lay in her bed, and faced the conviction that Dick was dead. She had never understood the talk that at first had gone on about her, when Bassett and Harrison Miller, and once or twice the psycho-analyst David had consulted in town, had got together in David's bedroom. The mind was the mind, and Dick was Dick. This thing about habit, over which David pored at night when he should have been sleeping, or brought her in to listen to, with an air of triumphant vindication, meant nothing to her.

A man properly trained in right habits of thinking and of action could not think wrong or go wrong, David argued. He even went further. He said that love was a habit, and that love would bring Dick back to them. That he could not forget them.

She believed that, of course, if he still lived. But hadn't Mr. Bassett, who seemed so curiously mixed up in the affair, been out again to Norada without result? No, it was all over, and she felt that it would be a com-

fort to know where he lay, and to bring him back to some well loved and tended grave.

Elizabeth came often to see them. She looked much the same as ever, although she was very slender and her smile rather strained, and she and David would have long talks together. She always felt rather like an empty vessel when she went in, but David filled her with hope and sent her away cheered and visibly brighter, to her long waiting. She rather avoided Lucy, for Lucy's fears lay in her face and were like a shadow over her spirit. She came across her one day putting Dick's clothing away in camphor, and the act took on an air of finality that almost crushed her.

So far they had kept from her Dick's real identity, but certain things they had told her. She knew that he had gone back, in some strange way, to the years before he came to Haverly, and that he had temporarily forgotten everything since. But they told her, too, and seemed to believe it themselves, that it was only temporary.

At first the thought had been more than she could bear. But she had to live her life, and in such a way as to hide her fears. Perhaps it was good for her, the necessity of putting up a bold front, to join the conspiracy that was to hold Dick's place in the world against the hope of his return. And she still went to the Sayre house, sure that there at least there would be no curious glances, no too casual questions. She could be sure of that even at home, for Nina was constantly conjecturing.

Elizabeth Wheeler, the heroine

"I sometimes wonder — " Nina began one day, and stopped.

"Wonder what?"

"Oh, well, I suppose I might as well go on. Do you ever think that if Dick has gone back, as they say he has, that there might be somebody else?"

"Another girl, you mean?"

"Yes. Some one he knew before."

Nina was watching her. Sometimes she almost burst with the drama she was suppressing. She had been a small girl when Judson Clark disappeared, but even at twelve she had known something of the story. She wanted frantically to go about the village and say to them: "Do you know who has been living here, who you used to patronize? Judson Clark, one of the richest men in the world!" She built day dreams on that foundation. He would come back, for of course, he would be acquitted, and buy the Sayre place perhaps, or build a much larger one, and they would all go to Europe in his yacht. But she knew now that the woman Leslie had sent flowers to had loomed large in Dick's past, and she both hated and feared her. Not content with having given Nina some bad hours, she saw her now possibly blocking her ambitions for Elizabeth.

"What I'm getting at is this," she said, examining her polished nails critically. "If it does turn out that there was somebody, you'd have to remember that it was all years and years ago, and be sensible."

"I only want him back," Elizabeth said. "I don't care how he comes, so he comes."

Louis Bassett had become a familiar figure in the village life by that time. David depended on him with a sort of wistful confidence that set him to grinding his teeth occasionally in a fury at his own helplessness. And, as the extent of the disaster developed, as he saw David failing and Lucy aging, and when in time he met Elizabeth, the feeling of his own guilt was intensified.

He spent hours studying the case, and he was chiefly instrumental in sending Harrison Miller back to Norada in September. He had struck up a friendship with Miller over their common cause, and the night he was to depart that small inner group which was fighting David's battle for him formed a board of strategy in Harrison's tidy living room. Walter Wheeler and Bassett, Miller, and, tardily taken into their confidence, Doctor Reynolds.

The same group met him on his return, sat around with expectant faces while he got out his tobacco and laid a sheaf of papers on the table, and waited while their envoy, laying Bassett's map on the table, proceeded carefully to draw in a continuation of the trail beyond the pass, some sketchy mountains, and a small square.

"I've got something," he said at last. "Not much, but enough to work on. Here's where you lost him, Bassett." He pointed with his pencil. "He went on for a while on the horse. Then somehow he must have lost the horse, for he turned up on foot, date unknown, in a state of exhaustion at a cabin that lies here. I got lost myself, or I'd never have found the place. He was sick there for weeks, and he seems to have stayed on quite a while after he recovered, as though he couldn't decide on what to do next."

Walter Wheeler stirred and looked up.

"What sort of condition was he in when he left?"

"Very good, they said."

"You're sure it was Livingstone?"

"The man there had a tree fall on him. He operated. I guess that's the answer."

"It's the answer to more than that," Reynolds said slowly. "It shows he had come back. If he hadn't he couldn't have done it."

"And after that?" some one asked.

"I lost him. He left to hike to the railroad, and he said nothing of his plans. If I'd been able to make open inquiries I might have turned up something, but I couldn't. It's a hard proposition. I had trouble in finding Hattie Thorwald, too. She'd left the hotel, and is living with her son. She swears she doesn't

know where Hines is, and hasn't seen him for years."

Bassett had been listening intently, his head dropped forward.

"I suppose the son doesn't know about Hines?"

"No. She warned me. He was surly and suspicious. The sheriff had sent for him and questioned him about how you got his horse, and I gathered that he thought I was a detective. When I told him I was a friend of yours, he sent you a message. You may be able to make something out of it. I can't. He said: 'You can tell him I didn't say anything about the other time.' "

Bassett sat forward.

"The other time?"

"He is under the impression that his mother got the horse for you once before, about ten days before Clark escaped. At night, also."

"Not for me," Bassett said decisively. "Ten days before that I was — " he got out his notebook and consulted it. "I was on my way to the cabin in the mountains, where the Donaldsons had hidden Jud Clark. I hired a horse at the livery stable."

"Could the Thorwald woman have followed you?"

"Why the devil should she do that?" he asked irritably. "She didn't know who I was. She hadn't a chance at my papers, for I kept them on me. If she did suspect that I was on the case, a dozen fellows had preceded me, and half of them had gone to the cabin."

He considered the situation.

"Nevertheless," he finished, "I believe she did. She or Hines himself. There was some one on a horse outside the cabin that night."

There was silence in the room, Harrison Miller thoughtfully drawing at random on the map before him. Each man was seeing the situation from his own angle; to Reynolds, its medical interest, and the possibility of his permanency in the town; to Walter Wheeler, Elizabeth's spoiled young life; to Harrison Miller, David; and to the reporter a conviction that the clues he now held should lead him somewhere, and did not.

Before the meeting broke up Miller took a folded manuscript from the table and passed it to Bassett.

"Copy of the Coroner's inquiry, after the murder," he said. "Thought it might interest you" . . . . .

Then for a time, that was all. Bassett, poring over the inquest records, and finding them of engrossing interest, saw the futility of saving a man who could not be found. And even Nina's faith, that the fabulously rich could not die obscurely, began to fade as the summer died. She restored some of her favor to Wallie Sayre, and even listened again to his alternating hopes and fears.

By the end of September he felt that he had gained real headway with Elizabeth. He had come to a point where she needed him more than she realized, where the call in her of youth for youth, even in trouble, was insistent. In return he felt his responsibility and responded to it. In the vernacular of the town he had "settled down," and the general trend of opinion, which had previously disapproved him, was now that Elizabeth might do worse.

On a crisp night early in October he had brought her home from Nina's and because the moon was full they sat for a time on the steps of the verandah, Wallie below her, stirring the dead leaves on the walk with his stick, and looking up at her with boyish adoring eyes when she spoke. He was never very articulate with her, and her trouble had given her a strange new aloofness that almost frightened him. But that night, when she shivered a little, he reached up and touched her hand.

"You're cold," he said almost roughly. He was sometimes rather savage, for fear he might be tender.

"I'm not cold. I think it's the dead leaves."

"Dead leaves?" he repeated, puzzled. "You're a queer girl, Elizabeth. Why dead leaves?"

"I hate the fall. It's the death of the year."

"Nonsense. It's going to bed for a long winter's nap. That's all. I'll bring you a wrap."

He went in and came out in a moment with her father's overcoat.

"Here," he said peremptorily, "put this on. I'm not going to be called on the carpet for giving you a sniffle."

She stood up obediently and he put the big coat around her. Then, obeying an irresistible impulse, he caught her to him. He released her immediately, however, and stepped back.

"I love you so," he stammered. "I'm sorry. I'll not do it again."

She was startled, but not angry.

"I don't like it," was all she said. And because she did not want him to think she was angry, she sat down again. But the boy was shaken. He got out a cigarette and lighted it, his hands trembling. He could not think of anything to say. It was as though by that one act he had cut a bridge behind him, and on the other side lay all the platitudes, the small give and take of their hours together. What to her was a regrettable incident was to him a great dramatic climax. Boy-like he refused to recognize its unimportance to her. He wanted to talk about it.

"When you said just now that you didn't like what I did just then, do you mean you didn't like *me* to do it? Or that you don't care for that sort of thing. Of course I know," he added hastily, "you're not that kind of girl. I — "

He turned and looked at her.

"You know I'm still in love with you, don't you, Elizabeth?"

She returned his gaze frankly.

"I don't see how you can be when you know what you do know."

"I know how you feel now. But I know that people don't go on, loving hopelessly, all their lives. You're young. You've got — " he figured quickly — "You've got about fifty odd years to live yet, and some of these days you'll be — not forgetting," he changed, when he saw her quick movement. "I know you'll not forget him. But remembering and loving are different."

"I wonder," she said, her eyes on the moon, and full of young tragedy. "If they are, if one can remember without loving, then couldn't one love without remembering?"

He stared at her.

"You're too deep for me sometimes," he said. "I'm not subtle, Elizabeth. I daresay I'm stupid in lots of things. But I'm not stupid about this. I'm not trying to get a promise, you know. I only want you to know how things are. I don't want to know why he went away, or why he doesn't come back. I only want you to face the facts. I'd be good to you," he finished, in a low tone. "I'd spend my life thinking of ways to make you happy."

She was touched. She reached down and put her hand on his shoulder.

"You deserve the best, Wallie. And you're asking for a second best. Even that — I'm just not made that

(*Continued on page* 112)

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way, I suppose. Fifty years or a hundred, it would be all the same."

"You'd always care for him, you mean?"

"Yes. I'm afraid so."

When he looked at her her eyes had again that faraway and yet flaming look which he had come to associate with her thoughts of Dick. She seemed infinitely removed from him, traveling her lonely road past loving outstretched hands and facing ahead toward — well, toward fifty years of spinsterhood. The sheer waste of it made him shudder.

"You're cold too, Wallie," she said gently. "You'd better go home."

He was about to repudiate the idea scornfully, when he sneezed! She got up at once and held out her hand.

"You are very dear to feel about me the way you do," she said, rather rapidly. "I appreciate your telling me. And if you're chilly when you get home you'd better take some camphor."

He saw her in, hat in hand, and then turned and stalked up the street. Camphor, indeed! But so stubborn was hope in his young heart that before he had climbed the hill he was finding comfort in her thought for him.

Mrs. Sayre had been away for a week, visiting in Michigan, and he had not expected her for a day or so. To his surprise he found her on the terrace, wrapped in furs, and evidently waiting for him.

"I wasn't enjoying it," she explained, when he had kissed her. "It's a summer place; not heated to amount to anything, and when it turned cold — where have you been to-night?"

"Dined at the Wards, and then took Elizabeth home."

"How is she?"

"She's well."

"And there's no news?"

He knew her very well, and he saw then that she was laboring under suppressed excitement.

"What's the matter, mother? You're worried about something, aren't you?"

"I have something to tell you. We'd better go inside."

He followed her in, unexcited and half smiling. Her world was a small one, of minor domestic difficulties, of not unfriendly gossip, of occasional money problems, investments and what not. He had seen her hands tremble over a matter of a poorly served dinner. So he went into the house, closed the terrace window, and followed her to the library. When she had closed the door he recognized her old tactics when the servants were in question.

"Well?" he inquired. "I suppose —" Then he saw her face. "Sorry, mother. What's the trouble?"

"Wallie, I saw Dick Livingstone in Chicago."

During August Dick had labored in the alfalfa fields of Central Washington, a harvest hand or "working stiff" among other migratory agricultural workers. Among them, but not entirely of them. Recruited from the lowest levels as men grade, gathered in at a slave market on the coast, herded in bunk houses alive with vermin, fully but badly fed, overflowing with blasphemy and filled with sullen hate for those above them in the social scale, the "stiffs" regarded him with distrust from the start.

In the beginning he accepted their sneers with a degree of philosophy.

The Breaking Point

(*Continued from page* 110)

His physical condition was poor. At night he ached intolerably, collapsing into his wooden bunk to sleep the dreamless sleep of utter exhaustion. There were times when he felt that it would be better to return at once to Norada and surrender, for that he must do so eventually he never doubted. It was as well perhaps that he had no time for brooding, but he gained sleep at the cost of superhuman exertion all day.

A feeling of unreality began to obsess him, so that at times, he felt like a ghost walking among sweating men; like a resurrection into life, but without life. And more than once he tried to sink down to the level of the others, to unite himself again with the crowd, to feel again the touch of elbows, the sensation of fellowship. The primal instinct of the herd asserted itself, the need of human companionship of any sort.

But he failed miserably, as Jud Clark could never have failed. He could not drink with them. He could not sink to their level of degradation. Their oaths and obscenity sickened and disgusted him, and their talk of women drove him into the fresh air.

The fact that he could no longer drink himself into a stupor puzzled him. Bad whiskey circulated freely among the haystacks and bunk houses where the harvest hands were quartered, and at ruinous prices. The men clubbed together to buy it, and he put in his share, only to find that it not only sickened him, but that he had a mental inhibition against it.

They called him the Dude, and put into it gradually all the class hatred of their wretched sullen lives. He had to fight them, more than once, and had they united against him he might have been killed. But they never united. Their own personal animosities and angers kept them apart, as their misery held them together. And as time went on and his muscles hardened, he was able to give a better account of himself. The time came when they let him alone, and when one day a big shocker fell off a stack and broke his leg, and Dick set it, he gained their respect. They asked no questions, for their law was that the past was the past. They did not like him, but in the queer twisted ethics of the camp they judged the secret behind him by the height from which he had fallen, and began slowly to accept him as one of the brotherhood of derelicts.

With his improvement in his physical condition there came, toward the end of the summer, a more rapid subsidence of the flood of the long past. He had slept one night in the fields, where the uncut alfalfa was belled with purple flowers and yellow buttercups rose and nodded above him. With the first touch of dawn on the mountains he wakened to a clarity of mind like that of the morning. He felt almost an exaltation. He stood up and threw out his arms.

It was all his again, never to lose; the old house, and David and Lucy; the little laboratory; the church on Sunday mornings; Mike whistling in the stable. A wave of love warmed him, a great surging tenderness. He would go back to them. They were his and he was theirs. It was at first only a great emotion; a tingling joyousness, a vast relief, as of one who sees, from a far distance, the lights in the windows of home. Save for the gap between the drunken revel at the ranch and his awakening to David's face bending over him in the cabin, everything was clear. Still by an effort, but successfully, he could unite now the two portions of his life with only a scar between them.

Not that he formulated it. It was rather a mood, an impulse of unreasoning happiness. The last cloud had gone, the last bit of mist from the valley. He saw Haverly, and the children who played in its shaded streets; Mike, washing the old car, and the ice cream freezer on Sundays, wrapped in sacking on the kitchen porch. Jim Wheeler came back to him, and the weight of his coffin dragging at his right hand as he helped to carry it; he was kneeling beside Elizabeth's bed, and putting his hand over her staring eyes so she would go to sleep.

The glow died away, and he began to suffer intensely. They were all lost to him, along with the life they had represented. And already he began to look back on his period of forgetfulness with regret. At least then he had not known what he had lost.

He wondered again what they knew. What did they think? If they believed him dead, was that not kinder than the truth? Outside of David and Lucy, and of course, Bassett, the sole foundation on which any search for him had rested had been the semi-hysterical recognition of Hattie Thorwald. But he wondered how far that search had gone.

Had it extended far enough to involve David? Had the hue and cry died away, or were the police still searching for him? Could he even write to David, without involving him in his own trouble? For David, fine wonderful old David — David had deliberately obstructed the court of justice and was an accessory after the fact.

Up to that time he had drifted, unable to set a course in the fog, but now he could see the way, and it led him back to Norada. He would not communicate with David. He would go out of the lives at the old house as he had gone in, under a lie. When he surrendered it would be as Judson Clark, with his lips shut tight on the years since his escape. Let them think, if they would, that the curtain that had closed down over his memory had not lifted, and that he had picked up life again where he had laid it down. The police would get nothing from him to incriminate David.

But he had a moment, too, when surrender seemed to him, not strength but weakness; where its sheer supineness, its easy solution to his problem, revolted him. Where he clenched his fist and looked at it, and longed for the right to fight his way out.

When smoke began to issue from the cook house chimney he stirred, rose and went back. He ate no breakfast, and the men, seeing his squared jaw and set face, let him alone. He worked with the strength of three men that day, but that night, when the foreman offered him a job as pacer, with double wages, he refused it.

"Give it to somebody else, Joe," he said. "I'm quitting."

"The hell you are! When?"

"I'd like to check out tonight."

His going was without comment. They

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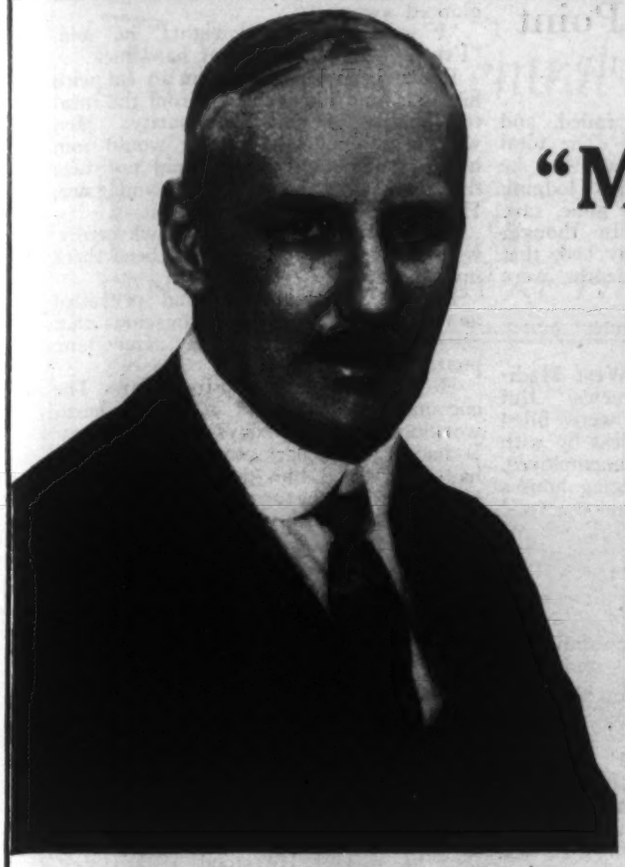

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had never fully accepted him, and comings and goings without notice in the camp were common. He rolled up his bedding, his change of undergarments inside it, and took the road that night.

The railroad was ten miles away, and he took the distance easily. He walked between wire fences, behind which horses moved uneasily as he passed, and cattle slept around a water hole, and as he walked he faced a situation which all day he had labored like three men to evade.

He was going out of life. It did not much matter whether it was to be behind bars or to pay the ultimate price. The shadow that lay over him was that he was leaving forever David and all that he stood for, and a woman. And the woman was not Elizabeth.

He cursed himself in the dark for a fool and a madman; he cursed the infatuation which rose like a demoniac possession from his early life. When that failed he tried to kill it, by remembering the passage of time, the loathing she must have nursed all these years. He summoned the image of Elizabeth to his aid, to find it eclipsed by something infinitely more real and vital—Beverly in her dressing room, grotesque and yet lovely in her make-up; Beverly on the mountain-trail, in her boyish riding clothes. Beverly.

Probably at that stage of his recovery his mind reacted more quickly than his emotions. And by that strange faculty by which an idea often becomes stronger in memory than in its original production, he found himself in the grip of a passion infinitely more terrible than his earlier one for her. It wiped out the memory, even the thought, of Elizabeth, and left him a victim of its associated emotions. Bitter jealousy racked him, remorse and profound grief. The ten miles of road to the railroad became ten miles of torture, and increasing domination of the impulse to go to her, and of final surrender.

In Spokane he outfitted himself, for his clothes were ragged, and with the remainder of his money bought a ticket to Chicago. Beyond Chicago, he had no thought save one. Some way, somehow, he must get to New York. Yet all the time he was fighting. He tried again and again to break away from the emotional associations from which his memory of her was erected; when that failed he struggled to face reality; the lapse of time, the certainty of his disappointment at the best the inevitable parting when he went back to Norada. But always in the end he found his face turned toward the east, and her.

He had no fear of starving. If he had learned the cost of a dollar in blood and muscle, he had the blood and muscle. There was a time, in Chicago, when the necessity of thinking about money irritated him, for the memory of his old opulent days was very clear. Times when his temper was uncertain, and he turned surly. Times when his helplessness brought to his lips the old familiar blasphemies of his youth, which sounded strange and revolting to his ears.

He had no fear, then, but a great impatience, as though, having lost so much time, he must advance with every minute. And Chicago drove him frantic. There came a time there when he made a deliberate attempt to sink to the very depths, to seek forgetfulness by burying one wretchedness under another. He attempted to find work and failed, and he tried to let go and sink. The total result of the experiment was that he wakened one morning in his lodging house, ill and with his money gone, save for some small silver. He thought ironically, lying on his untidy bed, that even the resources of the depths were closed to him.

He never tried that experiment again. He hated himself for it.

For days he haunted the West Madison Street employment agencies. But the agencies and sidewalks were filled with men who wandered aimless by with the objectless shuffle of the unemployed. Beds had gone up in the lodging houses to thirty-five cents a night, and the food in the cheap restaurants was almost uneatable. There came a day when the free morning coffee at a Bible Rescue Home, and its soup and potatoes and carrots at night was all he ate. For the first time his courage began to fail him. He went to the lakeside that night and stood looking at the water; he meant to fight that impulse of cowardice at the source.

Up to that time he had given no thought whatever to his estate, beyond that fact that he had been undoubtedly adjudged legally dead and his property divided. But that day as he turned away from the lake front, he began to wonder about it. After all, since he meant to surrender himself before long, why not telegraph collect to the old office of the estate in New York and have them wire him money? But even granting that they were still in existence, he knew with what lengthy caution, following stunned surprise, they would go about investigating the message. And there were leaks in the telegraph. He would have a pack of newspaper hounds at his heels within a few hours. The police, too. No, it wouldn't do.

The next day he got a job as a taxicab driver, and that night and every night thereafter, he went back to West Madison Street, and picked up one or more of the derelicts there and bought them food. He developed quite a system about it. He waited until he saw a man stop outside an eating house, look in and then pass on. But one night he got rather a shock. For the young fellow he accosted looked at him first with suspicion, which was not unusual, and later with amazement.

"Captain Livingstone!" he said, and checked his hand as it was about to rise to the salute. His face broke into a smile, and he whipped off his cap. "You've forgotten me, sir," he said. "But I've got your visiting card on the top of my head all right. Can you see it?"

He bent his head and waited, but on no immediate reply being forthcoming, for Dick was hastily determining on a course of action, he looked up. It was then that he saw Dick's cheap and shabby clothes, and his grin faded.

"I say," he said, "you *are* Livingstone, aren't you? I'd have known . . ."

"I think you've made a mistake, old man," Dick said, feeling his words carefully. "That's not my name, anyhow. I thought, when I saw you staring in at that window — How about it?"

The boy looked at him again, and then glanced away.

"I was looking, all right," he said. "I've been having a run of hard luck."

It had been Dick's custom to eat with his finds, and thus remove from the meal the quality of detached charity. Men who would not take money would join him in a meal. But he could not face the lights with this keen-eyed youngster. He offered him money instead.

"Just a lift," he said, awkwardly, when the boy hesitated. "I've been there myself, lately."

But when at last he had prevailed and turned away, he was conscious that the doughboy was staring after him, puzzled and unconvinced.

He had a bad night after that. The encounter had brought back his hard-working, care-free days in the army. It had brought back, too, the things he had put behind him, his profession and his joy in it, the struggles and the aspirations that constitute a man's life. With them there came, too, a more real Elizabeth, and a wave of tenderness for her, and of regret. He turned on his sagging bed, and deliberately put her away from him. Even if this other ghost were laid, he had no right to her . . .

Then, one day, he met Mrs. Sayre, and saw that she knew him.

Wallie stared at his mother. In an instant he had accepted the recognition, and was busy with what it meant to him. There was a perceptible pause before he spoke. He stood, if anything, somewhat straighter, but that was all.

"Are you sure it was Livingstone?"

"Positive. I talked to him. I wasn't sure myself, at first. He looked shabby and thin, as though he'd been ill, and he had the audacity to pretend at first he didn't know me. He closed the door on me—"

"Wait a minute, mother. What door?"

"He was driving a taxicab."

He looked at her incredulously.

"I don't believe it," he said slowly. "I think you've made a mistake, that's all."

"Nonsense. I know him as well as I know you."

"Did he acknowledge his identity?"

"Not in so many words," she admitted. "He said I had made a mistake, and stuck to it. Then he shut the door and drove me to the station. The only other chance I had was at the station, and there was a line of cabs behind us, so I had only a second. I saw he didn't intend to admit anything so I said: 'I can see you don't mean to recognize me, Doctor Livingstone, but I must know whether I am to say at home that I've seen you.'

"He was making change for me. at the time — I'd have known his hands, I think, if I hadn't seen anything else — and when he looked up his face was shocking. He said 'Are they all right?' 'David is very ill,' I said. The cars behind were waiting and making a terrific din, and a traffic man ran up then and made him move on. He gave me the strangest look as he went. I stood and waited, thinking he would turn and come back again at the end of the line, but he didn't. I almost missed my train."

Wallie's first reaction to the news was one of burning anger, anger that took the form of scornful condemnation.

The Breaking Point

(*Continued from page* 112)

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Panorama of Central Park and Upper Fifth Avenue viewed from

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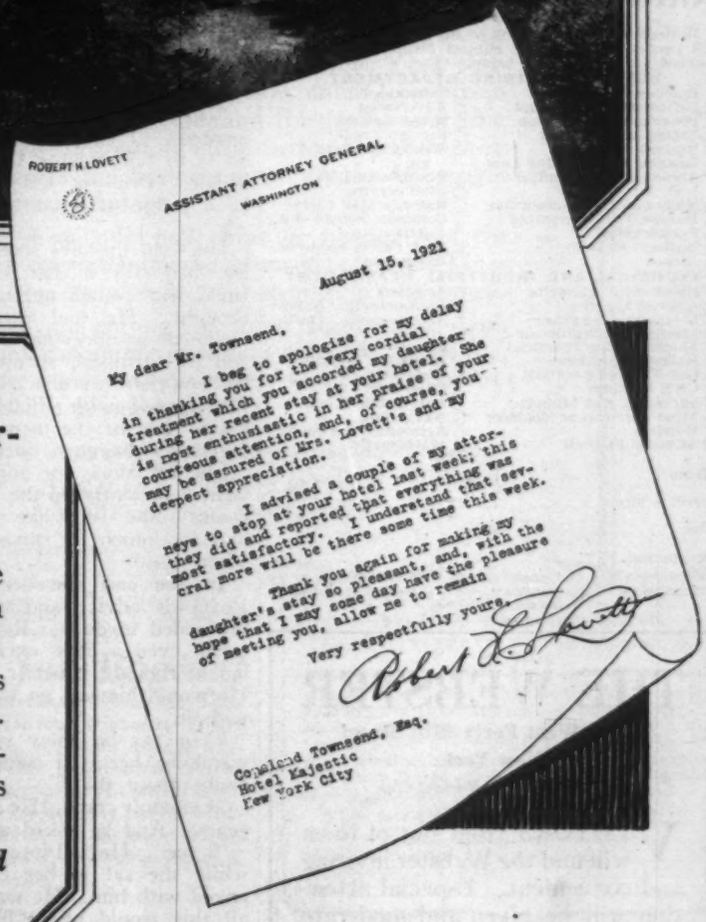

ROBERT H LOVETT
ASSISTANT ATTORNEY GENERAL
WASHINGTON

August 15, 1921

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I advised a couple of my attorneys to stop at your hotel last week; this they did and reported that everything was most satisfactory. I understand that several more will be there some time this week.

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The Breaking Point

(*Continued from page* 114)

"The blackguard!" he said. "The insufferable cad! To have run away as he did, and then to let them believe him dead! For that's what they do believe. It is killing David Livingstone, and as for Elizabeth—! She'll have to be told, mother. He's alive. He's well. And he has deliberately deserted them all. He ought to be shot."

"You didn't see him, Wallie. I did. He's been through something. I don't know what. I didn't sleep last night for thinking of his face. It had despair in it."

"All right," he said, angrily pausing before her. "What do you intend to do? Let them go on as they are, hoping and waiting; lauding him to the skies as a sort of superman? The thing to do is to tell the truth."

"But we don't know the truth, Wallie. There's something behind it all."

"Nothing very creditable, be sure of that," he pronounced. "Do you think it is fair to Elizabeth to let her waste her life on the memory of a man who's deserted her?"

"It would be cruel to tell her."

"You've got to be cruel to be kind, sometimes," he said oracularly. "Why, the man may be married. May be anything. A taxi driver! Good God, mother, he's probably hiding from something."

She sat, a small obese figure, made larger by her furs, and stared at him with troubled eyes.

"I don't know, Wallie," she said helplessly. "In a way, it might be better to tell her. She could put him out of her mind, then. But I hate to do it. It's like stabbing a baby."

He understood her, and nodded. When, after taking a turn or two about the room, he again stopped in front of her, his angry flush had subsided.

"It's the devil of a mess," he commented. "I suppose the square thing to do is to tell Doctor David, and let him decide. I've got too much at stake to be a judge of what to do."

He went upstairs soon after that, leaving her still in her chair, swathed in furs, her round anxious face bent in thought. He had rarely seen her so troubled, so uncertain of her next move, and he surmised, shrewdly enough, that her emotions were a complex of anxiety for himself with Elizabeth, of pity for David, and of the memory of Dick Livingstone's haggard face.

She sat alone for some time and then went reluctantly up the stairs to her bedroom. She felt, like Wallie, that she had too much at stake to decide easily what to do.

In the end she decided to ask Dr. Reynolds' advice, and in the morning she proceeded to do it. Reynolds was interested, even a little excited, she thought, but he thought it better not to tell David. He would himself go to Harrison Miller with it.

"You say he knew you?" he inquired, watching her. "I suppose there is no doubt about that?"

"Certainly not. He's known me for years. And he asked about David."

"I see." He fell into profound thought, while she sat in her chair, a trifle annoyed with him. He was wondering how all this would affect him and his prospects, and through them his right to marry. He had walked into a good thing, and into a very considerable content.

"I see," he repeated, and got up. "I'll tell Miller, and we'll get to work. We are all very grateful to you, Mrs. Sayre."

As a result of that visit Harrison Miller and Bassett left that night for Chicago. They left it to Doctor Reynolds' medical judgment whether David should be told or not, and Reynolds himself did not know. In the end he passed the shuttle the next evening to Clare Rossiter.

"Something's troubling you," she said. "You're not a bit like yourself, old dear."

He looked at her. To him she was all that was fine and good, and sane of judgment.

"I've got something to settle," he said. "I was wondering, while you were singing, dear, if you could help me out."

"When I sing you're supposed to listen. Well? What is it?" She perched herself on the arm of his chair, and ran her fingers over his hair. She was very fond of him, and she meant to be a good wife. If she ever thought of Dick Livingstone it was in connection with her own reckless confession to Elizabeth. She had hated Elizabeth ever since.

"I'll take a hypothetical case. If you guess, you needn't say. Of course it's a great secret."

She listened, nodding now and then. He used no names, and he said nothing of any crime.

"The point is this," he finished. "Is it better to believe the man is dead, or to know he is alive, but has cut himself off?"

"There's no mistake about the recognition?"

"Somebody from the village saw him in Chicago within a day or two, and talked to him."

She had the whole picture in a moment. She knew that Mrs. Sayre had been in Chicago, and that she had seen Dick there and talked to him. She turned the matter over in her mind, shrewdly calculating, planning her small revenge on Elizabeth even as she talked.

"I'd wait," she advised him. "He may come back with them, and in that case David will know soon enough. Or he may refuse to, and that would kill him. He'd rather think him dead than that."

She slept quietly that night, and spent rather more time than usual in dressing that morning. Then she took her way to the Wheeler house. She saw in what she was doing no particularly culpable thing. She had no great revenge in mind; all that she intended was an evening of the score between them. "He preferred you to me, when you knew I cared. But he has deserted you." And perhaps, too, a small present jealousy, for she was to live in the old brick Livingstone house, or in one like it, while all the village expected ultimately to see Elizabeth in the house on the hill.

She kept her message to the end of her visit, and delivered her blow standing.

"I have something I ought to tell you, Elizabeth. But I don't know how you'll take it."

"Maybe it's something I won't want to hear."

"I'll tell you, if you won't say where you heard it."

But Elizabeth made a small, impatient gesture. "I don't like secrets, Clare. I can't keep them, for one thing. You'd better not tell me."

Clare was nearly balked of her revenge, but not entirely.

"All right," she said, and prepared to depart. "I won't. But you might just find out from your friend, Mrs. Sayre, who it was she saw in Chicago."

It was in this manner, bit by bit and each bit trivial, that the case against Dick was built up for Elizabeth. Mrs. Sayre, helpless before her quiet questioning, had to acknowledge one damning thing after another. He had known her; he had not asked for Elizabeth, but only for David; he looked tired and thin, but well. She stood at a window watching Elizabeth go down the hill, with a feeling that she had just seen something die before her.

On the night Bassett and Harrison Miller were to return from Chicago, Lucy sat downstairs in her sitting room waiting for news.

At ten o'clock, according to her custom, she went up to see that David was comfortable for the night, and to read him that prayer for the absent with which he always closed his day of waiting. But before she went she stopped before the old mirror in the hall, to see if there was any visible sign of tension.

The door into Dick's office was open, and on his once neat desk there lay a litter of papers and letters. She sighed, and went up the stairs.

David lay propped up in his walnut bed. An incredibly wasted and old David; the hands on the log-cabin quilt which their mother had made were old hands, and tired. Sometimes Lucy, with a frightened gasp, would fear that David's waiting now was not all for Dick. That he was waiting for peace.

But there had been something new in David lately. She thought it was fear. Always he had been so sure of himself; he had made his experiment in a man's soul, and whatever the result, he had been ready to face his Creator with it and take the responsibility.

But with his weakness his self confidence had gone. He had tampered with the things that were to be, and not he, but Dick, was paying for that awful audacity.

Once, picking up his prayer-book to read evening prayer, as was her custom now, it had opened at a verse, marked with an uneven line:

I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto Him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before Thee, and am no more worthy to be called Thy son.

That had frightened her. . . .

David's eyes followed her into the room.

"I've got an idea you're keeping something from me, Lucy."

"I? Why should I do that?"

"Then where's Harrison?" he demanded querulously.

She told him one of the few white lies of her life, when she said: "He hasn't been well. He'll be over tomorrow."

She sat down and picked up the prayer-book, only to find him lifting himself in the bed and listening.

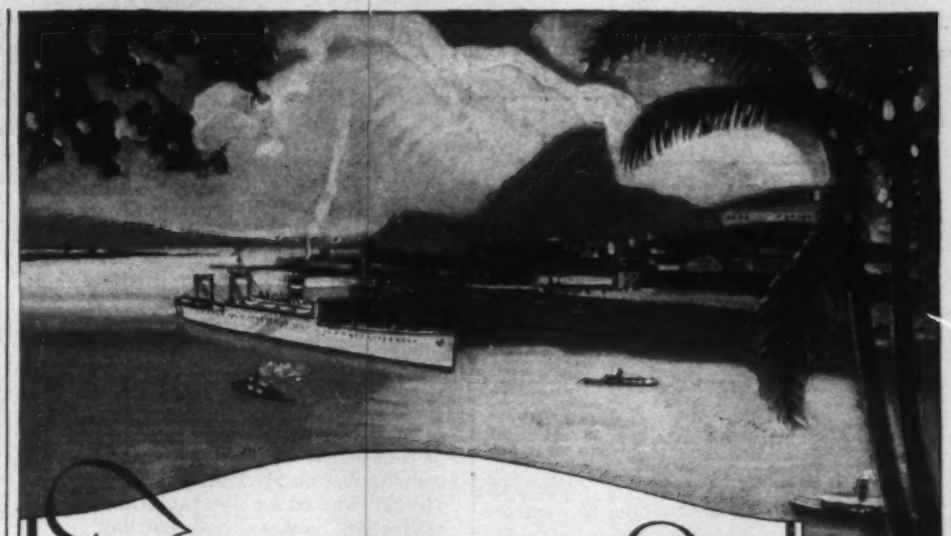
"Somebody closed the hall door, Lucy. If it's Reynolds, I want to see him."

She got up and went to the head of the stairs. The light was low in the hall beneath, and she saw a man standing there. But she still wore her reading glasses, and she saw at first hardly more than a figure.

"Is that you, Doctor Reynolds?" she asked, in her high old voice.

Then she put her hand to her throat, and stood rigid, poised, dramatic. For the man had whipped off his cap and stood with his arms wide, looking up.

Holding to the stair rail, her knees trembling under her, Lucy went down, and not until Dick's arms were around her was she sure that it was Dick, and not his shabby, weary ghost. She clung to him, tears streaming down her face, still in that cautious silence which gov-



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erned them both; she held him off and looked at him, and then strained herself to him again, as though the sense of unreality was too strong, and only the contact of his rough clothing made him real to her.

It was not until they were in her sitting room with the door closed that either of them dared to speak. Or perhaps, could speak. Even then she kept hold of him.

"Richard!" she said. "Richard!"

And that, over and over.

"How is he?" he was able to ask, finally.

"He has been very ill. I began to think — Dick, I'm afraid to tell him. I'm afraid he'll die of joy."

He winced at that. There could not be much joy in the farewell that was coming. Winced, and almost staggered. He had walked all the way from the city, and he had had no food that day.

"We'll have to break it to him very gently," he said. "And he mustn't see me like this. If you can find some of my clothes and Reynolds' razor, I'll—" he caught suddenly to the back of a chair and held on to it. "I haven't taken time to eat much to-day," he said smiling at her. "I guess I need food, Aunt Lucy."

For the first time then she saw his clothes, his shabbiness, and his pallor, and perhaps she guessed the truth. She got up, her face twitching, and pushed him into a chair.

"You sit here," she said, "and leave the door closed. The nurse is out for a walk, and she'll be in soon. I'll bring some milk and cookies now, and start the fire. I've got some chops in the house."

When she came back almost immediately, with the familiar tray and the familiar food, he was sitting where she had left him. He had spent the entire time, had she known it, in impressing on his mind the familiar details of the room, to carry away with him.

She stood beside him, a hand on his shoulder, to see that he drank the milk slowly.

"I've got the fire going," she said. "And I'll run up now and get your clothes. I — had put them away." Her voice broke a little. "You see, we — You can change in your laboratory, Richard, can't you? If you go upstairs he'll hear you."

He reached up and caught her hand. That touch too, of the nearest to a mother's hand that he had known, he meant to carry away with him. He could not speak.

She bustled away, into her bright kitchen first, and then with happy stealth to the store room. Her very heart was singing within her. She neither thought nor reasoned. Dick was back, and all would be well. If she had any subconscious anxieties, they were quieted, also subconsciously, by confidence in the men who were fighting his battle for him, by Walter Wheeler and Bassett and Harrison Miller. That Dick himself would present any difficulty lay beyond her worst fears.

She had been out of the room only twenty minutes when she returned to David, and prepared to break her great news. At first she thought he was asleep. He was lying back with his eyes closed, and his hands crossed on the prayer-book. But he looked up at her and was instantly roused to full attention by her face.

"You've had some news," he said.

"Yes, David. There's a little news. Don't count too much on it. Don't sit up, David. I have heard something that makes me think he is alive. Alive and well."

He made a desperate effort and controlled himself.

"Where is he?"

She sat down beside him and took his hand between hers.

"David," she said slowly. "God has been very good to us. I want to tell you something, and I want you to prepare yourself. We have heard from Dick. He is all right. He loves us, and he always did. And — he is downstairs, David."

He lay very still, and without speaking. She was frightened at first, afraid to go on with her further news. But suddenly David sat up in bed, and in a full, firm voice began the Te Deum Laudamus. "We praise Thee, O God: we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord, All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting."

He repeated it in its entirety. At the end, however, his voice broke.

"O Lord, in Thee have I trusted — I doubted Him, Lucy," he said.

Dick, waiting at the foot of the stairs, heard that triumphant paean of thanksgiving and praise, and closed his eyes.

It was a few minutes later that Lucy came down the stairs again.

"You heard him?" she asked. "Oh, Richard, he had frightened me. It was more than a question of himself and you. He was making it one of himself and God."

She let him go up alone, and waited below, straining her ears, but she heard nothing beyond David's first hoarse cry, and after a little she went into her sitting room and shut the door.

Dramatic in its repressions was that meeting. The determination to ignore any tragedy in the situation was strong in them both, and if David's eyes were blurred and his hands trembling, if Dick's first words were rather choked they hid their emotion carefully.

"Well, here I am, like a bad penny!" said Dick huskily from the doorway.

"And a long time you've been about it," grumbled David. "You young rascal!"

He held out his hand, and Dick crushed it between both of his. He was startled at the change in David. For a moment he could only stand there, holding his hand, and trying to keep his apprehension out of his face.

"Sit down," David said awkwardly, and blew his nose with a terrific blast. "I've been laid up for a while, but I'm all right now. I'll fool them yet," he boasted, out of his new happiness and content. "Business has been going to the dogs, Dick. Reynolds is a fool."

"Of course you'll fool them." There was still a band around Dick's throat. It hurt him to look at David, so thin and feeble, so sunken from his portliness. And David saw his eyes, and knew.

"I've dropped a little flesh, eh, Dick?" he inquired. "Old bulge is gone, you see. The nurse makes up the bed when I'm in it, flat as when I'm out."

Suddenly his composure broke. He was a feeble and apprehensive old man, shaken with the tearless sobbing of weakness and age. Dick put an arm across his shoulders, and they sat without speech until David was quiet again.

"I'm a crying old woman, Dick," David said at last. "That's what comes of never feeling a pair of pants on your legs and being coddled like a baby." He sat up and stared around him ferociously. "They sprinkle toilet water on my pillows, Dick! Can you beat that?"

Warned by Lucy, the nurse went to her room and did not disturb them.

But she sat for a time in her rocking chair, before she changed into the night gown and kimono in which she slept on the couch in David's room. She knew the story, and her kindly heart ached within her. What good would it do after all, this homecoming? Dick could not stay. It was even dangerous. Reynolds had confided to her that he suspected a watch on the house by the police, and that the mail was being opened. What good was it?

Across the hall she could hear Lucy moving briskly about in Dick's room, changing the bedding, throwing up the windows, opening and closing bureau drawers. After a time Lucy tapped at her door and she opened it.

"I put a cake of scented soap among your handkerchiefs," she said, rather breathlessly. "Will you let me have it for Doctor Richard's room?"

She got the soap and gave it to her.

"He is going to stay, then?"

"Certainly he is going to stay," Lucy said, surprised. "This is his home. Where else should he go?"

But David knew. He lay, listening with avid interest to Dick's story, asking a question now and then, nodding over Dick's halting attempt to reconstruct the period of his confusion, but all the time one part of him, which was his heart perhaps and not his head, was saying: "Look at him well. Hold him close. Listen to his voice. Because this hour is yours, and perhaps only this hour."

"Then the Sayre woman doesn't know about your coming?" he asked, when Dick had finished.

"No."

"Still, she mustn't talk about having seen you. I'll send Reynolds up in the morning."

He was avid to hear of what had occurred in the long interval between them, and good, bad and indifferent, Dick told him. But he limited himself to events, and did not touch on his mental battles, and David saw and noted it. The real story, he knew, lay there, but it was not time for it. After a while he raised himself in his bed.

"Call Lucy, Dick."

When she had come, a strangely younger Lucy, her withered cheeks flushed with exercise and excitement, he said:—

"Bring me the copy of the statement I made to Harrison Miller, Lucy."

She brought it, patted Dick's shoulder, and went away. David held out the paper.

"Read it slowly, boy," he said. "It is my justification, and God willing, it may help you. The letter is from Henry. Read that, too."

Lucy, having got Dick's room in readiness, sat down in it to await his coming. Downstairs, in the warming over, was his supper. His bed, with the best blankets, was turned down and ready. His dressing gown and slippers were in their old accustomed place. She drew a long breath.

Below, Doctor Reynolds came in quietly and stood listening. The house was very still, and he decided that his news, which was no news, could wait. He went into the office and got out a sheet of note-paper, with his name at the top, and began his nightly letter to Clare Rossiter.

"My darling," it commenced.

Above, David lay in his bed, and Dick read the papers in his hand. And as he read them, David watched him. Not once, since Dick's entrance, had he mentioned Elizabeth; David lay still and pondered that. There was something

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wrong about it. This was Dick, their own Dick; no shadowy ghost of the past, but Dick himself. True, an older Dick, strangely haggard and with gray running in the brown of his hair, but still Dick. The Dick whose eyes had lighted at the sight of a girl, who had shamelessly persisted in holding her hand at that last dinner, who had almost idolatrously loved her. And he had not mentioned her name.

When he had finished the reading, Dick sat for a moment with the papers in his hand, thinking.

"I see," he said finally. "Of course, it's possible. Good God, if I could only think it."

"It's the answer," David said stubbornly. "He was prowling around, and he fired through the window. Donaldson made the statement at the inquest that some one had been seen on the place, and that he notified you that night after dinner. He'd put guards around the place."

"It gives me a fighting chance, anyhow." Dick got up and threw back his shoulders. "That's all I want. A chance to fight. I know this. I may have hated Lucas — he was a poor thing and you know what he did to me. But I never thought of killing him. That wouldn't have helped matters. It was too late."

"What about — that?" David asked, not looking at him. When Dick did not immediately reply David glanced at him, to find his face set and pained.

"Perhaps we'd better not go into that now," David said hastily. "It's natural that the re-adjustments will take time."

"We'll have to go into it. It's the hardest thing I have to face."

"It's not dead, then?"

"No," Dick said slowly. "It's not dead, David. And I'd better bring it into the open. I've fought it to the limit, by myself. It's the one thing that seems to have survived the shipwreck. I can't argue it down or think it down."

"Maybe, if you see Elizabeth —"

"I'd break her heart, that's all."

He tried to make David understand. He told in its sordid details his failure to kill it, his attempts to sink memory and conscience in Chicago and their failure, the continued remoteness of Elizabeth and what seemed to him the flesh and blood reality of the other woman. That she was yesterday, and Elizabeth was long ago.

"I can't argue it down," he finished. "I've tried to, desperately. It's a — I think it's a wicked thing, in a way. And God knows all she ever got out of it was suffering. She must loathe the thought of me."

David was compelled to let it rest there. He found that Dick was doggedly determined to see Beverly Carlysle. After that, he didn't know. No man wanted to surrender himself for trial, unless he was sure himself of whether he was innocent or guilty. If there was a reasonable doubt — but what did it matter, one way or the other? His place was gone, as he'd made it; gone if he was cleared, gone if he was convicted.

"I couldn't come back, David. They wouldn't have me."

After a silence he asked:

"How much is known here? What does Elizabeth know?"

"The town knows nothing. She knows a part of it. She cares a great deal, Dick. It's a tragedy for her."

"Shall you tell her I've been here?"

"Not unless you intend to see her."

But Dick shook his head.

"Even if other things were the same, I haven't a right to see her, until I've got a clean slate."

"That's sheer evasion," David said, almost with irritation.

"Yes," Dick acknowledged gravely. "It is sheer evasion."

"What about the police?" he inquired after a silence. "I was registered at Norada. I suppose they traced me here finally?"

"Yes. The house was watched for a while; I understand they've given it up now."

In response to questions about his own condition, David was almost querulous. He was all right. He would get well if they'd let him, and stop coddling him. He would get up now, in spite of them. He was good for one more fight before he died, and he intended to make it, in a court if necessary.

"They can't prove it, Dick," he said triumphantly. "I've been over it every day for months. There is no case. There never was a case, for that matter. They're a lot of pin-headed fools, and we'll show them up, boy. We'll show them up."

But for all his excitement fatigue was telling on him. Lucy tapped on the door and came in.

"You'd better have your supper before it spoils," she said. "And David needs a rest. Doctor Reynolds is in the office. I haven't told him yet."

The two men exchanged glances.

"Time for that later," David said. "I can't keep him out of my office, but I can out of my family affairs, for an hour or so."

So it happened that Dick followed Lucy down the back stairs and ate his meal stealthily in the kitchen.

"I don't like you to eat here," she protested.

"I've eaten in worse places," he said, smiling at her. "And sometimes not at all." He was immediately sorry for that, for the tears came to her eyes.

He broke as gently as he could the news that he could not stay, but it was a great blow to her. Her sagging chin quivered piteously, and it took all the cheerfulness he could summon and all the promises of return he could make, to soften the shock.

"You haven't even seen Elizabeth," she said at last.

"That will have to wait, until things are cleared up, Aunt Lucy."

"Won't you write her something then, Richard? She looks like a ghost, these days."

Her eyes were on him, puzzled and wistful. He met them gravely.

"I haven't the right to see her, or to write to her."

And the finality in his tone closed the discussion, that and something of despair in his face.

For all his earlier hunger he ate very little, and soon after he tiptoed up the stairs to David's room. When he came down to the kitchen later on, he found her still there, at the table where he had left her, her arms across it and her face buried in them. On the chair was the suit case she had hastily packed for him, and a roll of bills lay on the table.

"You must take it," she insisted. "It breaks my heart to think — Richard, I have the feeling that I am seeing you for the last time." Then, for fear she had hurt him, she forced a determined smile. "Don't pay any attention to me. David will tell you that I have said, over and over, that I'd never see you again. And here you are."

He was going. He had said good-bye to David and was going at once. She accepted it with a stoicism born of many years of hail and farewell, kissed him tenderly, let her hand linger for a moment on the rough sleeve of his coat, and then let him out by the kitchen door into

the yard. But long after he had gone she stood in the doorway, staring out.

The evening had shaken Dick profoundly. David's appearance and Lucy's grief and premonition, most of all the talk of Elizabeth, had depressed and unnerved him. Even the possibility of his own innocence was subordinated to an overwhelming yearning for the old house and the old life.

Through a side window, as he went toward the street, he could see Reynolds at his desk in the office, and he was possessed by a fierce jealousy and resentment at his presence there. The laboratory window was dark, and he stood outside and looked at it. He would have given his hope of immortality to have been inside it once more, working over his tubes and his cultures, his slides and microscope. Even the memory of certain dearly-bought extravagances in apparatus revived in him, and sent the blood to his head in a wave of unreasoning anger and bitterness.

He had a wild desire to go in the front door, to confront Reynolds in his smug complacency and drive him out; to demand his place in the world and take it. He could hardly tear himself away.

Under a street lamp he looked at his watch. It was eleven o'clock, and he had a half hour to spare before train time. Following an impulse he did not analyze, he turned toward the Wheeler house. Just so, months ago, had he turned in that direction, but with this difference, that then he went with a sort of hurried expectancy, and that now he loitered on the way. Yet that it somehow drew him he knew. Not with the yearning he had felt toward the old brick house, but with the poignancy of a long past happiness. He did not love, but he remembered.

Yet, for a man who did not love, he was oddly angry at the sight of two young figures on the door-step. Their clear voices came to him across the quiet street, vibrant and full of youth. It was the Sayre boy, and Elizabeth.

He half stopped, and looked across. They were quite oblivious of him, intent and self-absorbed. As he had viewed Reynold's unconscious figure with jealous dislike, so he viewed Wallace Sayre. Here, everywhere, his place was filled. He was angry with an unreasoning, inexplicable anger, angry at Elizabeth, angry at the boy, and at himself.

He had but to cross the street and take his place there. He could drive that giggling youth away with a word. The furious possessive jealousy of the male animal, which had nothing to do with love, made him stop and draw himself up as he stared across.

Then he smiled wryly and went on. He could do it, but he did not want to. He would never do it. Let them live their lives, and let him live his. But he knew that there, across the street, so near that he might have raised his voice and summoned her, he was leaving the best thing that had come into his life; the one fine and good thing, outside of David and Lucy. That against its loss he had nothing but an infatuation that had ruined three lives already, and was not yet finished.

He stopped and turning looked back. He saw the girl bend down and put a hand on Wallie Sayre's shoulder, and the boy's face upturned, and looking into hers. He shook himself and went on. After all, that was best. He felt no bitterness. She deserved better than to be used to help a man to work out his salvation. She deserved youth, and joyousness, and the forgetfulness that comes with time. She was already forgetting.

He smiled again, as he went on up

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the street, but his hands as he buttoned his overcoat were shaking.

It was shortly after that that he met the rector, Mr. Oglethorpe. He passed him quickly, but he was conscious that the clergyman had stopped and was staring after him. Half an hour later, sitting in the empty smoker of the train, he wondered if he had not missed something there. Perhaps the church could have helped him, a good man's simple belief in right and wrong. He was wandering in a gray no-man's land, without faith or compass.

David had given him the location of Bassett's apartment house, and he found it quickly. He was in a state of nervous irritability by that time, for the sense of being a fugitive was constantly stressed in the familiar streets by the danger of recognition. It was in vain that he argued with himself, that only the police were interested in his movements, and the casual roundsman not at all. He found himself shying away from them like a nervous horse.

But if he expected any surprise from Bassett he was disappointed. He greeted him as if he had seen him yesterday, and explained his lack of amazement in his first words.

"Doctor Livingstone telephoned me," he said. "Sit down, man, and let me look at you. You've given me more trouble than any human being on earth."

"Sorry," Dick said awkwardly, "I seem to have a faculty of involving other people in my difficulties."

"Want a drink?"

"No, thanks. I'll smoke, if you have any tobacco. I've been afraid to risk a shop."

Bassett talked cheerfully as he found cigarettes and matches.

"The old boy had a different ring in his voice tonight. He was going down pretty fast, Livingstone; was giving up the fight. But I fancy you've given him a new grip on the earth."

When they were seated, however, a sort of awkwardness developed. To Dick, Bassett had been a more or less shadowy memory, clouded over with the details and miseries of the flight. And Bassett found Dick greatly altered. He was older than he remembered him. The sort of boyishness which had come with the resurrection of his early identity had gone, and the man who sat before him was grave, weary, and much older. But his gaze was clear and direct.

"Well, a good bit of water has gone over the dam since we met," Bassett said. "I nearly broke a leg going down that infernal mountain again. And I don't mind telling you that I came within an ace of landing in the Norada jail. They knew I'd helped you get away. But they couldn't prove it."

"I got out, because I didn't see any need of dragging you down with me. I was a good bit of a mess just then, but I could reason that out, anyhow. It wasn't entirely unselfish, either. I had a better chance without you. Or I thought I did."

Bassett was watching him intently.

"Has it all come back?" he inquired.

"Practically all. Not much between the thing that happened at the ranch and David Livingstone's picking me up at the cabin."

"Did it ever occur to you to wonder just how I got in on your secret?"

"I suppose you read Maggie Donaldson's confession."

"I came to see you before that came out."

"Then I don't know, I'm afraid."

"I suppose you would stake your life on the fact that Beverly Carlysle knows nothing of what happened that night at the ranch?"

Dick's face twitched, but he returned Bassett's gaze steadily.

"She has no criminal knowledge, if that is what you mean."

"I am not so sure of it."

"I think you'd better explain that."

At the cold anger in Dick's voice Bassett stared at him. So that was how the wind lay. Poor devil! And out of the smug complacence of his bachelor peace, Bassett thanked his stars for no women in his life.

"I'm afraid you misunderstand me, Livingstone," he said easily. "I don't think that she shot Lucas. But I don't think she has ever told all she knows. I've got the coroner's inquest here, and we'll go over it later. I'll tell you how I got onto your trail. Do you remember taking Elizabeth Wheeler to see The Valley?"

"I had forgotten it. I remember now."

"Well, Gregory, the brother, saw you and recognized you. I was with him. He tried to deny you later, but I was on. Of course he told her, and I think she sent him to warn David Livingstone. They knew I was on the trail of a big story. Then I think Gregory stayed here to watch me when the company made its next jump. He knew I'd started, for he sent David Livingstone the letter you got. By the way, that letter was what got me in wrong in Norada."

"I'm not hiding behind her skirts," Dick said shortly. "And there's nothing incriminating in what you say. She saw me as a fugitive, and she sent me a warning. That's all."

"Easy, easy, old man. I'm not pinning anything on her. But I want, if you don't mind, to carry this through. I have every reason to believe that, some time before you got to Norada, the Thorwald woman was on my trail. I know that she got a saddle horse from her son that night, her son by Thorwald, either for herself or some one else."

"All right. I accept that, tentatively."

"That means that she knew I was coming to Norada. Think a minute, I'd kept my movements quiet, but Beverly Carlysle knew, and her brother. When they warned David they warned her."

"I don't believe it."

"If you had killed Lucas," Bassett asserted positively, "the Thorwald woman would have let the sheriff get you, and be damned to you. She had no reason to love you. You'd kept her son out of what she felt was his birthright."

He got up and opened a table drawer.

"I've got a copy of the coroner's inquest here. It will bear going over. And it may help you to remember, too. We needn't read it all. There's a lot that isn't pertinent."

He got out a long envelope, and took from it a number of typed pages, backed with a base of heavy paper.

"'Inquest in the Coroner's office on the body of Howard Lucas,'" he read "'October 10th, 1910.' That was the second day after. 'Examination of witnesses by Coroner Samuel J. Burkhardt Mrs. Lucas called and sworn.'" He glanced at Dick and hesitated. "I don't know about this tonight, Livingstone. You look pretty well shot to pieces."

"I didn't sleep last night. I'm all right, go on."

During the reading that followed he sat back in his deep chair, his eyes closed. Except that once or twice he clenched his hands he made no movement whatever.

Q. "What is your name?"

A. "Anne Elizabeth Lucas. My stage name is Beverly Carlysle."

Q. "Where do you live, Mrs. Lucas?"
A. "At 26 East 56th Street, New York City."
Q. "I shall have to ask you some questions that are necessarily painful at this time. I shall be as brief as possible. Perhaps it will be easier for you to tell so much as you know of what happened the night before last at the Clark ranch."
A. "I cannot tell very much. I am confused, too. I was given a sleeping powder last night. I can only say that I heard a shot, and thought at first that it was fired from outside. I ran down the stairs, and back to the billiard room. As I entered the room Mr. Donaldson came in through a window. My husband was lying on the floor. That is all."
Q. "Where was Judson Clark?"
A. "He was leaning on the roulette table, staring at the — at my husband."
Q. "Did you see him leave the room?"
A. "No. I was on my knees beside Mr. Lucas. I think when I got up he was gone. I didn't notice."
Q. "Did you see a revolver?"
A. "No. I didn't look for one."
Q. "Now I shall ask you one more question, and that is all. Had there been any quarrel between Mr. Lucas and Mr. Clark that evening in your presence?"
A. "No. But I had quarreled with them both. They were drinking too much. I had gone to my room to pack and go home. I was packing when I heard the shot."
Witness excused and Mr. John Donaldson called.
Q. "What is your name?"
A. "John Donaldson."
Q. "Where do you live?"
A. "At the Clark ranch."
Q. "What is your business?"
A. "You know all about me. I'm foreman of the ranch."
Q. "I want you to tell what you know, Jack, about night before last. Begin with where you were when you heard the shot."
A. "I was on the side porch. The billiard room opens on to it. I'd been told by the corrall boss earlier in the evening that he'd seen a man skulking around the house. There'd been a report like that once or twice before, and I set a watch. I put Ben Haggerty at the kitchen wing with a gun, and I took up a stand on the porch. Before I did that I told Judson, but I don't think he took it in. He'd been lit up like a house afire all evening. I asked for his gun, but he said he didn't know where it was, and I went back to my horse and got my own. Along about eight o'clock I thought I saw some one in the shrubbery, and I went out as quietly as I could. But it was a woman, Hattie Thorwald, who was working at the ranch.
"When I left the men were playing roulette. I looked in as I went back, and Judson had a gun in his hand. He said, 'I found it, Jack.' I saw he was very drunk, and I told him to put it up, I'd got mine. It had occurred to me that I'd better warn Haggerty to be careful, and I started along the verandah to tell him not to shoot except to scare. I had only gone a few steps when I heard a shot, and run back. Mr. Lucas was on the floor dead, and Judson was as the lady said. He must have gone out while I was bending over the body."
Q. "Did you see the revolver in his hand?"
A. "No."
Q. "How long between your warning Mr. Clark and the shot?"
A. "I suppose I'd gone a dozen yards."
Q. "Were you present when the revolver was found?"

(*Continued on page* 127)

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Financial and Insurance Department

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE
80 Lafayette Street, New York, N. Y.

The Cheapest Investments

By Paul Tomlinson

IT is characteristic of human beings that when they set out to buy something they try to get the very best bargain they can. There is nothing wrong in such an attempt; indeed it is only the part of wisdom for every man to get the most he can for his money. Obviously, it would be foolish to buy an inferior article when a better one could be had for the same or less money.

There is every reason why the same principle should be applied to the purchase of investments. The difficulty is that it is hard to visualize an investment. If a man goes to a store to buy a stove he can see the stoves and by looking at them is able to judge for himself which one is best suited to his needs, and which is the best bargain. For some reason, however, many people do not seem able to differentiate between stocks, or between bonds. They seem to think that the lower the selling price the better the bargain, which by no means follows.

There are good stocks and poor stocks, and good bonds and poor bonds. The fact that all stock certificates look more or less alike, and all bonds are practically the same in appearance, may explain why people seek bargains in investments in an entirely different way from that which they employ in seeking the best buy in other commodities. If twelve stoves were lined up side by side and their prices ranged from fifty cents for the cheapest to one hundred dollars for the most expensive, it is quite possible that nine people out of ten would select the hundred dollar stove as a better bargain than the one for fifty cents.

But when it comes to stocks many people apparently would buy the fifty cent shares, merely because they could be had for such a low figure. Then for a time, at least, they would congratulate themselves for having picked up a rare bargain. Of course they always expect fifty cent or dollar shares to go higher, on the theory no doubt that they are so low already any change must be for the better.

It is well to remember that stock and bond prices are probably closer to the actual value of the securities than is the case with almost any other kinds of commodities. If Delaware, Lackawanna and Western sells at $115 a share it is because people consider it worth that much, and what is more, are willing to pay that much; on the other hand, if Skinnem Oil is selling at forty-three cents a share that too is because people think forty-three cents is all it is worth. That is an important point to remember in buying securities, — you almost always get what you pay for. If you buy a speculative stock you may get rich, but the chances are greatly in favor of your becoming poorer. On the other hand, a high grade security is one of the very nicest things a man can have around the house.

In buying securities don't pay too much attention to the purchase price. In particular don't buy any security simply because it is low-priced, that is, selling for a small sum of money. Low-priced stocks are usually non-dividend payers, on which the dividend rate is extremely low or possibly its continuance threatened; or yet again, they may be stocks of low par value, and as we have pointed out many times a stock with a par value of $1 selling at $3 is the equivalent of $300 a share for a stock of $100 par.

Low-priced bonds are also to be viewed with suspicion. Find out why they are selling so cheaply. Obviously if they are selling at a low quotation their yield — if any — is correspondingly high and some people observing this circumstance immediately imagine they have a bargain.

Someone asked us not long ago for a list of stocks selling at $15 a share and less. There are plenty of stocks to be had at such prices but the question is whether they are worth having or not. Few of them pay dividends, and are non-dividend paying stocks worth buying, and in the long run are they cheap, even at very low quotations? For the sake of illustration suppose a man bought one hundred shares of a non-dividend paying stock at $15 a share. That would cost him $1500. Suppose he sold it three years later for $1700. On the face of it he has profited to the amount of $200. On the other hand, he probably could have obtained a return of $90 a year from fifteen hundred dollars invested in a good dividend paying stock or interest bearing bond. Ninety dollars a year for three years is $270, or $70 more than he got the other way. Also, it is possible that he would not have been obliged to pay an income tax on the $90 a year of dividends, and this would probably not hold true of his $200 profit.

Of course it has happened that people who have bought low-priced securities and who have been in a position to put them away and do without the income on the money thus tied up for a number of years, have made handsome profits. Handsome losses too probably, if the truth were known, but the point is that it is not everybody who is in a position to do that sort of thing. No one really has any business to do it unless he can face the possibility of loss, and feels himself able to stand it if it comes.

When it comes to investments it seems to us that the less money an investor has the more care he should exercise to buy only the highest grade securities obtainable. The rich man can take chances with his money, which is not true of the man who has only a little and cannot therefore afford to run any risks with it. A man with an income of fifty thousand dollars a year may be justified in putting five thousand dollars into a speculative security, but the man with a small salary and total savings of perhaps five thousand dollars is scarcely in a position to gamble with his capital.

One of the best ways to judge of the worth of a security is to investigate its past record. If a stock has uninterruptedly paid dividends for a number of years the probabilities are that it will be able to continue. Look up the record of earnings over a considerable period of time; if interest charges and dividend requirements have been earned by a substantial margin the bond or stock can be placed in the investment class. A security is, on the other hand, speculative if earnings have been sufficient for these purposes only a part of the time, and more speculative yet, of course, if they have never been large enough to provide for these requirements.

A new enterprise is almost always speculative. A concern just starting out has had no opportunity of proving whether it can make a success or not, and from the investor's point of view the stock of a new corporation should be regarded in the light of a speculation and nothing else. With no past records to show, its future must of necessity be shrouded in considerable doubt. Business is a strenuous affair in our modern world and the struggle for success is a hard one, competitors are many and merciless, and while we have no statistics, the records of obsolete and defunct companies show that many thousands of concerns have failed in recent years. In 1921 alone there were more than nineteen thousand failures in the United States.

Of course every business had to be a new business sometime, and many have made conspicuous successes. The fact remains, however, that in the early stages of their careers, when they were just getting started, their securities were speculative. Promoters of new companies make much of the profits which have accrued to people who put a small amount of money into the stock of such corporations as the Bell Telephone Company, the Victor Talking Machine Company, the Eastman Kodak Company, and some of the other concerns which have prospered so amazingly. They say nothing about the thousands of companies which started with prospects just as bright and which have long since disappeared. We wonder if the money made by buying stock in new concerns which have succeeded, comes anywhere near equaling the money lost by those who invested in failures. And the fact that one company is successful is no guaranty that another of a similar sort will be successful too.

When the commodity purchased is a stock or a bond it is our belief that the man of moderate means cannot afford to be anything but economical. Economical means avoiding waste, and money lost in speculation is wasted. And though it is probable that every man who has lost money in this way heartily agrees with this statement, there seems to be no end to the number of other people who are willing to waste some on their own account.

There is no royal road to wealth. The only safe one is by way of work, saving and intelligent investment of the money saved. Intelligent investing means, of course, buying the cheapest securities. In the long run the best are always the cheapest, and it is neither prudent nor wise to buy a stock or a bond merely because it is low priced or because the return on it is unusually high. Safety of principal, and assurance of continued dividend or interest payments are the qualities that denote high grade investments. The selling price is merely incidental.

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State of New York, } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared William A. Dawson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the McCLURE'S and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher—McClure Publishing Co., 80 Lafayette Street, New York City.
Editor—S. S. McClure, 80 Lafayette Street, New York City.
Managing Editor—S. S. McClure, 80 Lafayette Street, New York City.
Business Manager—William A. Dawson, 80 Lafayette Street, New York City.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.)
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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

WILLIAM A. DAWSON, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of March, 1922.

Elmer S. Chatfield,
Notary Public of Kings County, 24.
Certificate filed in New York County.
(My commission expires March 30th, 1922.)

McClure's Financial Booklet

Tenth Edition

This Financial Booklet is intended for McClure readers who wish general information about financial, insurance and investment subjects. Many readers have written that it is invaluable to them. Requests for this booklet during the past year have assumed such proportions that the Financial Department is obliged to charge a nominal sum of 35 cents a copy to partially cover the cost of printing and mailing. This book will enable you to avoid many of the pitfalls that a new investor is apt to encounter.

Partial List of Contents

How the Financial Swindler Works
How to Avoid Worthless Stocks
Safe Investments for Little Sums
Safe Investments for Larger Sums
How to Choose a Broker
How to Send Money to a Broker
List of Sound Bonds
Six Per Cent and Safety
Bonds, Stocks and Mortgages
List of Sound Stocks
A Safe Plan for Buying Stocks on Margin
The Partial Payment Plan
Investments Readily Convertible into Cash
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Q. I am a woman and have a little money to invest. I want to buy a bond and prefer a registered bond as they do not fluctuate. Will you please give me your opinion of this?

A. We heartily approve of your buying a bond with the money you have to invest. Bonds are, in our opinion, almost always preferable to stocks as investments for women. We do not understand your statement about registered bonds not fluctuating, however. When a bond is registered, principal and interest, it is safer so far as the danger of theft is concerned, and more convenient in that the interest is paid to the registered holder by check and it is not necessary for him to cut the coupons. But a registered bond will fluctuate in price just the same as a coupon bond. Also, it usually costs a trifle more to buy a registered bond than a coupon bond, and it generally brings a little less when sold.

Q. Please tell me something about the Union Telephone Company.

A. The Union Telephone Company was incorporated in Michigan in 1899 under a thirty-year charter. It has absorbed the Montcalm County Telephone Co., the Owosso Telephone Company, and the National Telephone Company of St. Johns, Michigan. According to latest figures, it has about eighty toll stations and 12,000 subscribers. In 1919 it made a division of territory merger with the Michigan State Telephone Company (Bell), and as a result of this agreement owns and operates 40 telephone exchanges and 2,600 miles of toll line circuits in a non-competitive field. Earnings have increased materially since this merger, and in the last two years dividend requirements have been well covered.

The company has no bonds. Capital stock is authorized to the amount of $1,500,000. Par value of the shares is $10.

Q. I find myself the possessor of 24 shares of the stock of the United States Steel Company. So far as I know they have lain idle for years. Can you tell me if the company is still in existence and if the shares have any value?

A. The United States Steel Company was incorporated in 1899 in Massachusetts. Its office was in Boston and the works at Everett, Mass. The plant was sold in 1904 and according to the records of obsolete securities the shares have no value whatsoever.

Q. Please tell me something about the Hudson and Manhattan Railroad Company, and the holding company, the Hudson Company. Will you venture an opinion as to speculative possibilities?

A. It is outside our province to venture any opinion as to the speculative possibilities of securities.

The Hudson Company was incorporated in 1905 to finance the Hudson and Manhattan Railroad Company. It received stocks and bonds of the railroad in payment and subsequently acquired a large part of its securities. It is simply a holding company for the Hudson and Manhattan Railroad, which was incorporated in 1906. This company has outstanding $5,000,000 First Mortgage 5's due 1932. These are high class bonds. Also, $944,000 First Mortgage 4½'s, due 1957, ranked as good investments; $37,500,000 First and Refunding 5's, due 1957, ranked among the best of what might be termed Second Grade securities; also $33,102,000 Adjustment Income 5's, due 1957, which are considered somewhat speculative, although the earnings of the company have been showing improvement and 2% interest was paid on these bonds on April 1, and on October 1, 1921.

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Q. Please give me your opinion of Sinclair Oil Common stock. Do you consider it a good investment?

A. We consider the Common stock of the Sinclair Consolidated Oil Corporation speculative. Practically all oil shares have suffered considerable depreciation within the past year, and we cannot pretend to say when or if this situation will be reversed. Sinclair has a large capitalization and its common stock — like all common stocks — is dependent upon earnings for its value. Earnings are bound to fluctuate and Sinclair common must in our opinion be classed as a speculation rather than an investment.

Q. Please tell me something about the Union Pacific Railroad Company Equipment Gold 7's dated June 1, 1920. Do you consider them a good investment?

A. These equipment trust bonds mature annually, $833,000 June 1, from 1924 to 1934 inclusive, and $837,000 June 1, 1935. They are issued under the Philadelphia Plan, interest is payable June and December 1, and the Commercial Trust Co., Philadelphia Pa., is the Trustee. The bonds are secured on:

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The Breaking Point

(*Continued from page* 123)

A. "No, sir."

Q. "Did you see Judson Clark again?"

A. "No, sir. From what I gather he went straight to the corrall and got his horse."

Q. "You entered the room as Mrs. Lucas came in the door?"

A. "Well, she's wrong about that. She was there a little ahead of me. She'd reached the body before I got in. She was stooping over it."

Bassett looked up from his reading. "I want you to get this, Livingstone," he said. "How did she reach the billiard room? Where was it in the house?"

"Off the end of the living room."

"A large living room?"

"Forty or forty-five feet, about."

"Will you draw it for me, roughly?"

He passed over a pad and pencil, and Dick made a hasty outline. Bassett watched with growing satisfaction.

"Here's the point," he said, when Dick had finished. "She was there before Donaldson, or at the same time," as Dick made an impatient movement. "But he had only a dozen yards to go. She was in her room, upstairs. To get down in that time she had to leave her room, descend a staircase, cross a hall and run the length of the living room, forty-five feet. If the case had ever gone to trial she's have to do some explaining."

"She or Donaldson," Dick said obstinately.

Bassett read on:

"Jean Melis called and sworn."

Q. "Your name?"

A. "Jean Melis."

Q. "Have you an American residence, Mr. Melis?"

A. "Only where I am employed. I am now living at the Clark ranch."

Q. "What is your business?"

A. "I am Mr. Clark's valet."

Q. "It was you who found Mr. Clark's revolver?"

A. "Yes."

Q. "Tell about how and where you found it."

A. "I made a search early in the evening. I will not hide from you that I meant to conceal it if I discovered it. A man who is drunk is not guilty of what he does. I did not find it. I went back that night, when the people had gone, and found it beneath the carved wood box, by the fireplace. I did not know that the sheriff had placed a man outside the window."

"Get that, too," Bassett said, putting down the paper. "The Frenchman was fond of you, and he was doing his blundering best. But the sheriff expected you back and had the place watched, so they caught him. But that's not the point. A billiard room is a hard place to hide things in, I take it yours was like the average."

Dick nodded.

"All right. This poor boob of a valet made a search and didn't find it. Later he found it. Why did he search? Wasn't it the likely thing that you'd carried it away with you? Do you suppose for a moment that with Donaldson and the woman in the room, you hid it there, and then went back and stood behind the roulette table, leaning on it with both hands, and staring? Not at all. Listen to this:

Q. "You recognize this revolver as the one you found?"

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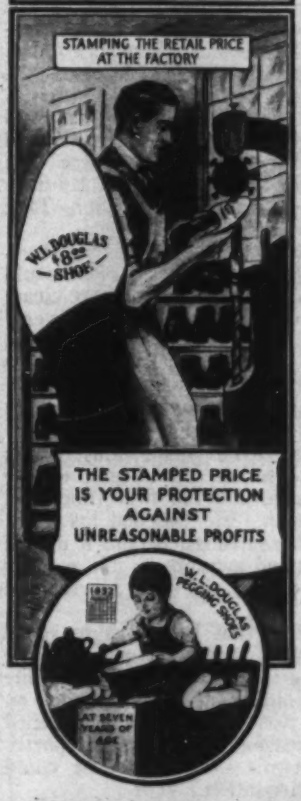
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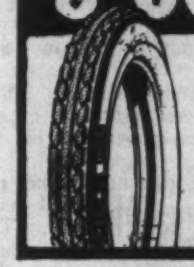

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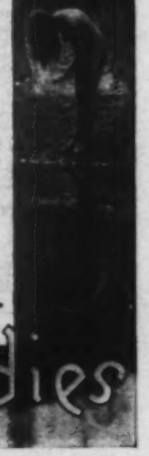

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A. "Yes."

Q. "You are familiar with it?"

A. "Yes. It is Mr. Clark's."

Q. "You made the second search because you had not examined the wood box earlier?"

A. "No. I had examined the wood box. I had a theory—"

Coroner: "The Jury cannot listen to any theories. This is an inquiry into facts."

"I'm going to find Melis," the reporter said thoughtfully, as he folded up the papers. "The fact is, I mailed an advertisement to the New York papers today. I want to get that theory of his. It's the servants in the house who know what is going on. I've got an idea that he'd stumbled onto something. He'd searched for the revolver, and it wasn't there. He went back and it was. All that conflicting evidence, and against it, what? That you'd run away!"

But he saw that Dick was very tired, and even a little indifferent. He would be glad to know that his hands were clean, but against the intimation that Beverly Carlysle had known more than she had disclosed, he presented a dogged front of opposition.

After a time Bassett put the papers away, and essayed more general conversation, and there he found himself met half way and more. He began to get Dick as a man, for the first time, and as a strong man. He watched his quiet, lined face, and surmised behind it depths of tenderness and gentleness. No wonder the little Wheeler girl had worshipped him.

It was settled that Dick was to spend the night there, and such plans as he had Bassett left until morning. But while he was unfolding the bed-lounge on which Dick was to sleep, Dick opened a line of discussion that cost the reporter an hour or two's sleep before he could suppress his irritation.

"I must have caused you considerable outlay, one way and another," he said. "I want to defray that, Bassett, as soon as I've figured out some way to get at my bank account."

Bassett jerked out a pillow and thumped it.

"Forget it." Then he grinned. "You can fix that when you get your estate, old man. Buy a newspaper and let me run it!"

He bent over the davenport and put the pillow in place. "All you'll have to do is to establish your identity. The institutions that got it had to give bond. I hope you're not too long for this bed."

But he looked up at Dick's silence, to see him looking at him with a faint air of amusement, over his pipe.

"They're going to keep the money, Bassett."

Bassett straightened and stared at him.

"Don't be a damned fool," he protested. "It's your money. Don't tell me you're going to give it to suffering humanity. That sort of drivel makes me sick. Take it, give it away if you like, but for God's sake don't shirk your job."

Dick got up and took a turn or two around the room. Then, after an old habit, he went to the window and stood looking out, but seeing nothing.

"It's not that, Bassett. I'm afraid of the accursed thing. I might talk a lot of rot about wanting to work with my hands. I wouldn't if I didn't have to, any more than the next fellow. I might fool myself, too, with thinking I could work better without any money worries. But I've got to remember this. It took work to make a man of me before, and it will take work to keep me going the way I intend to go, if I get my freedom."

Sometime during the night Bassett saw that the light was still burning by the davenport, and went in. Dick was asleep with a volume of Whitman open on his chest, and Bassett saw what he had been reading.

You broken resolutions, you racking angers, you short-lived ennuis;
Ah, think not you shall finally triumph, my real self has yet to come forth.
It shall march forth over-mastering, till all lie beneath me,
It shall stand up, the soldier of unquestioned victory.

Bassett took the book away and stood rereading the paragraph. For the first time he sensed the struggles going on at that time behind Dick's quiet face, and he wondered. Unquestioned victory? Was it possible?

Leslie Ward had found the autumn extremely tedious. His old passion for Nina now and then flamed up in him, but her occasional coquetries no longer deceived him. They had their source only in her vanity; she extracted his embraces only as tribute to her own charm, her youth, her fresh young body.

And Nina out of her setting of gaiety, of a thumping piano, of chattering, giggling crowds, of dancing and bridge and theatre boxes, was a queen dethroned. She did not read or think. She spent the leisure of her mourning period in long hours before her mirror fussing with her hair, in trimming and retrimming hats, or in the fastidious care of her hands and body.

He was ashamed sometimes of his pitilessly clear analysis of her. She was not discontented, save at the enforced sombreness of their lives. She had found in marriage what she wanted; a good house, daintily served; a man to respond to her attractions as a woman, and to provide for her needs as a wife; dignity and an established place in the world; liberty and privilege.

But she was restless. She chafed at the quiet evenings they spent at home, and resented the reading in which he took refuge from her uneasy fidgeting.

"For heaven's sake, Nina, sit down and read or sew, or do something. You've been at that window a dozen times."

"I'm not bothering you. Go on and read."

When nobody dropped in she would go upstairs, and spend the hour or so before bedtime in the rites of cold cream, massage, and in placing the little combs of what Leslie had learned was called a water wave.

But her judgment was as clear as his, and even more pitiless; the difference between them lay in the fact that while he rebelled, she accepted the situation. She was cleverer than he was; her mind worked more quickly, and she had the adaptability he lacked. If there were times when she wearied him, there were others when he sickened her. Across from her at the table he ate slowly and enormously. He splashed her dainty bathroom with his loud gasping cold baths. He flung his soiled clothing anywhere. He drank whiskey at night and crawled into the lavender-scented sheets redolent of it, to drop into a heavy sleep and snore until she wanted to scream. But she played the game to the limit of her ability.

Then, seeing that they might go on the rocks, he made a valiant effort, and since she recognized it as an effort, she tried to meet him half way. They played two-handed card games. He read aloud to her, poetry which she loathed, and she to him, short stories he hated. He suggested country walks and she agreed,

to limp back after a half mile or so in her high-heeled pumps.

He concealed his boredom from her, but there were nights when he lay awake long after she was asleep and looked ahead into a future of unnumbered blank evenings. He had formerly taken an occasional evening at his club, but on his suggesting it now Nina's eyes would fill with suspicion, and he knew that although she never mentioned Beverly Carlysle, she would neither forget nor entirely trust him again. And in his inner secret soul he knew that she was right.

He had thought that he had buried that brief madness, but there were times when he knew he lied to himself. One fiction however he persisted in; he had not been infatuated with her. It was only that she gave him during those few days something he had not found at home, companionship and quiet intelligent talk. She had been restful. Nina was never restful.

He bought a New York paper daily, and read it in the train. The Valley had opened to success in New York, and had settled for a long run. The reviews of her work had been extraordinary, and when now and then she gave an interview, he studied the photographs accompanying it. But he never carried the paper home.

He began, however, to play with the thought of going to New York. He would not go to see her at her house, but he would like to see her before a metropolitan audience, to add his mite to her triumph. There were times when he fully determined to go, when he sat at his desk with his hand on the telephone, prepared to lay the foundations of the excursion by some manipulation of business interests. For months, however, he never went further than the preliminary movement.

But by October he began to delude himself with a real excuse for going, and this was the knowledge that by a strange chain of circumstance this woman who so dominated his secret thoughts was connected with Elizabeth's life through Judson Clark. The discovery, communicated to him by Walter Wheeler, that Dick was Clark had roused in him a totally different feeling from Nina's. He saw no glamour of great wealth. On the contrary, he saw in Clark the author of a great unhappiness to a woman who had not deserved it. And Nina, judging him with deadly accuracy, surmised even that.

That he was jealous of Judson Clark, and his part in the past, he denied to himself absolutely. But his resentment took the form of violent protest to the family, against allowing Elizabeth to have anything to do with him if he turned up.

"He'll buy his freedom, if he isn't dead," he said to Nina, "and he'll come sniveling back here, with that lost memory bunk, and they're just fool enough to fall for it."

"I've fallen for it, and I'm at least as intelligent as you are."

Before her appraising eyes his own fell.

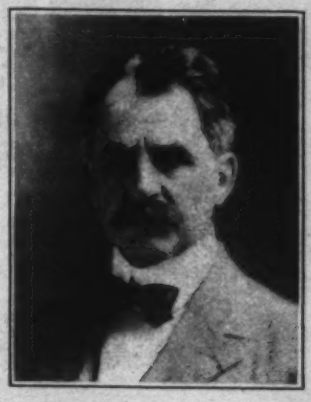
"Suppose I did something I shouldn't and turned up here with such a story, would you believe it?"

"No. When you want to do something you shouldn't, you don't appear to need any excuse."

But on the whole they managed to live together comfortably enough.

(The next instalment of "The Breaking Point" will appear in the July McClure's.)

The Works of
HAMLIN GARLAND



IN his novels, short stories and semi-autobiographical narratives Hamlin Garland has so graphically reproduced the life of the Middle West that he has become its historian. Born on a farm near the present site of West Salem, Wisconsin, he grew up in intimate contact with the lives of those whose living came from the soil. The hard work and the play, the bitter and the sweet, the loneliness and monotony, were a part of his youth. He has seen cities rise where virgin forest once stood, and the growth of civilization bring law and order into those places where each man meted out his own justice. What Bret Harte was to California, what Hawthorne was to New England, and Cable to Louisiana, Garland is to the Middle West.

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